

THE
ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF THE
UNION STOCK YARDS
CHICAGO, ILL.



WITH HUMOROUS STORIES

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf TS 1971
.C5G7

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE UNION STOCKYARDS, CHICAGO.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF THE
UNION STOCKYARDS

SKETCH-BOOK OF FAMILIAR FACES AND
PLACES AT THE YARDS

NOT FORGETTING

Reminiscences of the Yards, Humorous and Otherwise, Joe Getler and
His Cats, the Hustling Commission Men, the Widow of the
Deceased, the Belle of the Stockyards; Beside Valuable
Hints to Farmers on Breeding, Selling, Shipping and
Conditioning, and Veterinary Recipes; and Con-
cluding with the Man of "Ups and Downs."

15
9453
✓
By W. JOS. GRAND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY O. BENSON, JR.

THOS. KNAPP PTG. & BDG. COMPANY
341-351 DEARBORN STREET
CHICAGO



24421-B²-1

~~TS 1971~~
C567

TS 1971
C567

Q-2334

Copyright 1896, by
W. JOS. GRAND

Chicago, Ill.

15
9453

CONTENTS.

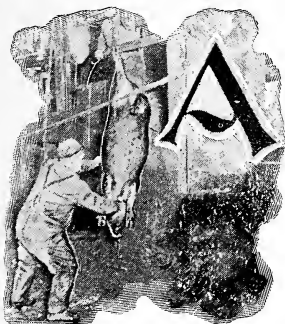
	Page
Frontispiece	1
The Union Stockyards.....	7
Reminiscences of the Stockyards.....	33
Joe Getler and His Cats.....	41
“Packingtown”.....	46
The Slickest Confidence Game in Chicago	58
The World’s Greatest Horse Market.....	61
Builders of the Horse Market.....	77
Wild Horse Harry and his Horse “Nigger”.....	92
America’s Popular Auctioneer	100
Mary the Apple Woman.....	102
The High Priced Auctioneer of America.....	105
Dan McCarthy and his Goats.....	108
Dressing Lamb and Mutton at the Stockyards....	109
“Bill”.....	115
Kosher Killing.....	118
Jimmy Norton and his Dog “Harry”.....	121
Evolution of Cattle.....	125
Human Nature at the Cow Market.....	128
Evolution of the Hog.....	130
“Old Sandy”.....	135
Inspection.....	137
Jack-Knife Ben.....	141
Disposal of the Steer.....	146
The Maltese Cross.... .	152

	Page
Breeding.....	154
Bridle Bill.....	167
Horse Dealing.....	169
Willie the Telegraph Messenger.....	174
Buying Horses.....	177
Gallagher and Brown.....	185
Care and Conditioning of Horses.....	187
"The Duke of Somerset".....	190
Selling Horses	192
The Itinerant Barber Shop.....	196
The Widow of the Deceased.....	198
Sea Faring on Cattle Boats	214
Billy the Letter Carrier.....	217
Transit House.....	219
The Belle of the Stockyards.....	221
The Can-Rush.....	226
Commission, Feed Charges, Dockage, etc.....	228
One Kind of Stick-to-ativeness.....	229
Daily Drivers' Journal.....	230
The Pen-Holders.....	231
Champion Beef Dresser of the World.....	233
Jack, Pety and Paddy.....	236
The Stockyards Scribes.....	240
Gus the Ham Tester.....	242
Manufacture of Butterine.....	244
Cattle Ranches and Ranging... ..	248
Range Horses.....	266
In Coach and Saddle.....	271
Veterinary Recipes.....	296
My Ups and Downs, With Good Advice to Fellow Men.....	310

THE UNION STOCKYARDS:

THE GREATEST LIVE STOCK MARKET IN THE WORLD.

"You can get quicker action for your money at the Stockyards than in any other place on earth."—A Consignor.

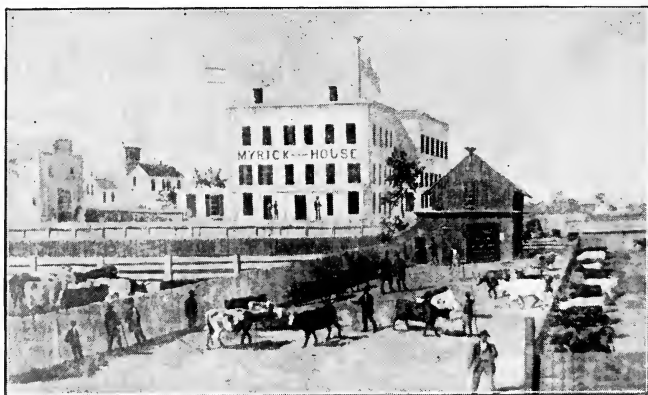


WAY back in 1848, when the population of Chicago was less than 50,000, when her shipping and commercial interests were no greater than those of many a little western city of to-day whose prosperity is dependent upon the dyspeptic caprices of a statesman

elected on a silver or gold issue, when she existed as the country's metropolis only in the imagination of the utopian few, John B. Sherman, now one of the most esteemed men in the West, took a step which went one half way toward making Chicago the magnificent city she is to-day. He felt one of the city's needs, and his powerful mind devised the remedy which should turn toward Chicago the major portion of the wealth of the West. Chicago needed a live stock market, and John B. Sherman established the Old Bull's Head Stockyards at the corner of Madison Street and Ogden Avenue, and this

was the initial move toward making Chicago what she is at present—the greatest live stock market in the world.

Previous to the construction of this stockyard, cattle and hogs were dumped on the sand hills and sold at so much per head—and the price of cattle in those days may be estimated when a crippled hog sold for \$75. As business increased, Sherman's far-seeing mind again grasped the situation, and he saw the necessity of get-



OLD SHERMAN STOCKYARDS.

ting nearer the city. The site he selected for the new yards was at Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirtieth Street, and here he started what was known as the Sherman Stockyards.

At this time there were made several other ventures of the same kind, none of which, however, were successful. Among those making these ventures were the Fort Wayne, Illinois Central and Lake Shore railroads. These

roads, backed by comparatively unlimited capital and spurred on by large self-interests, pitted themselves against a single man, with little money at his command, and lost. John B. Sherman, however, had the better capital of all; he had almost the insight of a seer, the perspicacity of a trained speculator and the magnetic power over men of a Napoleon. A lesser man might have opposed his single strength to the combined force of the competitor. Not so John B. Sherman. He made his interest the interest of the opposition, he exercised his ingenuity to make all their interests mutual, and within an incredibly short space of time, in 1865, his opponents had become his partners, a partnership which, with Sherman always at the helm, has resulted in a prosperity beyond which the most sanguine expectations of the stockyard company or the interested citizens of Chicago could not aspire. The company incorporated with a capital of \$10,000,000, which has since been nearly trebled, as the Union Stockyards and Transit Company.

The site of the stockyards had been again changed, this time to a quarter of a section of land bound by Fortieth and Forty-Seventh Streets on the north and south, and by Halsted Street and Center Avenue on the east and west. In those early days this yard was far beyond the limits of the city, being sufficiently isolated to satisfy even Chicagoans that it was at a proper sanitary distance. Its site was a reedy swamp, upon the unmeasured front feet of which no real estate dealer had yet cast a covetous eye. Old Nathaniel Hart still remembers and talks of the laying of the first plank

which converted the bog into a teeming mart, and exchanged the croaking of bullfrogs for the grunting of swine and the chirping of reed birds for the voices of men. Chicago grew, however, and one morning John B. Sherman awoke to find his cattle market midway between the city hall and the city limits, and his awakening was disturbed only by the complaints of near-by residents against the odors of cattle, and the excoriations of sanitary committees. Hard work and bliss is not



THE GATEWAY TO THE STOCKYARDS.

all which attends the progress of the founder of a new industry; he must take a share of the world's fault-finding also.

At their first construction the stockyards covered one hundred and twenty acres with two thousand cattle pens, whereas today, thirty-one years later, three hundred and forty acres covered with five thousand pens,

stables, railroad stations, unloading platforms, a splendid horse pavilion and a magnificent hotel are included within the grounds of the stockyards. Taking in "Packintown," which is, indeed, the stockyards proper, the area of the yard would be increased to six hundred and forty acres and extend to Ashland Avenue, a territory large enough to furnish the site for a prosperous city. And, indeed, the population of a goodly city is con-



A FULL PEN.

tained within the boundaries of the yards, the various branches of the stock market and packing-house industry providing occupation for an army of employ  s, men, women and children, to the number of 40,000—a population almost as large as that of the whole of Chi-

cago at the time when John B. Sherman constructed the first stockyards over on the West Side. This is within the yards; outside of the stockyards palings is one of the busiest, although by no means one of the most aristocratic, portions of Chicago. Rows of dwellings, hotels, liverys, blacksmitheries, furniture stores, groceries, meat markets, and last, but never least, saloons, cluster thickly on the outskirts of the yards, the



SHEEP FOR OUTSIDE SLAUGHTER HOUSES.

din of activity from city and yards rising from early dawn till far into the night, and uniting in sounds of enterprise which are the business man's anthem.

How few people of the city know that the stockyards have done more to make Chicago the metropolis of the West and her name a synonym for almost preternatural rapidity of growth than any other industry! How many know that of Chicago's nearly 2,000,000 people one-fourth derive support, directly or indirectly, from the stockyards? How few have ever realized the amount of

eastern, western and European capital invested in Chicago on the strength of the influence of the stockyards alone! The food products sent out from the stockyards supply nourishment to the entire world. Should this great industry be suddenly stopped for a period of six months the armies of Europe would be deprived of animal food almost to the point of a meat famine; and should it be suddenly annihilated there would be a revolution in the live stock shipping trade.



BEEF FOR JOHNNY BULL.

During every one of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, except Sundays, there are here offered up in sanguinary sacrifice to the necessities of man 15,000 hogs, 5,000 cattle, and 5,000 sheep, not considering the highest record for one day, which reads: Hogs, 42,000; cattle, 10,000; sheep, 12,000.

All the great railroads of the East, West, North and South are centralized here by means of the stockyards

belt line, and every railroad in Chicago is connected with the Union Stockyards system. The tracks owned and controlled by the Union Stockyards and Transit Company are one hundred and thirty miles in length, including main lines, siding and storage tracks, and were constructed in every particular to expressly facilitate the company's business. Unloading platforms are assigned each railroad and are so constructed that entire trains can be unloaded at once as quickly as a sin-



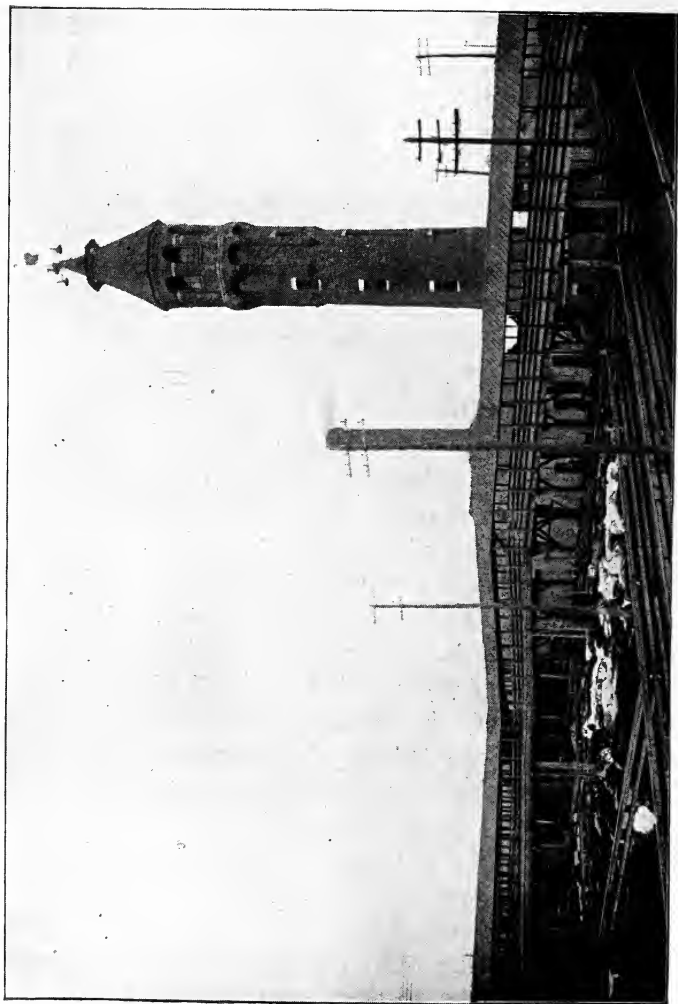
RAILWAY STATION.

gle car. A passenger station, well equipped and modern in all its appointments, practically enables the inhabitants of this district to step from their doors to elegant Pullman cars going to every part of the country.

The stockyards and the Chicago River are connected by means of a canal, the frontage of which is lined with docks which are increasing in number every year.

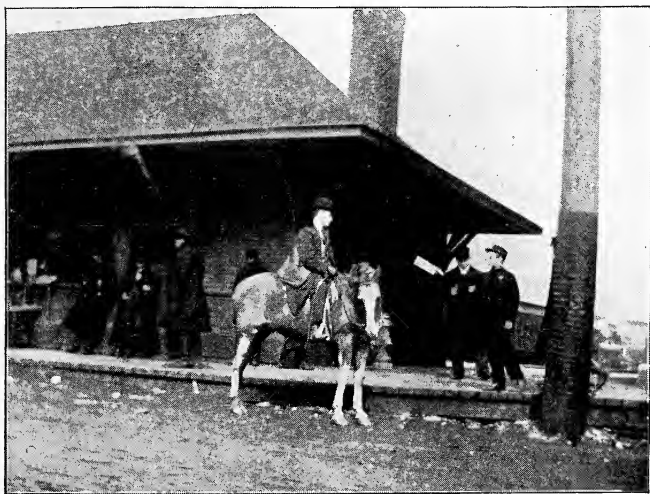
About fifty miles of streets and alleys connect the pens with the loading and unloading chutes of the railroads, 50,000 cattle, 200,000 hogs, 30,000 sheep and 5,000 horses being thus easily handled and accommodated at one time now, whereas to handle from 1,500 to 3,000 animals forty years ago seemed a herculean task. Viaducts, which are in strength if not in beauty fine examples of the builder's skill, have been erected, leading to all the packing-houses to facilitate the transfer of stock from one point to another. A system of underground drainage has been gradually brought to a high state of perfection, the consequent sanitary condition of the yards insuring the health of the stock, and making every one familiar with the stockyards skeptical of the justice of Germany's complaints that American meat is diseased. An electric light plant floods the yards at night with a brilliant white light which makes it quite as possible to transact business at midnight as at high noon. Six artesian wells, averaging 1,300 feet in depth and aggregating in capacity 600,000 gallons daily, provide the stock with an abundance of the very purest of water, its crystal clearness as it runs into the many drinking fountains being a marked contrast to the dull and murky water consumed by the human beings of the city.

The expense of maintaining this colossus among stock markets amounts to from \$2,000,000 to \$3,500,000 annually, while the cost of establishing it is a mystery of uncounted millions. The yards were purchased about four years ago by the present company, which includes an English syndicate, for \$23,000,000. The capital is \$25,000,000.



THE WATER TOWER

As a live stock market Chicago has no rival and no competitor. Chicago sets the values and quotations for every other market in existence, and the man who ships live stock to Chicago as a rule has it sold at its true value and has the proceeds in his pocket at the time of day when the buyers and sellers at all the other markets in the world are whittling sticks, waiting for the wire from Chicago which shall apprise them of



MESSANGER AND MAIL-CARRIER AT THE YARDS.

Chicago's quotations. Here is a sample of the slip of yellow paper by means of which Chicago daily sets the price of beef, pork and mutton in every country in both hemispheres:

Form No. 9.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.INCORPORATED
21,000 OFFICES IN AMERICA. CABLE SERVICE TO THE WORLD.

THOS. T. ECKERT, President and General Manager.

Receipt No.

Time Filed

Charge

SEND the following message subject to the terms
on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to.

To Thomas Associated Pigs Chicago
 battle receipts 18000 good demand,
 10 lower than the close of last week
 Hogs - Receipts 40000, five lower,
 Mixed and packers 3.50 @ 3.30, butcher
 Hogs 3.40 @ 3.50; light 3.50 @ 3.55
 Sheep and Lambs - Receipts 15000 a trifle
 higher
 John P. Daley

No other market on the globe has the facilities to receive, care for and handle such vast numbers of stock as are received here. The total receipts of stock for 1895 were: Cattle, 2,588,558; calves, 168,740; hogs, 7,885,283; sheep, 3,406,739; horses, 113,193. The total shipments during the same period were: Cattle, 785,092; calves, 9,882; hogs, 2,100,613; sheep, 474,646; horses, 109,146. During the past thirty years, from 1865 to 1895, the total receipts were: Cattle, 49,214,663; calves, 1,669,422; hogs, 152,779,500; sheep, 30,080,121; horses, 988,313. The shipments for the same period were: Cattle, 22,160,264; calves, 391,319; hogs, 49,395,872; sheep, 8,942,161; horses, 909,503.

The largest receipts in one year were:

Cattle (1892), 3,571,793; calves (1893), 210,557; hogs

(1891), 8,600,805; sheep (1895), 3,406,739; horses (1895), 113,193; cars (1890), 311,557.

The largest receipts of stock in one month were:

Cattle, 385,466; calves, 31,398; hogs, 1,111,997; sheep, 393,820; horses, 16,791; cars, 31,910

The largest receipts of stock in one week were:

Cattle, 95,524; calves, 8,479; hogs, 300,488; sheep, 98,163; horses, 4,369; cars, 8,457.



SHIPPING CATTLE.

The largest receipts of stock in one day were:

Cattle, 32,677; calves, 3,089; hogs, 74,551; sheep, 31,334; horses, 1,431; cars, 3,364.

The owners of these great droves of cattle are put to no trouble of handling from the moment the stock arrives at the yards. From that time until it is sold and transferred to the new owner the stockyards employés feed, water, yard, handle and in every particular care

for it. The charge for this service is: Yardage for cattle, twenty-five cents per head; horses, twenty-five cents per head; hogs, eight cents per head; sheep, five cents per head; calves, fifteen cents per head; feed—timothy hay, \$1.50 per hundredweight; prairie hay, \$1.00 per hundredweight; corn, \$1.00 per bushel. One yardage charge covers the entire time the stock remains in the

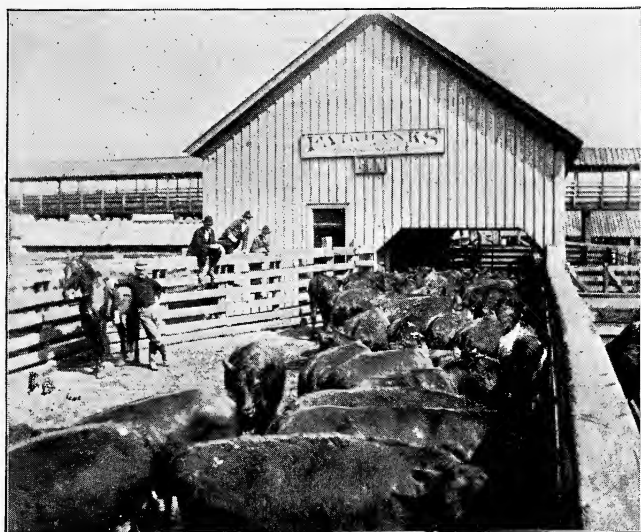


REMOVING A CRIPPLE.

yards, whether it be one day or one month. The feed used is of the best quality.

From these sources are derived all the revenues necessary to cover all the expenses of the stockyards. While these revenues may be immense, the expenditures maintain a just proportion thereto, as will be seen when it

is said that these expenditures include the cost of construction, feed, bedding, weighing, fuel, gas, electric light, lost stock, salaries of 1,500 employés, attorneys' fees, taxes, insurance, stationery, salaries of officers, cost of maintaining the police and fire departments, and interest on bonds and capital invested, all of which



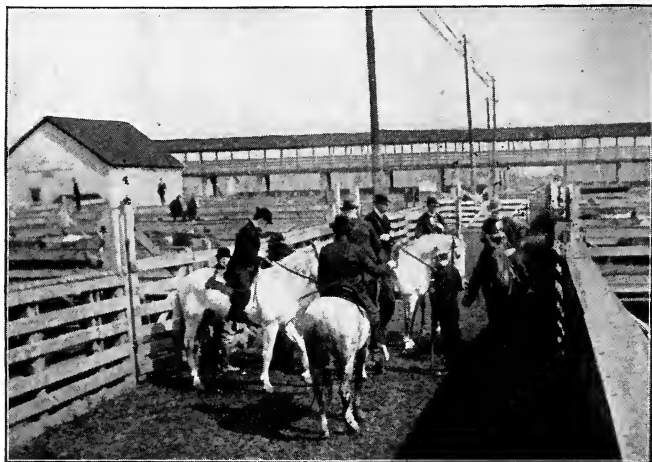
WEIGHING CATTLE.

expenses are incurred strictly for the maintenance of the market.

The greatest harmony of feeling prevails among all the stock agents of the West and Southwest, all of whom make it their interest to induce the shipping of live stock to this market, and every legitimate means is taken to keep the advantages of the Chicago market

before the minds of the distant live stock shippers, not the least of which is that the lesser pro rata in billing here considerably enhances the value of stock.

There are in daily attendance at the stockyards about one hundred foreign buyers from England, Scotland, Germany, France, Belgium, and nearly every other important country on the globe. In addition to these

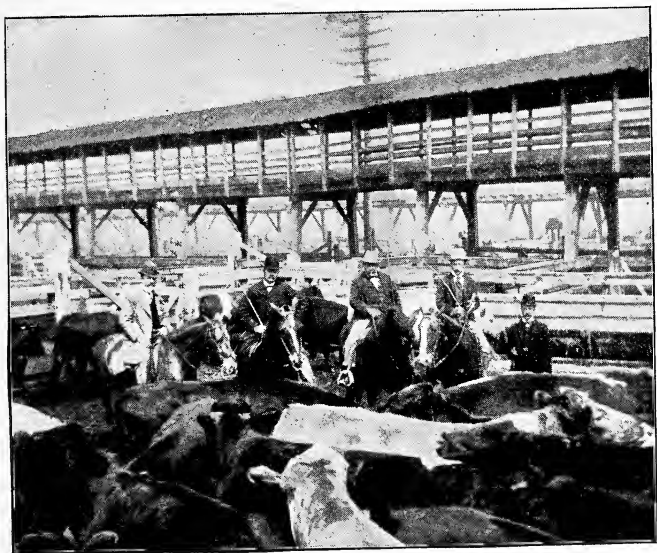


CLOSING A SALE.

there are buyers from the East and also from the large packing-houses of the yards, the latter selecting the cattle which again appear in public as corned beef, minced tongue, deviled ham, and the like.

The presence of all these buyers from Europe, from the East, from the packing-houses and from the large feeding farms insures a quick disposition of all stock. As a consignor remarked the other day, "You can

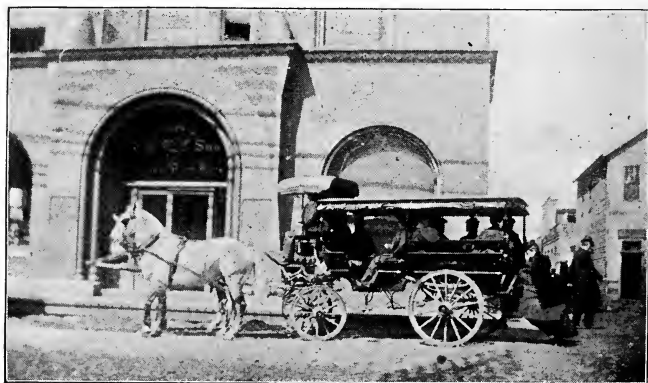
get quicker action at the stockyards for your money than in any other place on earth." This fact, coupled with the equally important one that this is a strictly cash market, renders the Union Stockyards the most desirable as well as the model market of the world. From an artist's point of view, it does even more than that, for the presence of these buyers, so diversified in



FOREIGN BUYERS.

habit, language, manner and appearance, lends the interest of variety to a scene which is already picturesquely interesting. In fact, while there is nothing beautiful about the yards, they are one of the best places in the world to study human nature.

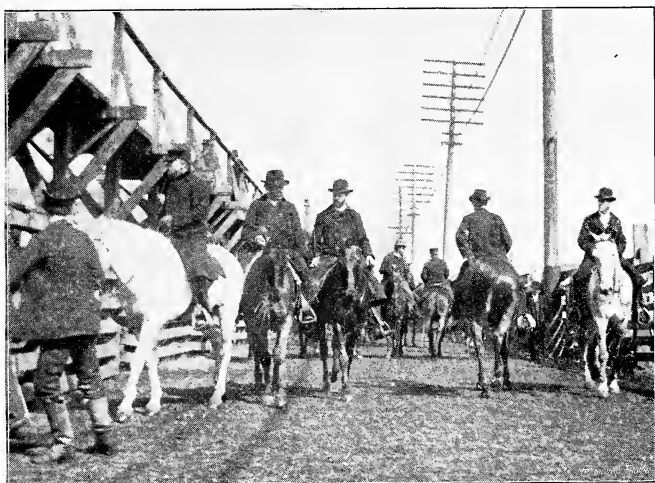
There are also in daily evidence at the yards as many as two hundred cattle and horse commission men. What they add to the life of the place may be imagined when it is said that they have among them about 3,500 employés—salesmen, stenographers, typewritists, book-keepers, accountants, messengers, etc. This body of men is best described by the term unique; they are



TYPEWRITISTS GOING TO LUNCH.

an aggregation apart, one which embodies the quintessence of business success—push—a fraternity of energetic spirits of which any city might be proud, and which is a credit to any country. They are hustlers from the drop of the hat, at six o'clock in the morning “off to Guttenberg,” and seven at the latest finds them abroad, not indeed seeking whom they may devour, for they are a straight set, but out for business, fresh and festive as the day itself, ready to give and take in honorable interchange.

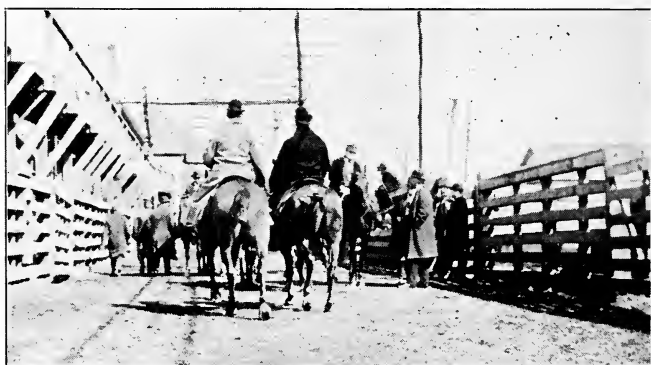
From early morning until four in the afternoon the combined brains of the commission men are at their highest tension, and he who runs may see the play of just such metal as has made this city a metropolis and this country a great nation. Untold millions are handled by these men in the course of a year, and every dollar disposed with such honor, exactness, punctuality,



HUSTLING COMMISSION MEN OUT AT 7 A. M.

and dispatch as would be hard to match, and which might with advantage replace the slower methods of much downtown business. A more honorable, industrious, conscientious, upright and big-hearted lot of men is not gathered together elsewhere in any one place on earth. A failure has never been known among them, although they take great chances in making advances.

Many of these commission merchants are at home in some of the handsomest residences of Chicago, the stone fronts which face the incoming steamers of the Great Lakes. Nevertheless they are to be found at their places of business day in and day out, "hustling" with as much earnestness as their salesmen to advance the interests of their consignors. Their consignors are the



COMMISSION MEN ON FOOT AND IN THE SADDLE.

farmers, breeders and stock raisers throughout the country, and it is but fair to these unimpeachable and enterprising brokers to say that they have the unbounded confidence of their out-of-town constituency.

The brokers may be seen at all hours of the day and in all kinds of weather on foot or in the saddle, as the occasion demands, attending to affairs and transacting an enormous business. They are a living application of that law of God, expressed in a nutshell in the vulgar saying, "The early bird catches the worm," and

which, elucidated for the benefit of finer intellects, simply means the survival of the fittest.

There is no scandal or gossip in these men's air; they are too busy for pettiness, and business and genuine high-mindedness combine to hold them superior to vulgarity. Their words go between each other for thousands of dollars, and a sale running into four, five and



"WE'LL MAKE IT 4 $\frac{5}{8}$." "CLOSED."

six figures takes place on the shake of hands. They are a band of brothers whose pocketbooks are ever open to the deserving needy, and the cause of worthy charity wins from them a willing ear. Not long ago \$580 was subscribed by them within two or three hours for an unfortunate man who had met with an accident, and such ready generosity is no uncommon incident.

These are men who can not be judged by their clothes,

for with them finery is a secondary consideration to utility, but a brighter, brainier, jollier, more hail-fellow-well-met or more truly gentlemanly lot of men cannot be found in a long day's search. One additional fact greatly to their credit is their punctil-



AN ARM OF THE LAW AT THE YARDS.

iousness in keeping their promises, engagements and appointments to the very letter and minute. Indeed, it would be no bad move if the South Water Street commission contingent should be removed to the yards

for lessons in integrity, as there have been rumors of "doing and come" in the business atmosphere there prevailing. There is plenty of room on Halsted Street from Forty-second to Forty-seventh Street, and the increased facility of access to the fruit and vegetable markets for a greater number of people would make the new location the great central market for these supplies. In short, the live stock commissioners, who have done much to make the stockyards the unique spot that it is—a teeming center of honorable business activity—should have warm places in the esteem of all their fellow townsmen

An association formed by these hustling commission men, the twelve horse commission men excepted, is the National Live Stock Exchange. The object of the Exchange is the promotion and development of the live stock industry in all its branches, and the protection of the interests involved. It is in every sense a voluntary association, and was organized in 1885 by that popular and sagacious gentleman, C. W. Baker. Branches of the Exchange have been established in St. Louis, Kansas City, Fort Worth, Sioux City and Omaha—Chicago, of course, being the headquarters.

The officers are:

President, W. H. Thompson, Jr., Chicago; Vice-presidents, J. G. Martin, South Omaha; J. H. Nason, Sioux City; Don McN. Palmer, St. Louis; W. B. Stickney, East St. Louis; John N. Payne, Kansas City; W. E. Skinner, Fort Worth; Secretary, Charles W. Baker, Chicago; Treasurer, Levi B. Doud, Chicago; Executive Committee, C. A. Mallory, Irus Coy, Chicago;

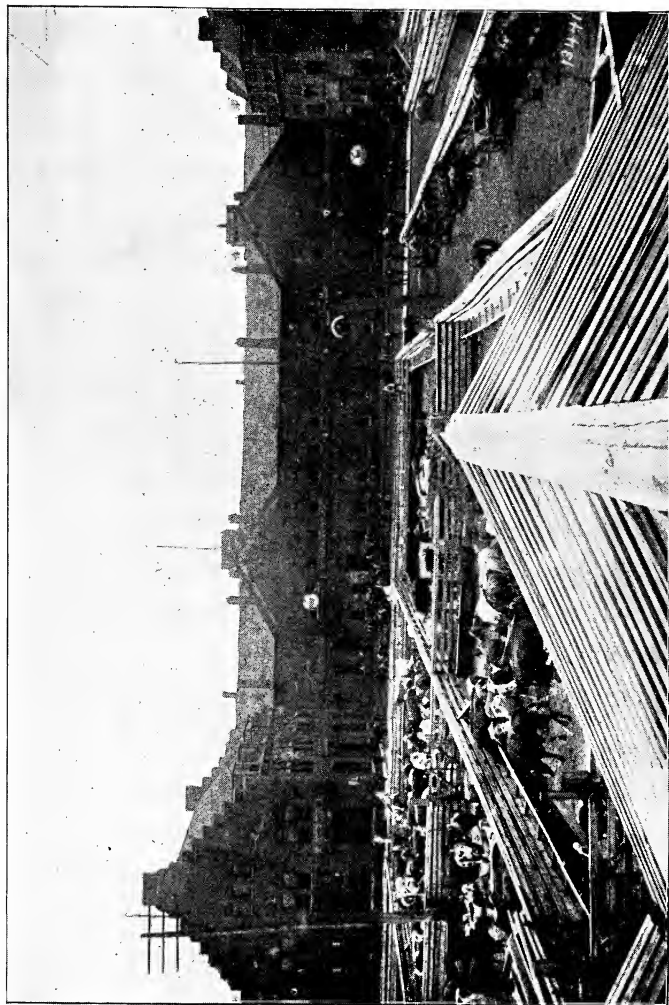
J. A. Hake, D. L. Campbell, South Omaha; H. D. Pierce, W. M. Ward, Sioux City; W. H. Hines, Charles James, St. Louis; E. B. Overstreet, C. M. Keyes, East St. Louis; C. G. Bridgeford, J. C. McCoy, Kansas City; G. W. Simpson, C. W. Simpson, Fort Worth.

In the center of the Union Stockyards is situated the Exchange Building, where are the handsome quarters of the officers of the company. Every day in the week



VISITORS AT THE PACKING-HOUSES.

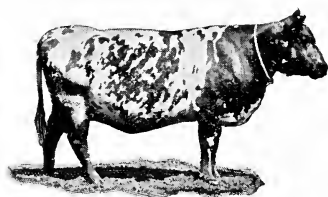
there may be seen in these quarters at least a few of the officers, but should a visitor be fortunate enough to see the entire personnel of the executive staff together he will see the representatives of the best brain, energy and enterprise in Chicago and in the West. The officers are: N. Thayer, President; John B. Sherman, Vice-President, and General Manager; E. J. Martyn, Second



THE EXCHANGE BUILDING.

Vice-President; J. C. Denison, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Doughty, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer; James H. Ashby, General Superintendent; D. G. Gray, Assistant Superintendent; Richard Fitzgerald, Superintendent of Transit Department. Among these men J. C. Denison stands prominent as an indefatigable worker in behalf of the Union Stockyards. He is one of those rare men who combine splendid executive ability with never varying kindness and courtesy, the two last qualities tending to make him as popular socially as the former makes him highly esteemed in business circles. The Stockyards Company is to be congratulated on having associated with it a man of Mr. Denison's uncommon gifts.

In the Exchange Building are also located the offices of the two hundred commission firms, the telegraph office, the telephone station, which connects the yards with every part of the city and with all the neighboring towns, and a restaurant where hundreds of stockmen are fed daily.



REMINISCENCES OF THE STOCKYARDS.



O THE man who has grown old with the stockyards every old stone and wall is eloquent with stories of the past, stories pathetic, funny, sublime, and every streak of new paint and shining new rail is bright with promise of future greatness. To corner such a man

and unlock his memory with a question or two for a key is to hear much of the unwritten history of the yards. He has reminiscences for you by the yard, anecdotes of millionaires when they were not millionaires by the ream, and jokes on great stockmen known to both continents by the volume—reams and volumes of copy which have never been written, however.

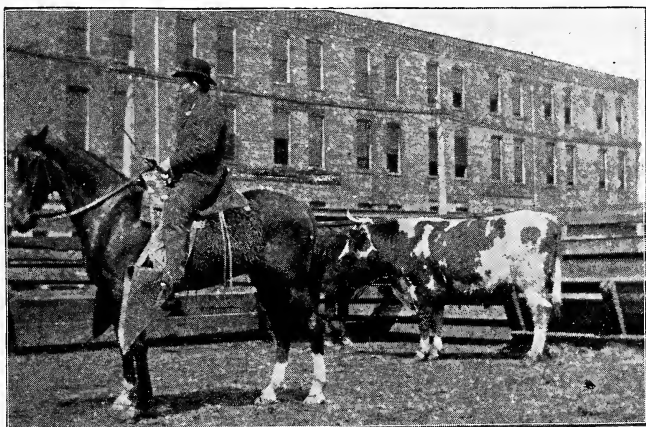
Wilts Keenan, one of the old-time commissioners, tells many stories of “auld lang syne” at the yards. “In looking around the great Union Stockyards of today,” he said recently, “I still see faces which are familiar to me, faces of men whom I knew thirty years ago at the old Sherman or Lake Shore Stockyards, as it was called, when 1,500 cattle and 3,000 hogs were heavy receipts for a day, while 33,000 cattle, 75,000 hogs, 40,000 sheep, and 1,400 horses in one day now don’t seem to stop the current of trade. I see John B. Sher-

man of forty years ago still at the head of the greatest stockyards in the world. He still keeps up the old way of doing business—energetic, reliable, self-reliant, sociable, accommodating, a good friend to the farmer and feeder, combining all the qualities of the eminent self-made man that he is. He has been prosperous in love, I see, as well as in trade, for he was recently married, and it is safe to say that he will live many years longer.

“Then we have George T. Williams, now resigned, who thirty odd years ago was clerk at the old Sherman yards. He has been prosperous, too, and while not enjoying the best of health, bids fair to yet stand the storms of many winters. Another familiar face never to be forgotten by old-timers is Steven Roath, familiarly known as ‘Stevey.’ Who does not recollect Stevey when he was agent for the Michigan Central? Many a cold night has Stevey staid up to let in the boys from their rambles, all for the fun of the thing. Steven Roath is now a millionaire, and might be a man of leisure, but he has the true spirit of a jack-of-all-trades and still potters around the yards to be near his old associates. Although ready and willing if asked, he still lingers along in single blessedness.

“Of the old cattle and hog buyers of thirty years ago at the Sherman yards but few are left, although I still see such old-timers, a few of whom are now millionaires, as Jacob Stader, John Kelly, John H. Wood, Robert Strahone, George Adams, Louis Phelser, John Soames, W. W. Sherman, Marst Houston, Nels Morris, or ‘Little Nels,’ as we used to call him in the days

when he bought crippled cattle and hogs at the Sherman yards. Nelson Morris is to-day one of the 'big four,' a self-made man in every sense of the term, and one who deserves the millions he has worked hard for. 'Little Nels' was always big hearted and Nelson Morris is no less so, being one of the best philanthropists of Chicago. And that same generosity, by the way,



AN OLD TIMER.

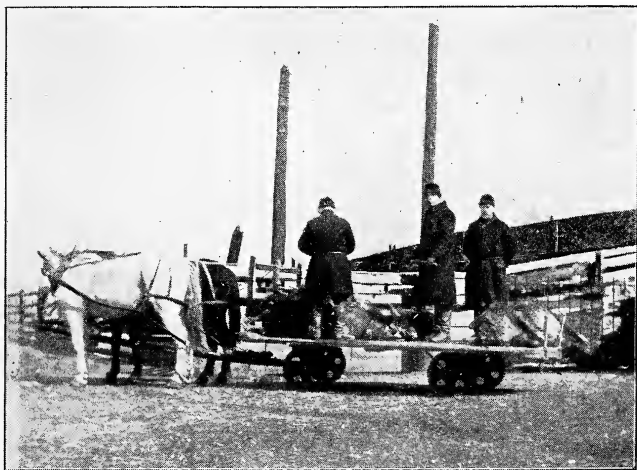
has given us a good deal of fun at his expense. Morris once wanted to help a customer with the loan of a horse, and gave him an order to his stable foreman, which read, 'Please give bearer a horse.' Just for the fun of it the foreman gave the man Morris' best driving horse, and within half an hour the horse was learned to have been sold, and the customer had disappeared with

the proceeds. We remind Morris of that once in a while. No man has ever been so much up to the cattle trade of the country as Nelson Morris. He is one of the few millionaires of the trade. Among the industries of which he is the founder is a large canning establishment, besides which he ships beef in the carcass to every port on the seaboard. I hope he will live long to enjoy the prosperity he has accumulated by his own industry.

“Samuel W. Allerton, or Sammy, as he was familiarly known, is another of the old boys. He has left the cattle business, however, for railroading, banking and the Board of Trade. He was a feeder in the old days, being largely interested in range cattle, and so when we didn’t call him Sammy it was ‘Farmer Allerton.’ Still another old-timer is John Brennock, who has had the contract for the dead cattle for many years. A standing joke we have on him is that he used to mark his dead hogs with a hole in the ear, and after he had punched the hole some of the boys would come along and cut off the hog’s ear, and then watch John try to identify his hogs. That made John mad as a hornet.

“One of the most comical characters we ever had in the yards was Uncle Billy Moore, who died some time ago, who was also one of the most courteous of men. Some of Billy’s capers are still remembered as jokes in the yards. One of the best remembered of these is how he ‘did’ an old fellow who came to the yards with some cattle to be killed. Two or three of the boys offered to do it for \$2.00. Uncle Billy, who had been on the old fellow’s trail, skipped up and said, ‘Au, mon, I’ll nae charge ye mooch; I’ll do it for the hide and fat,’ and

he got the job. Another time a man came in with a drove of cattle, for which Billy offered him \$5. 'I can't do it,' answered the man, 'I paid that much at home for them.' 'Well,' said Billy, 'I don't want you to lose money on them; I'll make it \$5.05.' Among the smoothest of Uncle Billy's bargains was one with a Missourian, who was at the yards one day and talked



REMOVING DEAD HOGS.

considerably of some steers he owned. 'Well,' said Billy, after listening with interest, 'you go home and give those steers all they can eat, get them in good condition and ship them on here to Keenan, and if they're worth the money I'll buy them.' However, the story I always like best about Uncle Billy is one which illustrates his courtesy as well as his wit. He was walking

through a drove of hogs one morning when a black sow ran between his legs and knocked him over. Billy got up, brushing himself as he straightened up, and taking off his hat he humbly apologized to the sow.

"But we had something beside jokes at the yards once in a while. Sometimes we would have some genuine sport, particularly on Saturday afternoons, when the



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

boys would get up bull-fights. A pen would be used for a ring and the best bulls in the yards would be turned into this arena, the boys standing around and betting their thousands on the combats. Talk about betting on the derby! It wasn't in it with betting on impromptu bull-fights!" and Wilts Keenan rubbed his hands together in gleeful appreciation at the recollection of

staking "thousands" on a bull which gored to death an imaginary toreador.

A history of the Union Stockyards would not be complete without a mention of the rules which govern daily conduct in the different offices at the yards. They were formulated to meet the idiosyncrasies of everyday conduct, and, therefore, it must not be imagined that they are the effort of a wit or satirist. Here they are:

OFFICE RULES.

1. Gentlemen upon entering will forget to scrape the mud off their boots; also leave the door wide open, or apologize.

2. Those having no business should remain all day, bring their lunch along, take a chair and lean it against the wall, as it will preserve it and may prevent it from falling on us.

3. Gentlemen are requested to smoke, especially during office hours; tobacco and cigars will be supplied.

4. Talk loud and whistle, particularly when we are engaged; if this has not the desired effect, sing a comic song.

5. If we are in business conversation with any one, you are not to wait until we are done, but chip in a bit, as we are particularly fond of talking to half a dozen or more at a time.

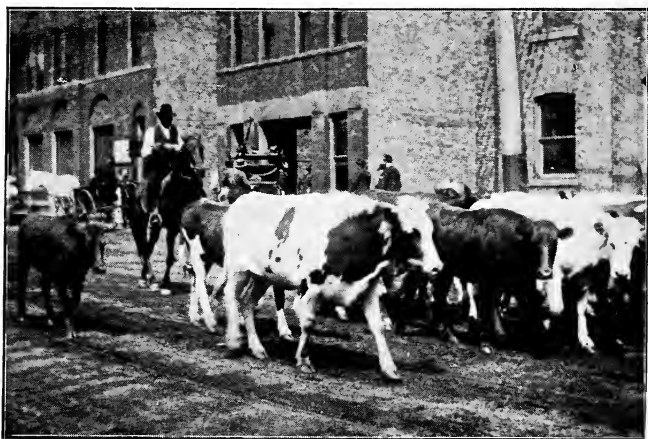
6 Profane language is expected at all times, especially if lady customers are present.

7. Put your feet on the tables, but don't forget to pull off your boots, or lean against the desk; it will be a great assistance to those who are waiting.

8. Persons having no business at this office will call often, or excuse themselves.

9. Should you need the loan of any money, do not hesitate to ask for it, as we do not require it for business purposes, but merely for the sake of loaning.

10. Our hours for listening to solicitors for benevolent purposes are from 11 A. M to 1 P. M.; book agents, 1 to 3 P. M.; beggars and peddlers all day.



GOING TO THEIR LAST HOME.

The latest funny story to go the rounds at the yards is this:

A man named McGee was killed in a packing-house last year, and a comrade was sent to his house to break the news to the widow, and let her down easy. Approaching the house, he espied her at the window. "Are you the widow McGee?" he asked. "No, I am not," said she; "I am Mrs. M. J. McGee." "You're a liar, you're not," was the retort; "McGee's corpse is just coming around the corner!"

JOE GETLER AND HIS CATS.

A PERSONAGE of great importance at the stockyards, and without an account of whom no history of the place would be complete, is Smut, the enormous tor-



“SMUT” READY TO RETRIEVE.

toise-shell cat, dear to the heart of Joe Getler, the good-looking bachelor who looks after the interests of the Wabash Railway at the shipping pens.

Joe is "great" on cats and has invested heavily in the breeding business, and says, in his good-natured way, "Yes, there's money in cats." Smut is an immense creature, of great dignity of presence and haughty demeanor, as becomes a prime favorite and the forebear



RETRIEVED.

of a long line of honorable descendants. She is a regular breeder, presenting her owner with a new family about every three months, having seldom less than nine kit-

tens to the litter. All of her progeny are taken with alacrity by Joe's friends among the commission men, being often promised and sold before they are born. Her sons and daughters are distributed all over Englewood, to the number of 100, it is estimated, and their fame has gone abroad in the land. The cherished felines are known as "Getler's cats," and are supposed to inherit their mother's shrewdness and skill in the hunt.

Smut is a terror to rats and likes nothing better than a still hunt after game. She is by no means of the "new" order of females and attends carefully to her domestic duties, but when not imperatively engaged in these she can be seen at most hours of the day and night in a death-chase after her foes. She has made her home in the tagging shanty for the past three years, and has cleared a circle of rats all about her for a radius of one-fourth of a mile. She not uncommonly ventures up in the packing-houses, a half-mile or so away, after her prey. Another pet taste of hers is an epicurean love for sparrows, and in pursuit of these dainty morsels Smut has developed some strange traits, for a cat. When her master starts off in his spare moments with his gun to shoot sparrows for his favorite, Smut trots along behind him as alert as a trained hunter, and when the birds fall after the crack of the rifle, Smut will retrieve them with an attention to the business in hand worthy of the most carefully practiced retrieving dog.

Joe met with a great sorrow in the sad loss of "Nig," another feline pet, about twelve months ago, and in honor to Nig's memory has established a cemetery with

a conventional mound in the center, and a headstone in Nig's commemoration with the appropriate inscription of "Nig: *Requiescat in Pace.*" Joe sees to it most carefully that this "grave is kept green," and in summer it is watered faithfully and decked with flowers.



"SMUT" MOURNING OVER "NIG'S" GRAVE.

There goes a story at Joe's expense, though no one will actually swear to its truth, that one night soon after the advent of one of Smut's numerous families Joe was disturbed by a most prodigious caterwauling, which he terms a Thomas concert, in front of his sleep-

ing-quarters, and going out to look into the matter he saw four great cats of the male persuasion squatted in a sort of square, and howling for dear life. Joe had been reading in the early evening an account of the customs of the Fiji or some other islands where each woman has several husbands, and questions of descent are settled among the several benedicts by electing one of them to stand in the place of father to the offspring. This must have come into Joe's mind, for after driving away the vociferous felines he was overheard by a passer-by to say, with a chuckling laugh, "Well, them darned cats must have met to elect a father!"

ONE ON CUDAHY.

CUDAHY, the big packer, was around inspecting his plant one day. In one of his big buildings he detected the unmistakable "perfume" of an old clay pipe's triple extract, and, looking around, discovered a "terrier" perched high up on a pile of barrels, calmly smoking in violation of the big placards forbidding smoking on these premises.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Cudahy.

"Takin' a shmoak," was the undisturbed reply.

"Do you know who I am?"

"That I doan't "

"I am the superintendent and proprietor of these premises."

"Shure now, it's a good place ye have. I'd advise ye to kape it."



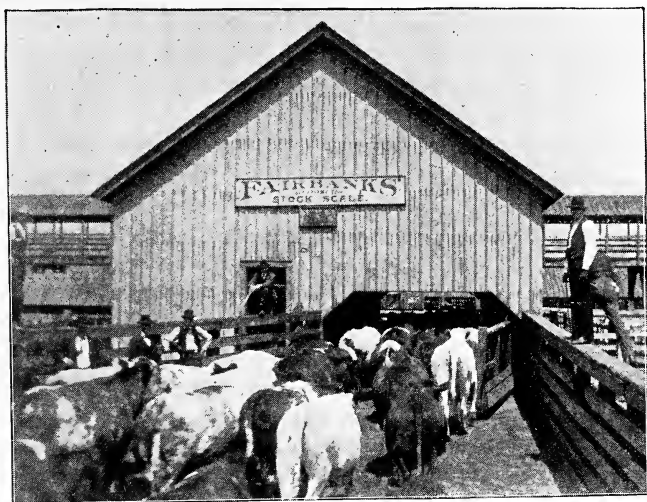
PACKING-HOUSE BUYERS.

“PACKINGTOWN.”

ADJOINING the stockyards is that novel spot known as “Packingtown,” which contains the fifteen colossal packing-houses which owe their existence to the proximity of the yards. These packing-houses are the property of P. D. Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Nelson Morris & Co., Libby, McNeill & Libby, International & Wells Packing Co., Continental Packing Co., Anglo-American Provision Co., Cudahy Packing Co., Thomas J. Lipton Co., Chicago Packing & Provision Co., Roberts & Oake, Michener Bros. & Co., North Packing & Provision Co., Henry J. Seiter, and Silberborn Co. In these packing-houses much of the live stock from the yards is transformed from lowing cattle, bleating sheep and grunting swine into neatly-canned dried beef, luncheon meat, potted tongue, minced collops, breakfast bacon, deviled ham, “condensed” soup, and the thousand and one other delicacies undreamed of by our grandmothers,

but which are revolutionizing domestic economy as surely as electricity is working a revolution in mechanics. These food products are shipped to every country on the globe.

Some idea may be gained of the immensity of the packing-house industry when it is said that the packing-houses cover an area of three hundred acres. They are



A CHOICE LOT ON THE SCALES.

fitted up with every modern appliance with which to facilitate their work, and are conducted with such absolute neatness that the most fastidious would not hesitate to enjoy their food products. The cold storage rooms belonging to the different firms cover many acres of ground, and have a combined capacity of many thousand tons, one freezer alone holding 10,000,000 pounds.

The sales of only one of these firms amount to more than \$65,000,000 annually.

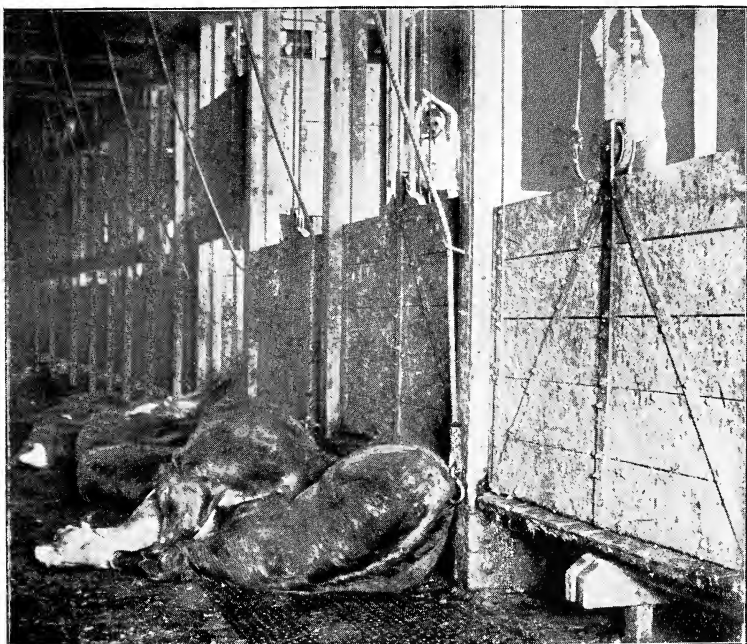
Not very many years ago Cincinnati was the location of the great packing-houses, the city being then called Hogapolis, and later Porkapolis, in humorous recognition of the tremendous quantity of hogs, dressed and undressed, shipped to and from the city. Cincinnati, however, never held the position which Chicago does as a site of packing-houses, for contemporaneously with Cincinnati's glory in that respect St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Louisville had large packing-houses of their own, whereas Chicago capital now owns and controls every packing-house of any size in the country.

Connected with the packing-houses are the slaughter-houses, places which daily present scenes which would almost convince the most callous that killing animals for food is, after all, little short of cannibalism, although the methods are as humane as methods of slaughter can well be.

The rules regulating the killing of cattle are hard and fast and strictly enforced. First of all, the cattle must be fed and watered before being weighed. Without the preliminary step of weighing they cannot be sold. The animals must not be killed until twenty-four hours after leaving the ranch, should they reach the stockyards within that period; and should there be good reasons for delay, they may be held for several days, or even weeks, before being slaughtered.

Following the weighing, the cattle are carefully inspected by government officials, on the way from the scales to the slaughter pen, the diseased being separat-

ed from the healthy cattle. From this point on the cattle are treated as individuals. They are no longer a herd, each steer becoming a "beef" and thereafter going entirely on his merits as steak and roast. The first



THE KNOCK-OUT—KILLING CATTLE.

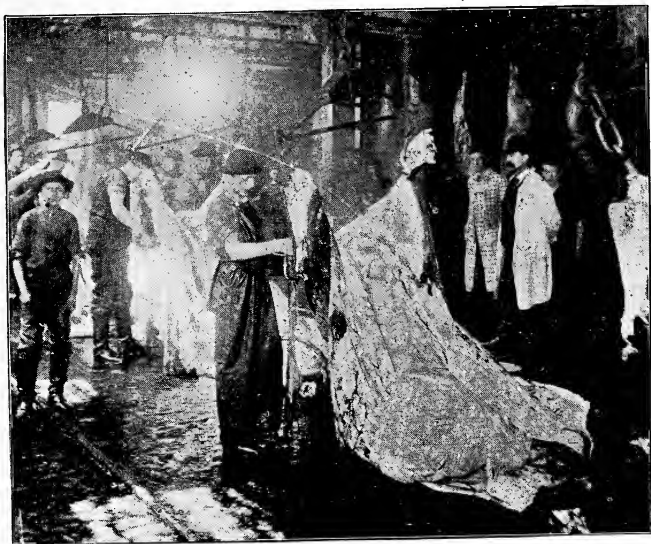
step in the individualizing process is to drive the steers for slaughter into the slaughter pen—a narrow, separate pen, only large enough for two animals at a time. A man stands on a board walk above, and with a well directed blow with a heavy sledge, stuns him. A door is raised as the steer falls, causing him to slide out

upon the floor of the slaughter-house. A chain is now fastened to his hind legs and he is hoisted from the floor, his forelegs spread wide apart, and a sharp knife thrust into his throat by a man who does no other part of the work than this. As the knife strikes the throat the blood wells out in a torrent. This ocean of blood is washed down into a gutter leading to a tank, from which it is pumped into covered carts and conveyed to the fertilizer factory.

The head of the steer is now removed. He is then lowered to the floor and laid upon his back, sticks set in the floor propping him up. The legs are now broken, the stomach opened and the hide skinned from the edges of the opening. A hook is then stuck behind each of the joints of the hind legs, and the steer hoisted up to a position convenient for the butchers, whose subject he now is. The tail is cut off, the intestines removed and the hide pulled a little farther off. This done, the animal is hoisted from the floor. Above are two tracks on which are wheels with hooks hanging from them. These hooks are substituted for those previously put behind the joints of the hind legs, leaving the steer conveniently hanging from the wheels. The hide is now completely removed by two men pulling it and a third beating it and separating it from the flesh with a cleaver. When removed the hide is inspected and, if found intact, is sent to a cellar to be salted and folded and made ready for sale.

At once the hide is removed from the steer the carcass is halved lengthwise by means of a huge cleaver, the ragged edges being then trimmed by several men, who

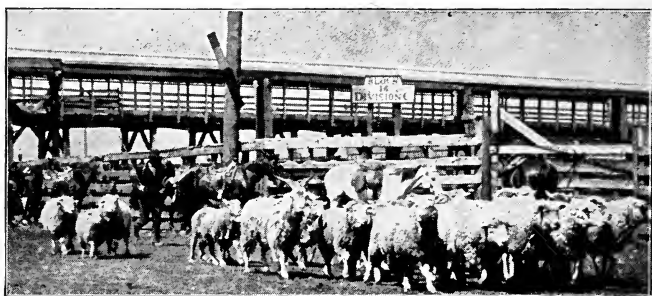
also wash and dry the meat very carefully. Numbering, tagging, weighing and hanging in the cooler now follow rapidly, the carcass being rolled rapidly along the tracks from man to man until the task is done. From five to eight minutes have elapsed from the time the steer was knocked on the head until placed in the cooler, during which time he has passed through the



DRESSING BEEF.

hands of forty-two men. He is followed in such quick succession by other steers that the men have not even time to crack a joke, resembling automatic machines in the rapidity and regularity of their movements. Several thousand cattle are killed and dressed during the ten working hours of the day.

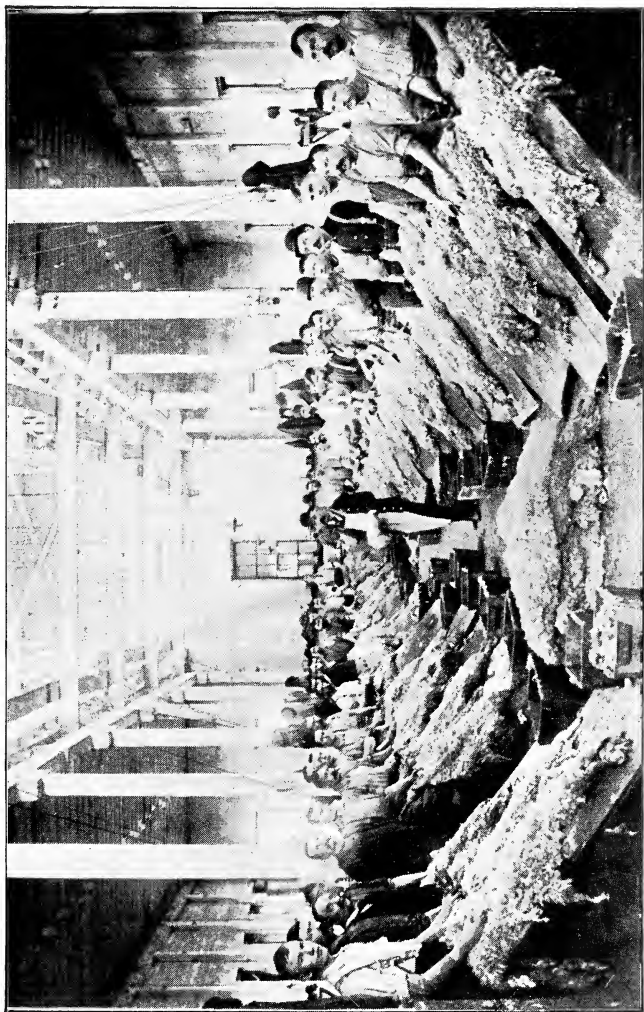
In spite of this rapidity, every part of the process is attended with the utmost cleanliness. First, every precaution is taken to remove from the arteries all the blood, as blood left among the muscular tissues hastens decomposition. The men who handle the meat must wash their hands frequently at the hose near by, and a drop of blood on the hands must be removed instantly. In fact, no speck of dirt reaches the meat, and the



INNOCENTS GOING TO SLAUGHTER.

carcass never touches the floor after the hide is removed.

A word about the cattle. The cattle shipped to the stockyards may be divided into two classes, native cattle and range cattle. Native cattle come from the farms of the middle western states, while range cattle are from the ranches and plains of Texas, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. The former constitute three-fourths of all the cattle received at the yards, and make the fine beef which is exported to Europe, whereas range cattle make very indifferent beef.



SHEARING THE PELTS.

Killing sheep is fully as interesting a process, though less humane, than killing steers. The sheep, like the steers, are fed, watered and weighed before being sold. Those sold to the packing-houses are then driven through viaducts to the slaughter-house. In a pen at the end of the viaduct are two sheep, each with a bell on its neck. These sheep are the leaders, and advantage is taken of the well-known peculiarity of sheep in following in a flock where one leads. The leaders have been trained to lead the flock to the slaughter pen, from which they slip away and return to their own pen, leaving the flock to the mercies of the butcher. This is a much quicker method than driving them.

Now comes a scene at sight of which many people faint—a veritable slaughter of innocents. A shackle is slipped over the hind legs of two sheep at a time and they are hoisted up, by means of a chain, to a boy who sees that the shackles are attached to wheels which run on tracks overhead. The sticker is at hand and plunges a sharp knife into their throats, almost severing the heads, and the poor beasts are then sent to boys who rip the hide up the legs; the legs are then broken and a hook placed behind the joints of the forelegs. From here they are sent to a succession of men who each remove a part of the hide, until the carcass is completely skinned. The head and intestines are now removed, and the carcasses, after being washed and dried, are sent on to the dressers, whose work is described in detail elsewhere in this book.

Killing hogs is also among the sights of the slaughter-house. It is no more humane in method than kill-

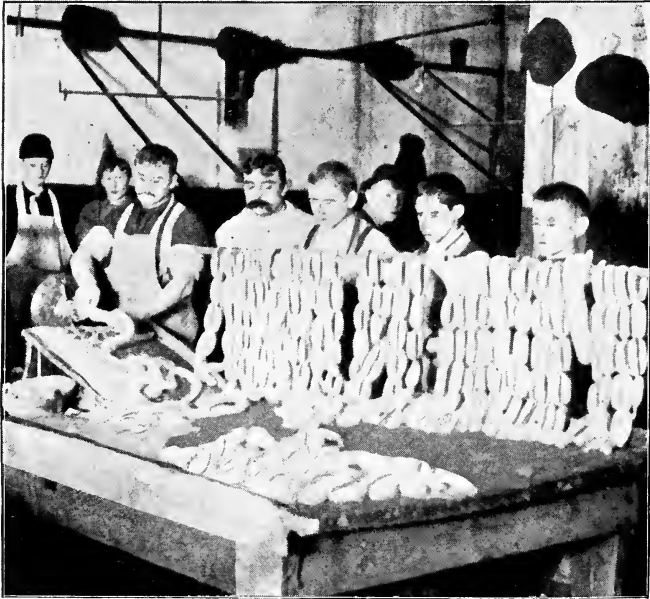
ing sheep, but so prejudiced is man against the poor hog that there are few people who cannot see him slaughtered without blanching. Through the mile-long viaducts the drove of hogs is driven to the shackling pen. Here a boy goes in among them and slips a shackle over the hind leg of a hog, a hook suspended from a chain is slipped into a ring on the shackle, and the



CUTTING UP HOGS.

squealing hog hoisted by machinery to a man who places him upon a greased rail which inclines downward. The hook and chain are loosed and thrown back to the boy in the pen, who sends up another hog. Meanwhile the unfortunate pig has reached the sticker, who ends his vociferous squeals with a thrust from a sharp double-edged knife. Down the greased rail he

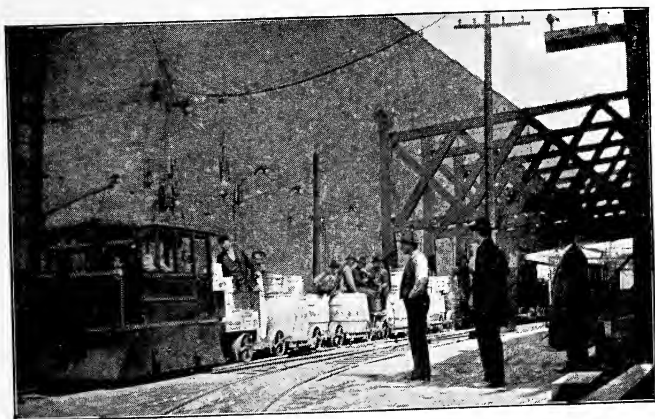
goes again, after an enforced pause to allow the blood to drain out. He now reaches a boy who slips a hook into the shackle, and then lets the hog slide off the end of the rail. The hard jerk caused by the drop of the hog draws the shackle off his leg, and he drops



A MILE OF SAUSAGE.

into a tub of hot water. He is kept rolling in this Turkish bath by men with long poles, until he reaches the other end of the tub, when, by means of machinery, he is thrown out upon a table. Here the hair is removed from the ears, after which he is fastened to a "scraper," which scrapes off nearly all the bristles, what re-

mains being taken off by hand. This done, he is put upon another rail and pushed along to the "wash box," where he gets a severe spray bath in water spouting with much force from iron pipes set on either side of the rail along which he is being pushed. He now reaches the "barbers," who shave him thoroughly, and no gentleman ever looked fresher or whiter than he does when his shave is finished.



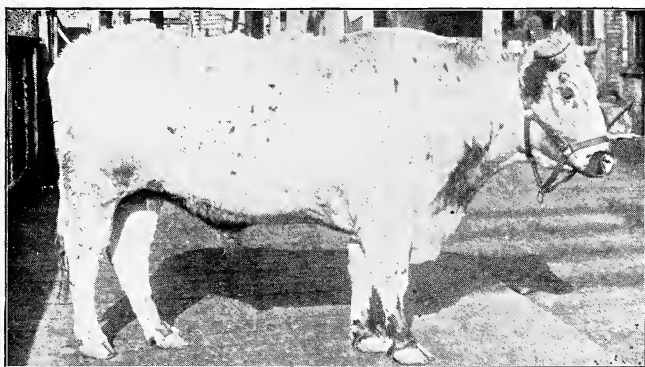
ARMOUR'S ELEVATED SAUSAGE TROLLEY.

The next step is to take out the intestines, which is done in a trice by a man. When this is done a heavy stream of water is turned on him, inside and out, after which the inside is wiped out with clean cloths and the outside scraped off with knives. The lard is now pulled out by two men, and the hog weighed and sent to the cooler—just three minutes after his throat was stuck.

THE SLICKEST CONFIDENCE GAME IN CHICAGO

PHIL was the name of the strawberry-roan steer which until recently was used at Armour's packing-house to decoy his unsuspecting country cousins to their tragic fate. This bovine Judas had very amiable ways, a winning disposition, with a benevolent smile, large soulful eyes whose benign expression never failed to delude his victims into almost touching reliance upon his honest intentions. Alas! that so much guile should lurk behind so amiable a mask! for Phil was the slickest confidence game in Chicago. He was well groomed and cared for; he was blanketed to protect him from cold in winter and from the flies in summer, and enjoyed the confidence of his superiors. He had held his position for a number of years, and retained it until his arts lost their cunning through age and natural decline. He amused himself through the day in making visits to the pens of the cattle waiting their turn at the block. As soon as the drover came to drive a herd up to the slaughter pen Phil was notified, and as the gates were opened he took his place at the head of the procession to lead them through the intricate passageways to their doom. If any of the drove attempted to fly the track or pass him, he butted them back with great decision, and let them know he was master of the herd. As he marched

along to the pens at the head of the deluded travelers going to their last home, the close observer might have perceived a knowing twinkle in his eye, as one who had the laugh all on his side. Previous to this, while standing outside the pens and scraping acquaintance with the inmates, he had looked as demure as a preacher. The drove followed confidingly along behind the



PHIL, THE "CON" STEER.

rascal without a suspicion of his perfidy. When he got to the top of the run that leads into the fatal pen his attention was immediately attracted elsewhere and he wheeled to the right like a Seventh Infantry soldier. Here he would find some pretense to stop, either to scratch his ear, or pick a thorn from his hoof, or view some point of interest in the landscape, so that the fresh ducks, relieved of their leader and thinking they knew the way, passed on to the valley of death. Down would come the gate, and Master Phil, winking his

guileful eye and giving a last look at his victims, would make his way down along the pens, seeking acquaintance with fresh dupes. Oh, he knew his business! and was one of the hardest, toughest characters in the stock-yards.

Phil was rather a favorite amongst the employés, and had been at this bunko game for about five years. But aha! one day last fall Phil found himself on the other side of the gate. What a surprise that was to him! He had grown lazy with age, and was much more inclined to stay in his own snug pen than to decoy others to the pen of death, or maybe a tardy conscience had been developed in him. However that may be, Phil had lost his usefulness, and so one day he himself was the victim of a plot. When he got to the top of the pen he found his usual wheeling place boarded off, and the pen made so narrow for the occasion that he could not wheel. Neither could he turn back. Then Phil demonstrated that weakness of logic which is the cause of every rascal's downfall sooner or later. He reasoned that if the pen had been made narrow it must have been done for some purpose; probably the gate had been moved farther up, and he would, no doubt, find a turning off place in due time. So he went unsuspectingly on, when, oh perfidy of man! down came the gate, and down also came the sledge of the man above! "There is after all no honor among thieves!" groaned Phil as he fell beneath the blow.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HORSE MARKET.

CHICAGO's horse market has become such an important feature of the Union Stockyards that today there are bought and sold in this city more horses than at



THE HORSE PAVILION.

any other market in the world. The average daily sale of horses at these stockyards is 300, including private sales and public auctions. The business is increasing daily.

A national horse auction sale has been organized. The national scheme seems to be a spontaneous movement among horse commission men of the United States, as nearly every firm of prominence is represented. The object of the association is to protect, promote, and morally elevate the horse sale industry of America; the real aim being to crowd out of the business all tricksters, all dishonorable and irresponsible dealers, and elevate the profession to the highest standard of a legitimate industry. Rules of sales will secure uniformity in all the horse auctions of America, and are designed to protect the buyer and the seller. This organization embraces vast interests and represents transactions of many millions of dollars.

There are engaged in this business at the Union Stockyards some twenty firms, who are responsible for all transactions emanating from their respective stables. These commission men in turn each give a bond of \$20,000 to the stockyards company in token of good faith to the consignors. Commodious, well ventilated stabling for 4,000 horses is provided, and there has recently been erected a pavilion at an outlay of many thousands of dollars for holding special live stock sales.

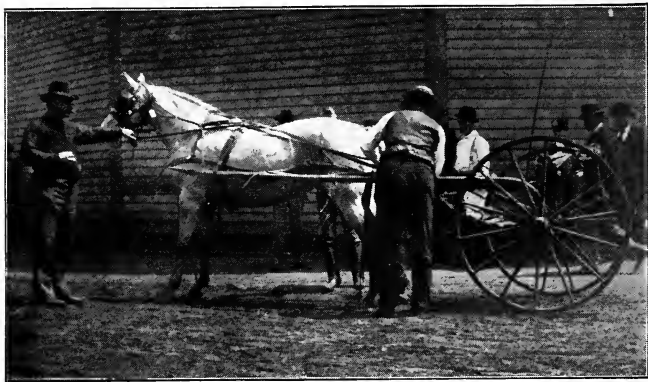
Auction sales take place every day, Sundays excepted. In attendance at these sales are buyers from all parts of America, Johnny Bulls from England and Canada, canny Scots from Scotland, jovial Irishmen looking for the "makings" of timber-toppers, Frenchmen and descendants of old Spain who come to replenish the markets of Mexico and Cuba with American horses.

The respective commission firms employ auctioneers



“COMING DOWN THE LINE.”

at salaries of from \$3,000 to \$6,000 annually, who sell twice each week. These men have stentorian voices and lungs like oxen, and are human mechanical talking machines. They earn their money, for the life of a man in this business is short. A great deal of responsibility rests with them. They know every buyer in front of the rostrum, and acknowledge as bids all kinds of pri-



REJECTED—BALKY.

vate signs, nods and winks. They can tell at a glance the merits or demerits of the lot they are selling, using great judgment to please both the buyer and seller, which they do with marked success, as seldom a complaint is heard. Sixty horses an hour is the general average. Sometimes seventy-five are sold in that time; 740 horses is the best record for one day's sale. All classes of horses are sold. One minute a Clydesdale weighing 1800 pounds, then perhaps a diminutive pony or some well-known race horse.

The ring (or "bull pen") is never, during the sales, without a lot of horses in front of the auctioneer. Immediately after a sale the animal is sent back to the stables, and men engaged for that purpose give it a trial before the buyer, and it is left to his option if he accepts or rejects the purchase.

Horses must be as represented, and are sold under



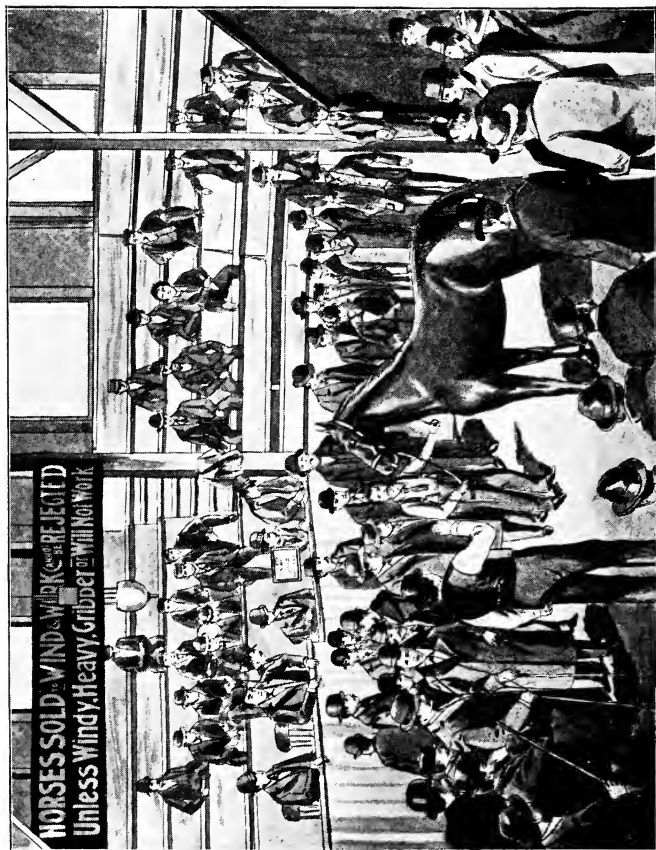
BUYERS FOR BELGIUM.

the five following conditions, according to the guarantee of the consignor:

1. To be sound. 2. Serviceably sound. 3. Wind and work. 4. Worker only. 5. Halter.

A horse sold under the hammer can be rejected by noon the day following the day of sale if it does not comply with the warranty.

A horse sold for sound must be perfectly sound in every way. A horse sold as serviceably sound must be virtually a sound horse; its wind and eyes must be good,



THE DAILY AUCTION SALE.

it must not be lame or sore in any way and must be sound, barring slight blemishes, and the blemishes must not constitute any unsoundness, and nothing more than splints, slight puffs, and a little rounding on the curb joints, and must not have a brand. It may be a little cut out in the knees, but must not stand over on the knees or ankles; it may have a little puff on the outside of the hock, but must not have a thorough-pin



WAITING HIS TURN AT THE BLOCK

or boggy hocks. Ringbone is barred, although it may naturally be a little coarse jointed. The front part of hocks inside must not be puffed. It may have slight scars or wire marks, but these must not be such as to cause any deformity of the body, legs, or feet, and nothing more than a slight scar. It must not have any scars from fistula or poll-evil. It cannot have a hip down, and if one hip is lower than the other it must be natural and not deformity. It must not have a side-

bone or any blemishes that reduce its value more than a trifle. Car bruises must be of a temporary nature.

A horse sold to wind and work must have good wind and be a good worker and not a cribber. Everything else goes. A horse sold to work only must be a good worker. A horse sold at the halter is sold just as he stands, without any recommendation.



WINDING HORSES.

Next to the auctioneer there are five boards swinging on a pivot, and as the horse is brought forward the condition of his anatomy is displayed and sometimes changed two or three times in the twinkling of an eye as the animal is being sold. The ring salesman, with an eye like an eagle, may discover a blemish which was overlooked by an inexperienced consignor or farmer, few of whom are conversant with what constitutes a sound horse or a hereditary blemish. So purchasers

and sellers must have their eyes on the board and on the horse being offered. There is no time for argument or hesitation. A moment's delay and the cry is "Sell him;" "\$50;" "5;" "\$60;" "sold;" "next." So it goes; a horse a minute. Business is conducted in a sound but methodical way.



"HE'S O. K."

Buyers must be on the alert and keep their "blinkers" oscillating between the horse, auctioneer, and condition signs. With all this immense business there is seldom a dispute. In case of any discrepancy it is immediately referred to Mr. Samuel Cozzens, the superintendent, who is here, there, and everywhere, very watchful of the interests of both the stockyards company and the general public. His word "goes" with-

out a murmur. It is singular, but nevertheless it is a fact, that in the space of two years only on one occasion has recourse to law been necessary to settle a dispute arising over the sale of a horse.

One of the most mysterious departments of this immense business is the "feed tally," which is managed entirely by one man, the stable superintendent. There



BUYING BUSSERS—"A SIDE-BONE."

are forty stables, and hundreds of horses arrive and are shipped daily, singly and in carload lots, consigned, reconsigned, sold, rejected, and sometimes passed through several hands in a day, but in some quiet and unseen way every transaction is silently followed up, and at the closing of the day's business if the buyer cannot find his horse or horses among this labyrinth of stables a call to No. 4 stable, a ring on the "Bell" and the number of stall and stable is immediately handed

him. Horses are consigned to this market from nearly every state in the Union. Lively scenes are enacted every day by the shipping and unloading of immense droves of horses as they are being led through the yards to and from the chutes of the cars. There is a European demand for American horses. At a very fashionable horse show held in New York last year, and again this year, horses bred in the West carried off the honors,



“SALE OVER.”

and they were exhibited with horses imported at fabulous prices by Gotham's millionaires. Europe exports carriage horses and those adapted for vans and busses.

There are no particularly new features of the horse market so far as the demand for home consumption is concerned, but with regard to the English export trade a new state of affairs obtains. Up to the present day, almost, the English have been selling us horses. If they bought in return they bought inferior working

stock at small prices, whereas they sold us blooded animals at high prices. Now the situation is practically reversed, and both in number and value of horses the figures are against the English.

It is not putting it too strongly to say that the American dealer has a firm hold on the English market. We are selling England working horses better than her own, and we are also selling England light harness horses and trotters.

Naturally this state of affairs is exciting the liveliest interest in England. The following figures give the details of the trade during twenty-two years, and show its growth in the United Kingdom as compared with the exports:

	Exports, No.	Imports, No.
1871-'82 (average per year)	4,296	20,974
1882-'93 (average per year)	5,690	6,397
1894	16,457	22,866
1895	21,437	34,149

While the English exports compared favorably with their imports in 1894, in 1895 their imports were largely in excess. Prior to 1895, too, the value of the exports per head had been higher than that of the imports, but last year the position was for the first time reversed. In 1894 the value of the horses brought into Great Britain averaged \$120, and those exported \$125, while last year the imported horses averaged \$135 and the exported \$130. The increase in the value is due to the introduction of the American working geldings. The following table shows how the value is divided between breeding animals and working horses:

	Exports.		Imports.	
	Number.	Value per head.	Number.	Value per head.
Stallions.....	599	£108	824	£91
Mares.....	3,610	42	10,331	26
Geldings.....	17,237	19	22,994	25

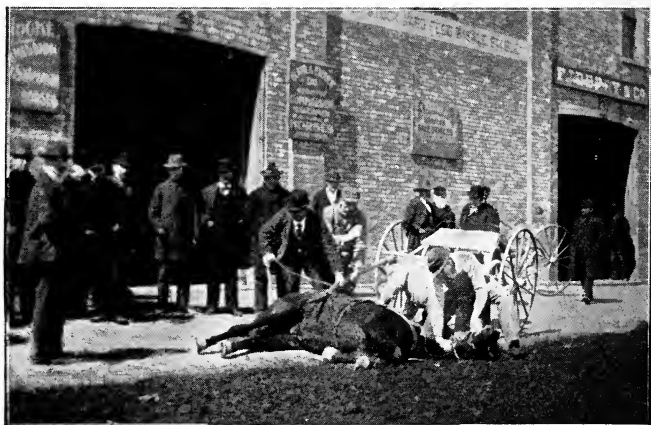
The following table was prepared by the London Sporting Life, and shows the number of horses imported into the United Kingdom in 1894 and 1895, and the countries from which they came:

Foreign Countries.	1894.	1895.
Russia.....	3,293
Norway.....	86
Denmark.....	1,802	2,202
Germany.....	4,785	3,765
Holland.....	1,129	1,285
Belgium.....	255	143
France.....	293	287
United States.....	4,843	10,351
Argentine Republic.....	821	439
Other foreign countries.....	88
Total foreign countries.....	17,595	
British Possessions.		
Channel Islands.....	34
British East Indies.....	18
Canada.....	5,424	12,908
Other British possessions.....	35
Total British possessions.....	5,511
All other countries.....		2,754
Grand Totals.....	23,106	34,147

Russia has completely dropped out of the English market, and there is a decline in the shipments from Germany, the Argentine Republic and Belgium. It will be seen that the American working horses dominate the English market. The value of the imports from the United States in 1894 was \$898,345, and in 1895

\$1,726,625. In 1894 the Canadian importations were worth \$905,395, and in 1895 \$1,846,285.

All the good horses do not go through the Chicago market to other places. Many of them stay here. There is spirited bidding between Chicago men over specially desirable animals. Still, it must be admitted that Chicago is a good deal like the farmer who sends all his



"A BAD UN."

best to market on the principle that any old thing is good enough for him to live on. Considering the length and beauty of Chicago's driveways, the valuable horse is not so much in evidence as one would expect.

The coaching division makes a fair showing on state occasions, though there are probably less than a score of Chicagoans sufficiently interested in a four-in-hand to boast a complete turnout.

By the enthusiasts horseback riding is regarded as the

poetry of motion and the best of all exercises. A physician who rides both a horse and a bicycle puts it this way: "After all, the bicycle is but a substitute for the horse, where the horse cannot be had, and horseback riding remains the perfect exercise for health and enjoyment to all who are fortunate enough to be able to obtain it." Some ardent believers in this exercise claim



NOON AT THE HORSE MARKET.

that people who can take it by so doing add twenty years to their lives, and add to the enjoyment of the whole period by the better health thereby secured.

The truth of this claim is proved by the unbounded health of the commission men at the stockyards, who practically live in the saddle. Most of them at fifty and sixty years of age, having spent a generation at the yards, look and act like youngsters and athletes. They

laugh at sickness and few die before having reached a ripe old age far past the allotted three score and ten.

A large percentage of farmers have neglected breeding horses the last two years, and that fact, with the horsemeat canning industries springing up all over the country, which kill thousands of useful horses weekly to be converted into human food for our foreign friends, or—who knows?—for a free lunch near by, the outlook is that horses will be unusually high in two years, and the farmers and breeders who neglect breeding now will undoubtedly regret it.

People who predict that the bicycle and electric car will replace the horse should take into consideration the fact that a new invention is seldom an entire substitute for what it is intended to displace. The electric light has not yet displaced gas nor the kerosene lamp, the mowing machine has not displaced the scythe, and the noble horse will still continue to be a useful and much sought after animal.



H. SHUHLEIN.



"JUDGE" BLODGETT.

BUILDERS OF THE HORSE MARKET.

ALONG about 1871 Tom Evers, taking Horace Greeley's advice, came west, landing at the stockyards, Chicago. His first business there was scalping hogs; then some consignor shipped in a couple of horses with a carload of hogs, and Tom sold them to advantage. Next week a half-dozen or so more came, and for these he also found a ready market. Then the thought came to him that to establish a horse market might be a profitable investment of time and money. No sooner was the idea conceived than acted upon, Tom soon inducing the stockyards company to build him a little stable. He was right, it proved a profitable investment, as a number of rich men will now testify. From such small beginnings do great industries grow. Tom lived to see his "little stable" develop into the greatest horse market in the world, but, his ambition more than realized, he met with a harrowing accident, yielding to the voice of the Eternal Bidder, and fell before the hammer of that Great Auctioneer, Death. Although without relatives, the esteem and affection with which he was regarded may be imagined when it is said that the church was filled to overflowing on the occasion of his funeral, and that old men and women wept as the solemn words of the funeral service were uttered. "Here lies a man without a single relative to mourn his untimely end," said the clergyman, "but



1, J. S. Cooper 2, F. J. Berry. 3, Jacob Koehler. 4, William
Locke. 5. F. Kenyon. 6, Leroy Marsh. 7, J. J.
Ellsworth. 8, H. McNair. 9, James Blair.
10, A. Evans. 11, A. O. Elder.
12, Samuel Cozzens.

looking around this vast, respectable, and grief-stricken congregation I know that he must have been a man with a big heart, and I am told that there are many men in this city who owe their start in life to him." Thus closed the life of one who did much for the prosperity of the city, and builded for himself a monument in the hearts of all whom he knew.



SOME EXPORTERS.

J. S. Cooper, a man of great perspicacity and with an indomitable will, was the first to see that the location of the city and the presence of the stockyards afforded all the requirements necessary to establish a great horse market. He bought out Tom Evers, and very shortly thereafter the shingle of J. S. Cooper swung out to the breeze, Cooper's shrewdness, go-aheadativeness and advertising setting the ball spin-

ning rapidly which Evers had started rolling. And today John S. Cooper is a rich man, prominent in both social, business and political circles, and is doing as extensive a business as any man in the yards. He is ably assisted by Andrew MacDonald, who is the equal of his chief in knowledge of the business and all-round shrewdness.

Cooper may justly be considered the father of the greatest horse market in the world, and deserves the gratitude of the entire northwest for his activity in behalf of the horse industry.



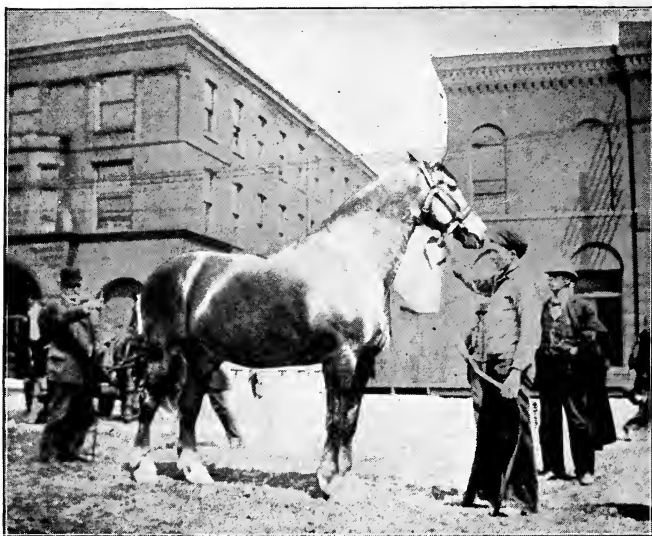
HORSES FOR SHIPMENT.

Cooper's example was soon followed by F. J. Berry. Mr. Berry came to Chicago in 1872, and for fifteen years thereafter was engaged in knocking down horses at the old stand at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Monroe Street. But Berry was not satisfied with this; his ambition prompted him, and his sagacity urged him to set

up his block at the stockyards. After getting his guns in order he commenced a great system of advertising, in which direction he has spent, during the past ten years, the enormous sum of \$80,000. F. J. Berry—now F. J. Berry and Company—makes a specialty of trotting stock. All sorts of horses come to him, however, principally from country dealers and farmers. He was the first man to establish auctions in Chicago.

Personally Mr. Berry is well and favorably known all over America and Europe as a good deal of a philanthropist as well as an authority on horses. A friendly turn to a friend in need is as much a commonplace with him as the sale of a horse.

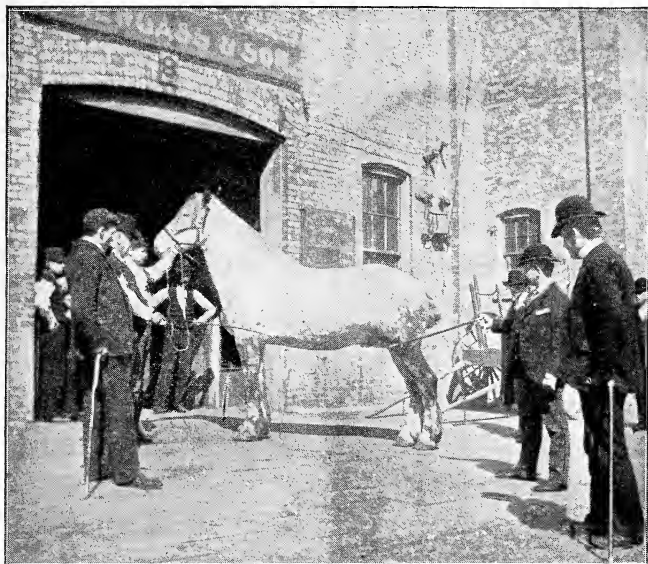
One of the successful downtown business men was Jacob Koehler, or Jake as he is known. Jake's business was extensive and profitable, but one day he fixed his eye on the new horse market at the stockyards, and was thrilled by the possibilities of a glorious future for that enterprise. So putting bag and baggage in a prairie schooner, he traversed the plains between the city and stockyards in the wake of his friend Berry, his sagacious mind teeming with plans for the rapid upbuilding of what his insight prophesied would be the greatest market in the world. Jake's plans have materialized; the market is the biggest in the world, and he is one of the biggest men in the market, his stables being the rendezvous of many of the largest buyers from all sections. Beside having four or five salesmen, Koehler is ably assisted by his son Eddy. Eddy is a chip of the



DUNN SAYS, "WEIGHT 2,900."

old block, and can be depended upon never to let the toadstools grow where the Koehler stables stand.

About this time Newgass & Sons, who were in business on the West Side, perceived the advantages of the stockyards and decided to identify themselves with its future, bringing with them an amount of sticktoativeness, acumen and genuine business ability which has helped greatly to make the market what it is. The Newgasses do not let the grass grow under their feet and are among the leaders of the most progressive and enterprising element at the yards, and are second to none in the vast extent of business handled. Their buyers are particularly instructed to get the breeders' best produce, especial attention being paid to getting

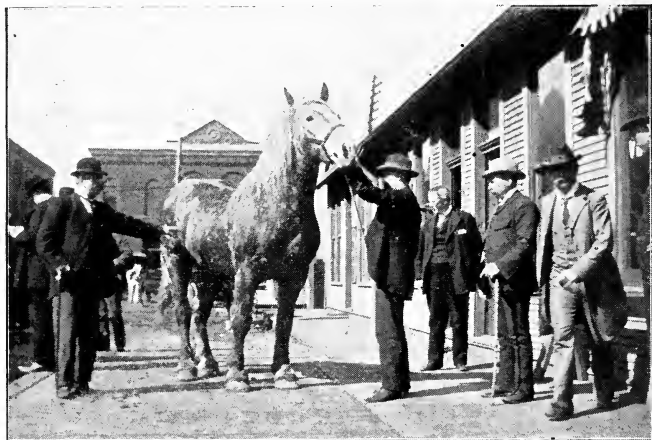


BELGIAN BUYERS.

the younger horses fit for export trade. This care in selecting has attracted the attention of the eastern "400," who are among their largest purchasers. Their combination sales of high-class horses are the Mecca of many foreign buyers, and the firm can be trusted to maintain the standard of style and all-round merit in its exportations.

Close upon the heels of Newgass & Sons came William Locke. M. Locke had always been a large shipper of horses, and was the first man to ship a carload of horses to the stockyards. The yards were a familiar spot to him and he was a well-known figure there, and his advent as a commission man was hailed with pleas-

ure by a host of friends. Coming, as he did, when the business of the market had reached a high notch, he nevertheless found a place for himself; and his executive ability, his keenness and never-tiring activity made him a valued factor in the personnel of the yards, and placed him in the front rank of the great firms. He has an extensive business connection and acquaintance



SOLD ON THE SCALES.

among the farmers and breeders, and is fully alive to the possibilities of the market, its needs and promises. Unlike many eminently successful men, Mr. Locke is as popular and sociable a hail-fellow-well-met as any man at the yards, and has the hearty esteem of all his contemporaries and competitors.

Another popular firm is Marsh & Kenyon. This firm makes a specialty of such horses as are in demand among eastern and foreign buyers, and their sales are



GOOD ONES FOR THE EAST.

always well attended. Before going into the commission business, Mr. Marsh was one of the most successful shippers in America, the same day seeing consignments from Leroy Marsh on sale in four widely separated cities of the Union. No better advertisement for a lot of horses could be devised than the name of Marsh; it stood as a proof of merit as much as the hallmark on a piece of English silver does. The other member of the firm, Mr. Kenyon, is equally prominent in his sphere, an active, pushing, persevering man, with as keen a scent for business as the grayhound has for a stag. The two men make excellent working partners, and spare neither time, money nor effort to please their consignors and customers.

Ellsworth & McNair is another prominent firm, a young team, so to speak, which will make a record. They are workers, and sacrifice brain and brawn to the cause of their chosen profession, reducing its perplex-



FOREIGN BUYERS LOOKING AT A RARE SORT.

ities and anxieties to the plane of the A B C's by sheer force of push. Success is not gained nowadays without work, and the work of these young men has told to an admirable extent, resulting in a local and eastern clientage than which no firm at the yards has a more extensive one. In short, they are a couple of hustlers who work together like the Siamese twins.

A young firm of equal standing is that of Blair & Evans, the partners being two young men whose insight into the country's commercial future directed them to the horse market as the most promising field for investment. Messrs. Blair and Evans are the youngest commission men at the yards, but they are old in experience and their success is already enviable. Their love of the horse and their understanding of him as a

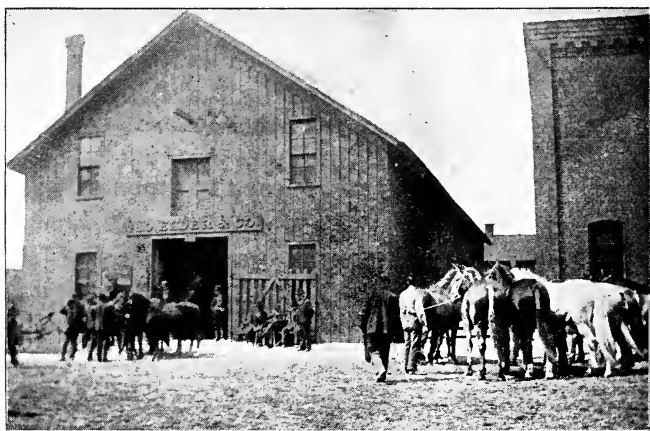


HORSES FOR EXPORT.

commercial commodity leads them to deal only in the better class of animals, and as a result they have attracted much attention from foreign buyers and from buyers for the East, and they have a knack of making both consignor and buyers happy. With such an object in view it is needless to say that their business is on the increase, their receipts frequently amounting to fourteen carloads weekly. These young men will make a high mark for themselves in the annals of the stockyards and of the commission business.

The last, but by no means the least (he measures six feet five) man to start into the business at the yards is whole-souled A. O. Elder. Elder is a true type of the western man, and what he does not know about the horse and horse market won't tip the scale. He already employs several buyers and salesmen, and is ably aided in conducting his growing business by that well-known judicial personage, Judge James Blodgett. His stables are always filled with fresh

arrivals and are a rendezvous for buyers in search of carriage horses. He has an extensive connection with the breeders of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, both Dakotas and nearly all the states of the West and Northwest. A. O. Elder is a desirable addition to the commission merchants, and his stable makes an admirable "capstone" to the line of famous stables



FRESH ARRIVALS.

of which his is the latest. A. O. is among the most candid, good-natured and cheery of men, and has always a bench and the latch string out, and a gathering of pleasant people about his stable door.

Samuel Cozzens, the superintendent of the stockyards, is a splendid example of what energy and "push" will do. He is a self-made man if ever there was one, his present fortune being wholly the result of his own labor and economy. He is also a director of the Live Stock Bank.

Mr. Cozzens came to Chicago about 1870, with an indomitable will and a pair of hands as his only capital. He went up to the stockyards and applied for a position in the stables—any kind of a position from groom to foreman. The person to whom he applied looked him over from head to foot and then answered, "You can't go to work here in those clothes." "No," replied Cozzens, "but I can get other clothes." He was told he might try, and next morning appeared bright and early in a pair of overalls and a jumper. He was made of the right metal and was stable boss in no time.

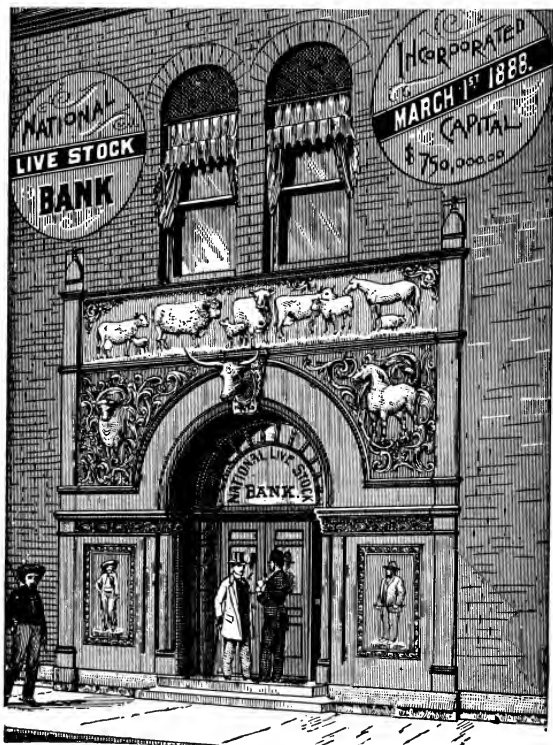
From that position he has risen rapidly step by step until the present time, when his is one of the most responsible places in the yards. He is a worker from early morning until late at night in the interests of the yards, which have become the apple of his eye, as it were. The machinery of his department runs smoothly year in and year out, so perfectly does he plan and general it. Fifteen hundred horses go in and out almost daily without a hitch or harsh word.

Much of the success of the horse market is due to the exertions of Mr. Cozzens. He is a very quiet, determined man, with plenty of grit, and is a good reader of human nature. If ever a man deserved his rise from the bottom to the top of the ladder, Sam Cozzens does. He has not stopped rising yet, and will be heard of in the future.

This is the galaxy of men who have founded a horse market beside which every other market in the world is insignificant. They combine all the best qualities of the modern American, enterprise, energy and inde-

fatigability, backed up by shrewdness, sagacity and foresight, and welded together by that sterling quality which is an attribute of all the best men of all countries—manliness. It might have been of these men collectively that Pope said: “An honest man is the noblest work of God.”

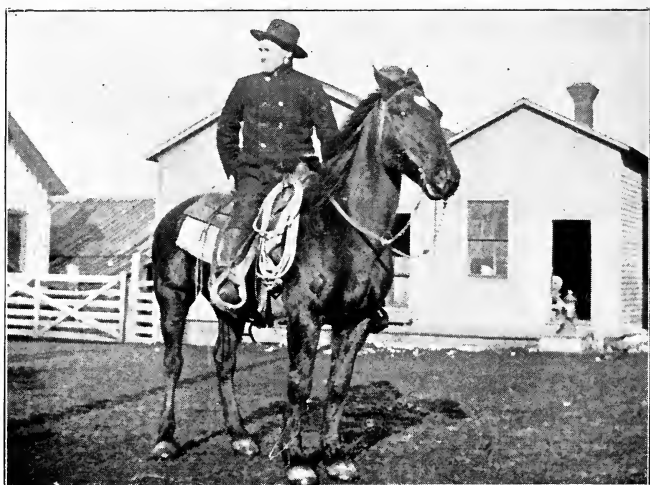
NATIONAL LIVE STOCK BANK OF CHICAGO.



This bank is an institution as old as the stockyards

themselves, in which it is located. The staff of officers includes some of the oldest members of the stockyards company, being composed of Levi B. Doud, President; Geo. T. Williams, Vice-President; Roswell Z. Herrick, Cashier; Gates A. Ryther, Assistant Cashier; John B. Sherman, Levi B. Doud, Irus Coy, Geo. T. Williams, Roswell Z. Herrick, Nelson Morris and Samuel Cozzens, Directors.

The National Live Stock Bank commenced business on March 1, 1888, as successor to the Union Stock Yard National Bank. This institution is a recognized factor in facilitating the operations of the live stock, shipping, dressed meat and packing interests of the country, the magnitude of the financial transactions involved being shown by aggregate deposits of over \$500,000,000 for the year 1895. Its capital is \$1,000,000 and its surplus \$750,000.



HARRY AND "NIGGER."

WILD HORSE HARRY AND HIS HORSE "NIGGER."

It is an old saw that "truth is stranger than fiction," though the votaries of the realistic schools of literature who decry the present vogue of stirring tales of adventure are apparently oblivious to this fact—for fact it is, as well as proverb. If there is any so-called romantic writer who can out-class by imaginary tales the real happenings in the life of the hero of this sketch, then we are ready to concede that he has the pen of a ready liar. Nor do we recall any defunct writer who dreamed more things between Heaven and earth than are yarned of by this wild-west philosopher in telling the true life story of himself and the valiant "Nigger,"—his other self—his horse!

The fame of Wild Horse Harry has already spread

far and wide over this continent, and at least as far abroad as Buffalo Bill's show has traveled. But not every one knows that he is now permanently established at the Union Stockyards, in a unique position.

His station is at the main entrance of the yards, where he may almost always be seen, like a police patrol. It is his function to rope or lasso any stampeding cattle whose restless spirit prompts them to break guard and run wild, which happens at times, and lively is the chase he has with the wild Texas fellows to rope them. But this is only fun for Harry and Nigger, and but just serves to keep their muscles limber, for Harry is as full of a love for ventures as an egg of meat, and as fond of Nigger as—well, as fond as Nigger is of him. Big old Nig is a western horse whom Harry brought from Montana and has ridden and owned from a four-year-old colt. Nig is black in color, and though not especially handsome, is wonderfully intelligent and the hero of many a brave and daring feat. He and his master have been friends and companions in all sorts of weather and all manner of "scraps" for many years, and, says the bold ranger, "Any man that loves a horse better than I do has got to eat him, and any man that's spoiling for a fight—let him box my horse!"

Yet dearly as he loves his horse, Harry declares he will give him to any one who can mount him. This seems a generous offer enough until you learn that no one can back Nig except his master, and that even by him the horse must be mounted on the full run, or not at all. Once off, he goes like a bird and looks like a flash of black lightning. No cavalry horse can approach

Nig on evolutions, and he can wheel twice while any other horse can turn once. It is a thrilling sight even in the yards to see the ranger and his horse when they round up loose cattle, and perhaps rope and tie down the refractory ones. Harry does not carry a gun here, and can fight a steer without one if he gets into trouble.

The ranger's real name is H. Clayton Partlow, and he hails from the Lone Star State, having been born on the Rio Grande, some four decades ago, and has been in the saddle from a young child. He concerns himself little with other knowledge than that pertaining to horses and cattle, and these he knows literally "from the ground up." In appearance he is smooth faced and youthful, and if he were a lady he would doubtless plume himself on being "no older than he looks," which is about twenty-five, but he owns to forty and one years—and they seem a short period for the occurring of so many adventures. He is six feet in the stockings, weighs 190 pounds, and though there are few parts of his body which do not show scars of knife wounds or bullet marks, and the startling adventures he has been engaged in make one's blood run cold, yet he is as harmless as a baby if his temper is not ruffled.

Though so at home on horseback and so handy with the gun and lasso on Nigger's back, he is equally ready with the weapons given him by nature, and has never yet been knocked out in his amateur scraps, not to mention one or two private matches made up on the quiet with a well-known cock of the walk at the yards.

Harry is a "bronco buster," as well as a cow-boy, and when consignments of wild horses arrive he can be seen

giving them their first lesson, and they are like India rubber in his hands—you see them and you don't see them—ten feet in the air and a bound! But Harry is all there and seems as if glued to the saddle.

Wild Horse Harry acquired his name as the hero of Wild Horse Cañons, in Mitchell County, Texas. These cañons are miles long, and have so-called "pockets" where wild horses harbored. At nights a wily stallion, their leader, would steal out and run off stock from the ranchmen's herds, to the wrath and disgust of the owners. Harry was very successful in making counter raids and reclaiming stray horses of different brands at so much a head, and at times trapping the wild horses also. The fly stallion was Harry's favorite quest, and many hours were spent in trying for a look at him, and at last one day the hunter caught sight of the wily herd-king. Harry was appointed to catch or destroy this horse, but on his errand met with an accident in the cañons which detained him there for weeks, during which



READY FOR BUSINESS.

he was given up for lost. During this time he lay with no one but his horse for companion, and living on the small supply of jerked buffalo which he had car-

ried with him; but what, to the ranger, was worse, his clever prey escaped him.

The wild horse hero also became a member of the famous Texan rangers, a body of picked men made up of the best and boldest in the state. They were a terror to train robbers; mounted on the gamiest and fleetest stock in the Lone Star, and armed to the teeth, these dauntless riders knew no fear, would ride day and night, and as Harry says, "Ten of us could lick 200 Indians." They were organized to catch horse thieves and "knights of the road," and had authority from the state to shoot a criminal on sight. They guarded trains, hunted train and stage robbers, arrested lots of men, and have about cleared that country of its desperate characters. They were paid by the state and are still in existence as a body. There was a certain grim thoroughness about their work calculated to strike due terror to the hearts of even the old-time border ruffians. For example: Hunting stray horses one day, Harry found five men hanging up in a pecan tree! They had been stealing horses. Sometimes hanging alone did not satisfy the avengers, and once in hanging some horse thieves in South Texas in 1881 Harry received a curious wound, of which he still carries the scar. The thieves were being riddled with bullets by some one in the audience, when a stray bullet struck Harry on the lip, by accident. Harry served three years with this brave band, under their leader, the redoubtable Captain Davis, and had many "hair-breadth 'scapes" and hair-raising experiences, and some almost pathetic ones. Of these he tells a story which well illustrates the soft heart of the

man under all his wild courage and ranger trappings. He had captured a well-known desperado of the most hardened character—a man-killer and horse thief for whose capture a reward of \$1,000 was offered—who had theretofore successfully eluded justice; but, as Harry says, he “was on to him,” and took him in a dance hall in Fort Worth. But, to use the ranger’s phrase again, he “captured a white elephant,” meaning that when he had got him fast he did not know what to do with him, because of the pitiful tale of the bandit about his family. This touched the tender-hearted ranger through the husk of legal vengeance, and upon the bandit’s word of honor to reform, his captor good-naturedly took his guns from him and turned him loose. There must have been something genuine in the bandit’s plea and in the man, for Harry has never had cause to regret his mercy, and the one-time criminal is now a well-respected citizen.

Wild Horse Harry can give you the separate history of each of his many scars of battle. That on his forehead, for instance, he received in Pine Ridge, Dakota, fighting with a half-breed; while the fight was waging the half-breed’s squaw stuck a knife into his hand and arm. The one on his forehead grew out of getting up a collection for something or other, and calling on a “bar-keep” for a contribution in Deadwood, in 1879, the bar-keep stirring up a brawl. And so forth.

In 1883 Harry was on the range in Nebraska, where also, a state ranger may shoot a criminal down for resistance. Here he had a very sad experience, losing a dear friend at the hands of the Indians. At this time

the Black Hawks, Apaches, and Sioux roamed in hostile bands about the Northwest, and the ranger's unfortunate friend fell a victim to savage cruelty.

"Pard and I," says Harry, "were ridin' across a Nebraska trail in the dry season, and in huntin' for water



HARRY AND HIS OLD FRIENDS.

we separated and got lost." Harry tracked back on his own trail to where he and his friend had parted, and then he followed his pard's, but he had not gone far when he found the poor fellow lying lifeless with his scalp off. Then Harry, the Wild Horse ranger, swore a great oath! and packing his dead comrade across his own saddle he returned to the nearest camp, and arming himself "to the guards" he went forth, vowing death on the Apaches, and not to be satisfied until his comrade was avenged. Merely to say that he is Wild Horse Harry is to say that he kept his word.

In direct contrast to this grim side of the bold Texan's nature is his life-saving record, which is no less remarkable. He is an officer of the Humane Society, and there is a deal of the humane about the wild rider, for in telling the story of his poor friend's death the great tears stood upon cheeks that blanch not in the

face of danger for himself. He seems to "scent" run-aways, and but a short time ago as a horse and buggy were passing from Forty-second to Forty-seventh Street, near his post, at runaway speed, Harry, seeing the flying horse, unbuckles his rope far quicker than it can be told, gives it a twist, turns it loose, throws—it settles down easily over the horse and gently draws him down to a stand-still, all to the great relief and gratitude of the frightened woman in the vehicle.

On another occasion Harry was following along the street with a bunch of mules, when a horse drawing a buggy containing a woman and child became frightened at the mule strappers (the long whips cracking over the backs of the mules) and dashed off, to the threatened destruction of horse and humans. But quick as thought Harry had out his lasso, and sent it humming over the fractious creature's head. It threw him up, turned his head where his tail should be and, as it proved, broke his neck, but saved two valuable lives.

Many men are wearing medals for bravery and meritorious deeds—but by the same token, not all who deserve them wear them, when men like Wild Horse Harry go unstarred. But in this, as in the case of monuments, those who deserve them do not need them, and bravery undecorated, like "beauty unadorned," is often adorned the most.

To return to the same thought of the beginning. If some realist desires to challenge the romantic writers on their own ground, he can find the blood and thunder, steel and musket, sentiment and sorties, all ready to his hand in the life of Wild Horse Harry—and it would make a big book. Here is a chance for a "veritist."

AMERICA'S POPULAR AUCTIONEER.

JOHN S. BRATTON was born in Tyrone, County Downe, Ireland, thirty-five years ago. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather were horsemen before him, the former, who is a J. P. and G. P. L., and a rare type of the old country hunting squire, still occupying the old homestead, called Hunters' Retreat, which has been in the family for over 200 years.



JOHNNY BRATTON.

Mr. Bratton, or Johnny as he is commonly called, left the parental roof-tree at the early age of seventeen, sailing with some good old Irish steeplechase horses, which he had himself trained and ridden, for New Zealand. In the records of the London Sporting Life can be seen many accounts of his well earned victories in hard ridden races over four-mile courses in the face of obstacles which would have daunted many an older rider, proving the skill and reputation he had gained even at that early age.

Meeting with an accident in New Zealand, in which his leg was broken, he returned to the old home. The return of strength saw him set sail for America, the land of the brave and the free. His career in this country was commenced as an auctioneer at Tattersall's, Philadelphia, but inducements to come to this city presenting themselves, he soon found himself in the great Garden City of the globe.

He is not only one of the famous auctioneers of America, but is a most thorough, all-round judge of a carriage and saddle horse. He is also one of the best four-in-hand and tandem whips on the western continent, being a familiar and welcome figure at swell horse shows. From those exhibitions he has carried away with him enough blue ribbon to make a lady's dress, trophies which are now displayed in the "den" of his cozy home. His reputation as a buyer is widespread and he is kept busy buying and selecting horses for the eastern élite, beside which he has a large western contingency of customers.

But with all his success Johnny's heart has remained as big as a bullock's, and with all his travels he loves, next to a good horse, the land of the shamrock.

MARY THE APPLE WOMAN.

EVERYBODY knows her; she is fully as indispensable as the largest stockholder of the stockyards company, and a good deal more popular than anybody else connected with the yards. Her full name is Mrs. Mary Valanta, but she has been Mary for short so long that she would have to think twice before recognizing herself as Mrs. Valanta.



“MARY THE APPLE WOMAN” IN HER STAND.

Originally she came from the land of perpetual sunshine, song and macaroni, but that was when she was a nut-brown “bimbo,” and now her only relic of her native soil is a dulcet accent which is only pronounced enough to suggest that she is a countrywoman of Patti.

Nineteen years ago she was thrown upon her own resources, like many less gifted people, and with a basket

of rosy apples on her arm she made her debut at the stockyards as Mary the apple woman. "Appul, seer?" she said to the first man she saw. The man was Dayt. Gray, and the sight of the blushing Baldwins so early in the morning gave him a taste for apples which he retains to this day—to Mary's profit. Day in and day out, rain or shine, snow or fine, Mary walked from pen to pen, from stable to stable and from office to office, repeating the magic formula, "Appul, seer?" which invariably brought a nickel or dime clinking into her capacious pocket.

Of course Mary did not know she was anything but the least of the creatures deriving support from the great stockyards, but her cheerful face, glowing wares and persistent industry had become a welcome figure there, indissolubly associated with juicy apples held before a man's eyes just at that moment between breakfast and lunch when an apple is the only desirable addition to his *avoidsupois*, and is a pleasant foretaste of the coming meal.

John B. Sherman stepped out of his office one Saturday at fifty-five minutes past twelve o'clock, and Mary appeared before him with an especially tempting apple, newly polished with her apron before she turned the corner, and a particularly cheery request to sell it. John B. was hungry, and it occurred to him that a woman who knew enough to be on hand with something to eat just at that auspicious moment was a genius deserving of the gratitude of mankind. Being Saturday, the yards closed at one o'clock, and dropping John B.'s nickel into her pocket and a smiling curtsy to John B., Mary

trudged homeward. Sherman looked after her vanishing figure and experienced another inspiration such as came to him when he decided to build Chicago a stock-yard; and calling an employé to him he said, "Get a carpenter to put up the snuggest fruit-stand he knows how, right near this entrance, and you see to it that it's done and stocked with fruit before Monday morning. And when Mary comes on Monday you tell her it's hers."

Sherman having touched the button, the employé did the rest, and thus Mary has stood in her own little place of business, and dispensed not only apples but luscious grapes and golden oranges to a large and growing circle of steady customers, among whom are cattle kings and millionaires from all over the country. And now she is as much a fixture at the yards as John B. Sherman himself, or as Phil Armour, George F. Swift or John H. Wood.

Mary has raised and educated a family of ten children on her earnings, and now has the satisfaction of seeing two of her daughters holding prominent professional positions in the city, and two of her strapping sons well fixed at the yards. She might retire from business now if she wished, but she looks upon the stockyards as her home and every one in it as one of her family, and would no more think of leaving it than she would of selling anything but the choicest apples. That Mary may live long, and long continue to grace the stockyards with her cheerful face, her pleasant word and rosy apples is the unanimous wish of every frequenter of the yards.

THE HIGH-PRICED AUCTIONEER OF AMERICA.

DAVID MACFEAT, the champion high-priced horse auctioneer of this decade, was born forty-three years ago in Chester County, Pa., of Scotch parentage. He started on his brilliant career at the callow age of seventeen, selling farms in his native county, his buyers being groups of shrewd if slow farmers, who were given chronic stitches in the side by Dave's jokes on the block (the block was usually a wagon, but that point of vantage only sent Dave's wits acting the faster to



DAVE MACFEAT.

make up in results what he might lose in dignity).

For seven years he auctioneered for W. D. Althouse of Philadelphia, gaining experience and developing ability with phenomenal rapidity. He sold the first horse which was auctioned by Fish & Doer of New York, and opened the first auction sale at Richmond,

Va. He now sells in Buffalo, New York and Chicago, spending one day of each week in each place, and practically living on the block and in the sleeper. For this arduous labor he is paid \$15,000 annually.

He has the enviable reputation of pleasing both seller and buyer, a task which many auctioneers relinquish unaccomplished early in life, laying the flattering unction of great achievement to their souls if one party is satisfied. But then Dave is a suave and gentlemanly man, whose coolness of temper would put to shame the proverbial cucumber, and he has never been known to be angry.

His record for rapidity of sales is phenomenal. In the years 1894 and 1895 he sold between 85,000 and 90,000 horses. On his banner day in Chicago he sold 743 horses in eight hours and four minutes. On another occasion he sold twenty-two single horses in eight and one-fourth minutes, netting the shipper a profit of \$840. He can sell a horse for a good price as well as in a short time. His highest priced carriage horse brought \$1,650, a carload of seventeen carriage horses bringing \$18,000. At his worst he will sell a horse a minute for eight hours on a stretch, his voice and his energy never flagging, and his temper and wit never failing.

He can crack a joke and take one, but by the time the farthest away of his auditors has commenced to laugh he has made half a dozen sales. The shorthand writer has not been born who could take down Dave Macfeat's lightning streaks of language when on the block, and the kinetoscope would be silly in a minute with picturing his gestures.

Off the block Dave is a hail-fellow-well-met whose keen brown eye has always a cordial twinkle in it for every man and woman who ever bought a horse of him, and whose heart keeps its warmest corner for every friend who hasn't. He is a nearly perfect American edition of the canny Scot, and like most of his ancestors, he can take a man in in the wink of an eye as well as he can a horse. Dave is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and is as popular an auctioneer as ever got on to a rostrum to cry, "Gentlemen, start him up! What will you give me for him?"



DAN MCCARTHY AND HIS GOATS.

A THRIVING industry carried on at the stockyards, though not formally "set down in the bond," is that of Mr. Daniel McCarthy, who is in the goat business. Daniel is a very nice, respectable old Irish gentleman (and a bachelor), who breeds, buys and sells Angora and native goats, at prices ranging from three dollars to ten dollars each. He supplies quite a rushing demand for these festive animals for children's carriages, and he has a number of Polish, Greek and Arab customers who have other uses for Billy, the goat. The Poles use them for their milk, and the Greeks and Arabs esteem their flesh highly for food.

A great many ladies call upon Dan upon the pretense of wanting goats, but in truth it is only to see and talk to him. Dan is all right, and the greatest trouble he has is to evade that stupid assessor we wot of who can make no distinction between live stock and real estate, and insists on taxing him at so much per "front foot" for all "property found a-boundin' and a-buttin' on the strate." Long may Mr. McCarthy and his business wax fat and prosper!

DRESSING LAMB AND MUTTON AT THE STOCK-YARDS.

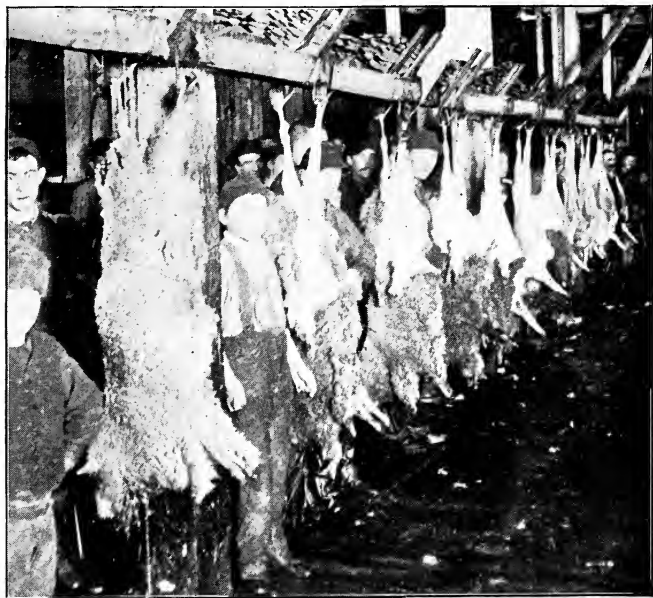
It is probable that few people know that there are a dozen or more different styles of dressing lambs for the different markets of the United States alone, to say nothing of the styles in vogue for the foreign market. There are sixteen stages in the dressing of the carcass, but up to the time when the pelt is removed the differences in the styles of dressing are not apparent. To the layman it is likely that these differences of style will appear a mere distinction without a difference, or perhaps the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum, but to the initiated the differences are as obvious and as important as the difference between half a dozen dozens and six dozen dozens.

In the great rooms of the dressing department nearly 200 men and boys move about their task without conflict and without confusion. Each of these men and boys are skilled only in one infinitesimal part of the process of dressing the animal, but by countless repetitions in the practice of that one fragment of knowledge they have each become so expert that in an incredibly few minutes after the lamb bleated softly in the pens below it is hung in the great cooler ready dressed for one of many markets.

Some parts of the work take longer than others, and the number of men apportioned to each is such that

the carcass will be kept moving on, or will receive its proper attention all the time.

The first step in the dressing, following the sticking, is breaking the toes, and right at this point is one peculiarity in style, for in the shipping lamb and Nor-



DRESSING LAMBS.

wich dress the hind toes are left on. One man attends to this, and he can treat from 450 to 500 carcasses an hour. If they are lambs they break at what is known as the lamb joint, but by the time they have become sheep the bones at that spot have knit, and the break is made at the next lower joint.

Four men, called the fore quarter leggers, stand close by to seize the animal and skin the parts of the carcass indicated by their name. The breast pullers, five in number and next in line, remove the skin from the breast. A boy performs a similar operation on the jaws. The toes are then cut off by another boy.

The carcass has now reached a group of men who take the skin off the right hind leg, and it immediately goes into the hands of five other operators who do the same on the left hind leg. Next nine men "face" the sheep, or take the skin off the belly, while the back pullers finally remove the skin entirely from the body, and do it in a twinkle. A number of boys with a sharp knife let the heart's blood-out. A man then comes along who splits the breast open with the aid of a knife and heavy mallet.

Three wipers for the front and as many for the back of the carcass cleanse it as it is still suspended from the hook, and they are followed by the six men who cut out the entrails and save the cauls. The caul is the fat off the belly. It is dressed on the lamb and on its arrangement depend some of the variations in fashions of dressing, as also does "setting" the lamb, which is one of the last operations in dressing. The "set" is a small stick of wood, pointed at both ends, and is used to keep the carcass in shape after it is dressed and ready for market, as we see it in the butchers' shops. For all but the "Boston lambs," two sets, or sticks, are used. The Bostonese prefer but one stick in their lamb. The "sets" are laid flatwise diagonally across the small of the back, and the flesh along the front edge is turned back and pierced by the "sets."

The finishing touches are made by the men who put on the cauls. It is pinned on the carcass with skewers, and holes are cut, through which the kidneys are allowed to drop outside. Like silk or satin fabrics, the caul has a right and a wrong side, as it were. The veined, or smooth side, is out, as distinguished from others, when dressed in the Boston and Philadelphia styles. Not only does the Boston epicure require that the points already spoken of shall be rigidly observed in the dressing of his meat, but he also insists that the ribs be cut. That is, they are cut about two inches and a half from the ends and laid back with the flesh. In addition to having the veined side outward, the Philadelphia lamb, as a distinguishing mark, has its forelegs "pinned up," which means that these legs are bent up at the knee joint and caught and held there by a cord of the leg, exposed for the purpose.

The Norwich lamb, as has already been said, is not bereft of its hind toes, and it has another unique feature in that the caul is not put on. The regular shipping lamb, which goes almost everywhere, is merely the name of a style of dressing, and is otherwise known as the Washington market lamb. The latter term is applied to the poorer qualities. The shipping lamb, then, has the breast cut partly through and the caul is placed across the belly, with the usual two sets across the back. In all cases except the Springfield and New York and Baltimore lambs the thin end of the caul is wrapped about the legs, but in these three styles the arrangement is just the reverse. The New York lamb has its ribs cut, and the people of that state have seen

that its toes shall not be left on, when marketed, by passing laws to that effect

A display of originality is seen with regard to the "Providence" lamb in the dressing of the caul across the back instead of the front of the carcass. Its ribs are also cut. A lamb which is treated precisely the same way goes to the table of the Newport sojourner under the name of "Newport" lamb.

The Milwaukee style differs from the shipping lamb from the fact that the breast is cut entirely through, causing the ribs to spring back and making a cavity with a wider opening.

The "straight sheep" or ordinary fashion of dressing sheep has no "set" on the back, only a belly set, a short piece of lath inside the carcass to keep it open and cool. The forelegs are caught up at the knee and held by a cord of the leg as in the case of the Philadelphia lamb. The ribs are not cut. The New York yearling is another style of dress, this animal being broken at the "lamb joint." Its characteristic features are the two sets across the back and the absence of the caul.

The names of these styles of dress generally indicate the locality in which the lamb or mutton is marketed. The shipping lamb, however, goes almost everywhere in the United States except to Boston, New York or Philadelphia. Thirty per cent represents the New York style and twenty the Boston, while ten will cover all other fashions. There is a Baltimore style of dressing lambs, but it is little heeded by the western killers, and the shipping lamb is sent in its place. The real Baltimore lamb is dressed with one set across the back,

like the Boston lamb, only the ribs are uncut and the thick end of the caul is around the hind legs.

Custom, fashion and fancy have established all these styles in the matter of dressing lamb and mutton, and there appears to be no other reason for them, but they are none the less carefully observed by the shippers, who find it to their interest to observe the idiosyncrasies of the consumer.

“BILL.”

ANDY RILEY and Tim Gleason are partners in the sheep business at the stockyards, and owing to a curious sort of tripartite agreement they have with their silent partner, they are likely to remain so as long as he is suffi-



MIXING UP WITH THE “PUSH.”

ciently able-bodied to follow his present occupation of “separating the sheep from the goats.” For this curious individual will not follow either of his co-partners unless the other is along.

“Bill” is an immense, white Cotswold sheep, weighing about 200 pounds, and of very forbidding visage

and haughty demeanor. No liberties may be taken with his dignityship, and the slickest "con" man of them all could make no headway with Bill, for nothing could induce him to acknowledge any "friend from the country," however winning, for he will not make friends with any one. It is his duty to assist his masters in



ATTENDING TO HIS AFFAIRS.

loading and unloading sheep by leading them from and to the pens and freight cars. This one thing he does, and does it well, and shows the value of concentration. As soon as his work of guiding to a car is done, Mr. Billy slyly slips to one side, and "steps down and out;" no danger of his being carried away or "getting on the

wrong car"—no indeed! Bill is too sharp for that.

When he has a drove to deploy from the car he marches in among them, mixes up with the "push" a few minutes, just to calm their fears, and then trots away, the gang most obediently following in his wake. Bill doesn't mind water, and though most sheep are as averse to "aqua pura" as a Kentucky colonel, Bill makes small account of that, but dashes through the puddles and, willy-nilly, the rest must take their medicine. Once at the pen, he leaves them and goes on attending to his affairs. Sometimes a fresh urchin or two who have not tested Bill's temper will try some funny business on him, but never for long. He forms himself into a hollow square, draws up in line of battle, and goes into action with a grape-and-canister sort of charge calculated to discourage the enemy at an early stage of the fight, and the fly urchin soon gets enough—if not too much—of this fray.

Andy and Tim, Bill's joint owners, are both single men and right good fellows. Up to date neither has been captured, so far as known, by any bloomed leap-year girl. Perhaps even these brave Amazons hesitate a little before daring the necessary ordeal of asking Bill's permission to pay their addresses to his so-called masters.

KOSHER KILLING.

It is well known that the Jews will not eat meat which has been killed by the ordinary method of slaughtering, but that Jewish butchers maintain a "kosher-



THE KOSHERMAN AND HIS VICTIMS.

man" at the stockyards to kill cattle intended for the Jewish markets, is not so well known. Besides the kosherman there is also in constant attendance a rabbi to see that every step of the kosher killing is performed with exactness, and that cleanliness is preserved throughout. In fact, the Hebrew word "kosher" means clean, and "kosherman," it will be seen, is a hybrid produced by tacking the English word to the Hebrew.

The animal is thrown upon its back, is shackled by

the hind legs, and with a razor-sharp knife the kosherman cuts the throat with a forward thrust. Even the cutting is regulated by rule, the knife describing a stroke and a half—a full stroke forward and a half stroke backward. Should the kosherman miss his aim and vary a hair's breadth from the prescribed rule in making the forward stroke, the bullock is condemned and sold to any one who will take it for anything he will pay.

There is not in Chicago a solitary butcher, Jew or gentile, who understands the anatomy of the animal so exactly as to be able to draw the veins, and as the Jews will not eat the veinous parts of the meat the hind quarters and all like portions are not sold to the Jewish meat markets. In fact, the Jews abhor blood, and it is for that reason that the animal is cut instead of being knocked on the head with a sledge. The carcass is subjected to a rigid examination, called "seerche," and should a bit of tissue be found on the lung, as is often the case, from contraction after exposure to cold, should the lung adhere to the wall of the chest, should nails be found in the paunch, or should there be an abscess anywhere, the meat is condemned as unfit for food. It is needless to add that the hog is and always has been deemed unfit for the table of a Jew.

After the killing the meat hangs four or five days, and every day the rabbi washes it thoroughly. After that he affixes his mark, a group of Hebrew characters which signify that the meat is fit for food for his race.

The reformed Jews do not require that the meat shall be blessed, but that ceremony is performed by the rabbi for the satisfaction of the orthodox Jews, of whom he is one.

The preparations made for the slaughter are elaborate. A knife of Damascus steel, sixteen inches long, only may be used, and when not in use is kept carefully sheathed. Should a nick the size of a pinhead be made in the blade the rabbi, who examines it before the killing of every steer, orders it to be ground before use, for fear that some contagious matter may adhere to the rough edge.

There is no race of people on earth so immaculately cleanly in preparing food as the Jews. No matter how poor a Jewish family nor how filthy their habits in other respects, their cuisine is neat as the proverbial wax. This is the result among the orthodox Jews of religious tenets, while among the reformed Jews cleanliness is maintained for sanitary reasons, the Mosaic code being interpreted by them as a set of sanitary laws originating at a period of the world's history when cleanliness was not generally regarded as necessary to godliness.



JIMMY NORTON AND HIS DOG "HARRY."

COLUMNS and pages have been written about Harris' dog Boz, but Harry is a subject of unwritten history. Jimmy Norton may be technically termed a herder, and his partner in business is Harry. There is not a more industrious nor conscientious every-day worker at the yards than Harry, and every day the partners may be seen at work from early morning until late at night driving cattle from the yards to outside slaughter-houses. That sounds a simple business enough, but it requires never relaxing alertness and nimbleness on the part of both man and dog, and affords many chances for the display of dog wit in particular. It is needless to say that Harry is a collie; no other could have acquired so much cattle wisdom.

When, at sharp half past twelve every day, the gates

of a pen are thrown open, Jimmy gallops up on his pony and rides away at the head of the herd of outcoming steers to the weigh scales. Harry has taken his post beside the gate, and quietly waits until the very last of the animals is out, when he slips up behind them and drives them off in the wake of Jim, who heads his herd from scale to scale and finally out to the slaughter house. During all the maneuvers of repeated turnings, weighings and divisions, Harry's ears are pricked up and his eyes glance quickly from side to side to see that no steer escapes. He needs no cue to do the right thing at the right time, and Jim himself is less quick to see signs of a steer's intention to bolt than Harry is. But should it be dark and a bullock succeed in slipping out of the bunch to another herd, Harry does nothing but glance at his master, as much as to say, "Never mind, I'll find him in the morning." He is as good as his word and next morning is on hand brighter and earlier than usual, and without a word of reminder from anybody scents out the stray bullock from a pen full of steers as nearly alike as the peas in a pod, and quickly heads him into the right pen.

There is an ordinance existing which prohibits the driving of cattle through the downtown streets between the hours of eight in the morning and six in the evening. But it sometimes happens that a herd of cattle must be transferred from the stockyards to some downtown slaughter house during those very hours. The difficulty to be overcome is that whoever drives the cattle will be arrested for violating the law. That is where Harry comes in. The cattle are driven out of the yards with

Harry at their heels, while two or three herdsman on ponies ride along through the alleys running parallel with the street on which the herd is. Harry lacks nothing in intellect, and only wants a human form to be capable of discharging the duties of citizenship, but as the outraged policemen don't know that, they cannot arrest him. As he can be trusted to take care of his end of the line, all the herdsman have to do is to keep the steers from bolting farther than the alleys, and so cattle are safely transferred through the city, ordinances to the contrary notwithstanding.

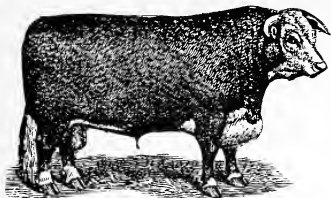
Sometimes they are city cattle which must be transferred—that is, cattle which have been raised in the city and sold to the stockyards, and resold to some slaughter house—and then were it not for Harry there would be trouble. Ten chances to one a cow raised in the city as soon as she finds herself on the street bolts for her old home. She is so homesick and determined to get there that neither Harry nor any other collie could head her off, and the best he can do is to track her to her home, and as soon as possible return to the yards for a herdsman to accompany him to the cow's place of refuge. There is no man in the yards so stupid when he sees Harry bound in late at night after such a chase as not to know that all he has to do next morning is to mount his horse and be led directly to the runaway, when she will be brought back in triumph.

These are only some of Harry's duties, but these alone render him an indispensable member of the stockyards staff, and assure him of a life-long job, and, perhaps, a pension for faithful service when his usefulness is over.

For Harry is no longer young, as the gray hair around his eyes will testify, although he is so active when on duty that you would never guess his age. He is not a sociable dog, and if you should learn the number of winters which have passed over his head you would jump to the conclusion that he is irascible from old age, but such is not the case, for he has never been a hail-collie-well-met at any period of his life. He does not fraternize with the other dogs in the yards, and does not make friends with man or beast. Should you attempt to pat him the sign "hands off" may be read in every bristling hair, and if you do not heed it it will be emphasized by a growl and snap. Jimmy alone may caress him, and only Jimmy's voice will he obey. When Jimmy and Harry are not busy they may be found at the Exchange Building, Jimmy talking and Harry stretched on the floor, his head on his paws and his eyes on his master, taking in every expression of his face. When the master's face takes on the "on duty" expression, Harry springs up, and when Jimmy mounts his horse he cavorts around the pony's legs with an amount of frisky glee which proves that in his case all work and no play has not made Jack a dull boy.

Harry has no parlor tricks; he can't shake hands, nor jump through a hoop nor beg—and wouldn't if he could—but for all-round smartness on cattle we recommend you to Harry, as grand and intelligent a specimen of the collie breed as ever heeled a bullock into line, or headed a flock of sheep.

EVOLUTION OF CATTLE.



THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD.

THE law of the survival of the fittest holds good in every kingdom—mineral, vegetable, animal. What was the fittest a few years ago is unfit now, and in accordance with

this law of shifting necessities we find that within our memory the whole gamut of cattle has been run through in supplying the larder with beef. Short-horns, Holsteins and the Texas steer have each had their day to shine, or rather to tickle the palates of people and princes. But with the change of conditions regulating profits each of these has passed out in turn, and now the stock breeder will have none of them. Indeed the Texas steer, by inbreeding with successive fashionable breeds, is quickly following the tracks of the buffalo to complete extinction.

Not many years ago the ponderous steer bred on the western prairies was the best selling beef animal in the world. He was wanted by exporters, by butchers, by cattle connoisseurs and by gourmands. To be in prime condition he must be four years old and weigh from 1600 to 2000 pounds. Many fine bunches of such steers have been marketed at Chicago, exhibited at fat stock shows and then sent across the seas to grace

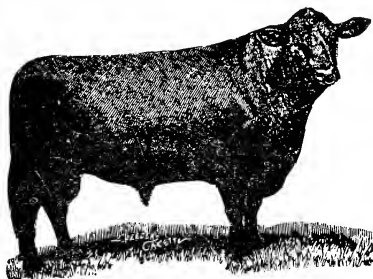
the table of my lord, mein herr and monsieur le duc. But times, conditions and cattle change, and the once highly-rated big steer is no longer profitable.

The demand now is for a younger and fatter animal, something through which the porcelain teeth of the age can sink without effort. To be highly prized and priced this young animal should be two years old, or under, should weigh 1000 pounds, must have been fed for the market from the day he was calved, and should be a Polled Angus or a Hereford (as they dress more) to please the buyer. The more blood he has in him of these now fashionable breeds and the sooner after birth he is in condition to put on the market the better for the profits of the breeder.

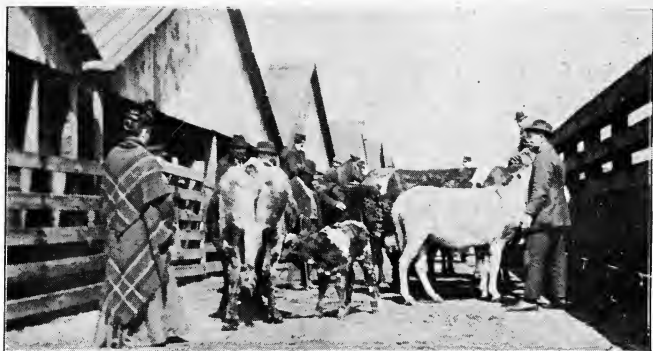
The profits of the breeder on this steer are greater than on the old style four-year-olds. The two-year-old matures sooner, sets fat quicker—and the better his blood the quicker he fattens—and while he weighs about thirty per cent less than his predecessor, his cost per pound is much less also. The breeder has the expense of his feed and care for only half the time he had his predecessor's, one item in cost of raising which more than compensates for his lesser weight. It is the breeder's maxim that the quicker an animal can be put in condition for the block the greater the proportionate profits. Good breeding, careful feeding and early maturity are very essential to success in cattle breeding. It is well for the breeder to remember that competition is sharper and prices lower and that economy in those items of greatest cost, food and time, should be considered in meeting the demands of the market. A steel

can be fed to a weight of 1000 pounds cheaper than one can be fed to a weight of 2000 pounds, and while the immediate profit is smaller it will come quicker. Again, the profit on two well bred two-year-olds is larger than on one of the old style four-year-olds.

This argument presupposes that the breeder has a good animal to start on. Scrubs pay poorly at best, and often do not pay at all, to say nothing of those which are a clear loss. The price of the coarse grains and feed stuffs is low, but to feed it to a poor animal is almost like putting salt in a sieve, while to feed it to one of good blood is to use your five talents to make five other talents. Beside these considerations the farmer will have had the additional great advantage of a supply of manure which will bring very tangible profits in increased crops.



THE TWO-YEAR-OLD.



HUMAN NATURE AT THE COW MARKET.

OPIE READ missed a chance of making another common-place scene immortal by never having visited a Chicago cow market. Irish blood, brogue and wit are as much in evidence there daily as at a polling place during a municipal election. The sales made there any day in the week would furnish many a diner out with stories enough to last a lifetime; the buyer's distrust, the seller's feigned aloofness, the bickering, jabbering and dickering, regarding merit, demerit and price, being all pages from life's commonplace book.

A character, which once seen is not soon to be forgotten, is the frequently occurring old woman who comes to buy a cow to assist in the family support. One minute she pleads with pathetic accents, the next she argues vehemently, and again she lifts her voice to an Italian opera pitch and scolds shrilly, mercilessly scoring the seller and her meek husband, who only demonstrates his presence by an occasional wheedling word put in when his wife is angriest. Once in a while, however, she allows him to haggle over the price while she looks on with an expression of anxiety, but she only

returns to the charge again with renewed energy. Argument between the dealers and fun for the bystanders flies fast and furious.

"Thirty dollars, and a big bargain at that," says the seller, with the air of one uttering an unalterable verdict.

"Ah, sure now, and that's a deal too much for a poor man to pay. Can't yez make it twenty-four?" asks the old man wheedlingly. Before the dealer can speak the woman breaks in with, "Arrah, now, it's you're the fool, and it's meself will buy the cow, indade an' I will. Then it's robbery you would be doing to take the last cent from a poor woman now."

"Shure, the cow is worth all I ask for it," says the dealer, and seeing that he can make no sale, he steps close to the old woman and asks, "Have yez a sewer in your house?"

"An' it's a sewer ye say?"

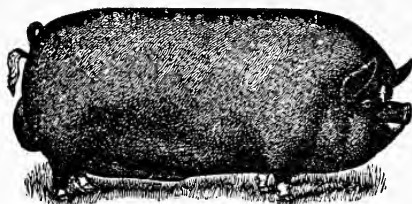
"It is."

"No, I have no sewer."

"Well, then, I can't sell yez the cow, for ye can't take all her milk."

After bargaining with a dealer or two more the couple buy a cow for twenty-three dollars. As the woman reluctantly parts with her hard-earned dimes, which evidently look as big as cartwheels to her, and the husband is handed the rope to lead the cow away, her face takes on a look of supreme contentment, and as the trio move away, the man leading the cow, and the old woman, her skirts tucked up, trudging along behind with a big shellala, a picture is seen which will never be forgotten, and is worth going miles to see.

EVOLUTION OF THE HOG.



THERE is an ancient superstition that the hog is a filthy animal, hardly fit for food, but I dare make the assertion that it is only since man has become civ-

ilized that the hog has been degraded and his name employed as a synonym for all uncleanness. Records of the hog as a meat producer date back at least 2,500 years, and in later times he was raised and herded in the forests of England, from which country nearly all the fine breeds are imported. If you urge as argument against the hog that the Jews, the oldest race on earth, have since time immemorial despised him as too nasty for the table, I must remind you that, as Disraeli said, the Jews were civilized when the Britons were barbarians in the forests of England, and probably King Solomon's pig sty was on a par in point of dirt with the sty of our day—for as I said before, in proportion as man is civilized into cleanliness he degrades his swine into filthiness.

But to come up to the present time. There is no stock which has changed so greatly in the last half century

as the hog, and the change means principally deterioration. There is no effect without a cause, and it behooves the breeder to discover what is the reason of this deterioration in his swine. Much attention is paid to breed and much to feed—and that is well, for the ultimatum of the hog is the pork barrel—but somewhat must be lacking somewhere to account for the change, unless, indeed, we are to suppose that the hog is on the highroad to extinction. But this last is too hypothetical a supposition and may be dismissed without notice.

Looking over the history of the hog for fifty years, we shall see a sufficient cause, however, and need look no farther. Fifty years ago the hog was accredited with as many lives as the cat, and it was a common saying that you could not kill a hog by abuse. Old breeders of that period say they have seen them starved to skin and bone, torn almost limb from limb by dogs, their bones broken and bodies deformed and left in that condition to provide for themselves or die. They seldom died, and a dead hog except in the slaughter pen was a rare sight. A journey of three or four days on foot was no detriment, and disease was unknown among them. Today the life of the hog is less tenacious than that of a canary bird. A heedless blow, rough handling, a few miles' journey on foot, or a chase of forty yards and he will lie down and die. He is so subject to disease that many veterinarians make diseases of swine their specialty.

These are the changes in the hog, and to find a plausible explanation of them we have only to compare

the environments of the hog of fifty years ago with those of the hog of today. Fifty years ago he was a "pioneer hog," sharing pioneer conditions. A sty and trough were unknown to him. He found his own food and bed; but then he had whole sections of prairie and miles of forest in which to do it, he had his choice of all the herbage of the plains and all the nuts of the forest (it was all "beechnut bacon" in those days), and clear fresh water in abundance. He had the unrestricted exercise and invariable health of a nomadic life, asking no favors of man and receiving none. In short, it was a case of "root, hog, or die!" and he rooted.

What has the hog of today? Instead of limitless unfenced prairies and timberland, he is happy if he has one acre in common with from ten to one hundred others of his kind. There is no chance for grass to grow under so many feet, he never tastes herbage, his food is usually corn and swill, while he drinks from a pool in which some other hog is wallowing and stirring up the mud. The air he breathes is impure with the odor from excrement-covered ground and he has no exercise—why should he frisk and sport in a contracted prison in which he is born and which he leaves only to be marketed?—beside, he is so fat that locomotion is uncomfortable, and so when he is not eating he sleeps, and consequently is weak, feverish and subject to cholera. Briefly, the hog of today is regarded as a salable commodity, and the rule by which he is raised is, "Get fat, get fat quick, and the fatter and the quicker the better."

Compare the flesh of the pioneer hog with that of the modern hog. The lean meat of the former was firm and fibrous and equaled or exceeded the fat in quantity; the fat was solid, without a suggestion of flabbiness, and throughout the body there was plenty of muscle; the bone was strong and dense, while the heart was well developed and fibrous, forcing the healthy red blood through the body with strong, quick beats. The fat of the modern hog is far in excess of the lean, and is "tender," that is, soft and devoid of fiber; the only sinews found in him are flabby muscles lying beside the spine, in the shoulder and ham; the heart is weak, undeveloped, and has not vitality enough to perform its functions properly, consequently the animal dies upon the least excitement. In fact, the modern hog is afflicted with the malady of too much fat, which is always a disease, whether in hog or human.

To be sure, the fibrous flesh of the old style hog is not wanted by the gourmand of this age, but his vitality is sorely needed, and to combine vitality with tender flesh is the desired happy medium. To accomplish this we have just one suggestion to offer. It is not our hog but our handling which is at fault. Ergo, reform our handling. The Berkshires, Chester-Whites, Poland-Chinas and Duroc-Jerseys are all right in themselves; what they all need is tenacity. To get this give them more freedom, a variety of food, especially herbage, and if possible let them "hustle" for the latter in a grassy field, since prairies cannot be had; and let them always have plenty of clear, fresh water. Never feed them on sour or putrid food—it kills thousands of pigs annually,

and may with better results be used for fertilizing—and feed seldom and scantily on new corn, which kills more hogs than cholera. Ground barley, oats, wheat, corn, peas, oilcake meal, clover and rye are all good foods for variety.

I do not offer these suggestions as a panacea for all hog ills, for you must remember that the hog has inherited fifty years of multiplied ills. All I wish to impress upon the reader is that he must not make hot-house plants of his swine—with knee-deep filth for soil—and they will pay him so well that they may indeed become veritable “mortgage lifters.”

OLD SANDY.

ONE of the most effective hog drivers of the yards who has had a steady job for fifteen years, and never says a word about a raise, is Old Sandy. Old Sandy not only renders valuable aid in driving, but also draws a



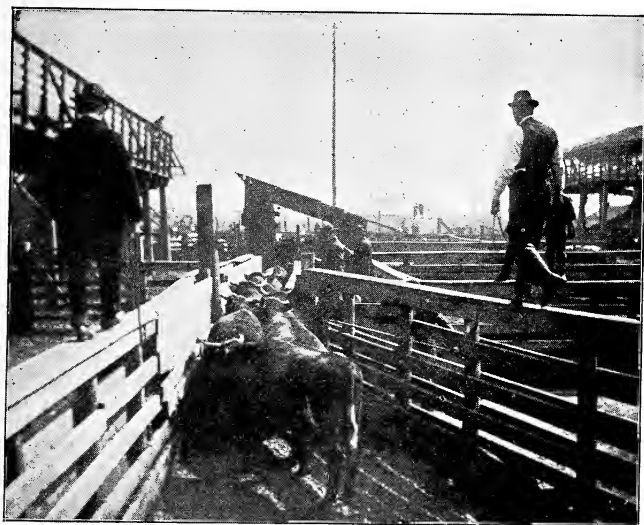
"OLD SANDY."

low truck which is used as an ambulance for fat hogs which have become injured or exhausted on the way. Old Sandy never has any lines in his harness, nor a driver, nor does he in the least require either. He knows exactly what to do, and he does it. The saga-

cious horse is owned and employed by an outside packing-house, and does service between the yards and his firm's establishment. The hogs bought by it must be driven to the packing-house from the yards, and this is Old Sandy's work. He follows along after the drove of hogs. If they stop he stops, and if an animal becomes disabled he backs up the little cart, the animal is shifted aboard, and the procession moves on. If a street car comes along Sandy gets out of the way with his charge. Sometimes boys come about the faithful old servitor, and to tease him get into the cart. The knowing Sandy stands still in a "this-rock-shall-fly" attitude, and budes not a yard till the little tormentors vacate the cart. He knows what constitutes his proper load, and he will draw no other.

INSPECTION.

THE inspection of meat for export and home use is one of the most important features of the business at the stockyards. When, pursuant to Blaine's reciprocity policy and Jerry Rusk's efforts along the same line, the

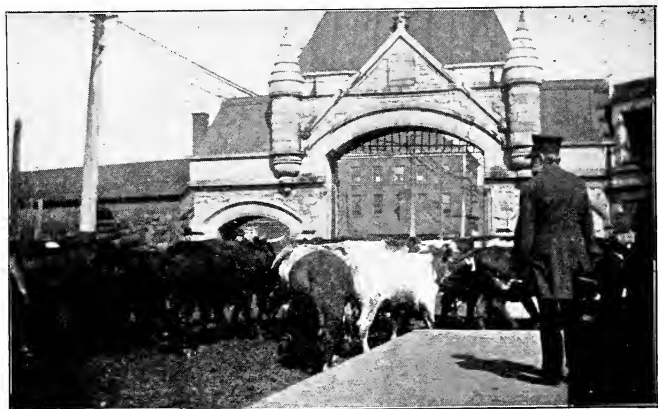


INSPECTORS TAGGING CATTLE FOR EXPORT.

embargo was taken off our meat exports by France and Germany in 1890-91, on condition of government inspection before packing, Nelson Morris was the first to apply for and obtain a government inspector. His ex-

ample was quickly followed by every other important packer in Chicago.

This inspection is made by qualified veterinary surgeons appointed by the government, one of whom is in charge of each weighing division, while others are stationed at the slaughter pens. Here every steer, hog and sheep is given a thorough inspection, the healthy being separated from the unhealthy stock. Lumpy-



LUMPY-JAWS GOING TO QUARANTINE.

jawed, emaciated and other diseased cattle are sent to the government quarantine pen, from which they are taken once a week to a special slaughter house and killed. Such of this meat as passes the post-mortem examination and is adjudged fit for food by the inspectors is placed on the market, and is generally bought by butchers outside of the yards; while that meat which is condemned is tanked and rendered into grease under the eye of the government inspector. In each of the large

packing-houses is placed a government veterinary inspector and his assistant, and the cattle are reinspected there.

All hog products for foreign trade are even more carefully examined, if that is possible, hogs being more liable to bacterial diseases and trichinosis than cattle. Every piece of pork undergoes a microscopic examina-

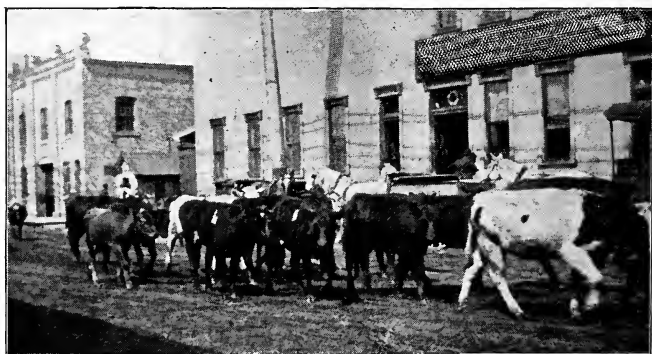


"HE'S GOT A HEALTHY SQUEAL."

tion and is then stamped and sealed with the government seal. This microscopic work is done by women, and theirs is one of the most unique departments at the yards. The women who fill these positions are selected for their thorough education, intelligence and good health, the latter requirement applying particularly to the eyes. To secure a position here such an amount of official red tape must be unwound as would vanquish the patience of all but the most plucky and

clever of women, and as a result their claim to intelligence is backed up by official affidavits, educational diplomas and certificates from physicians and oculists *ad infinitum*.

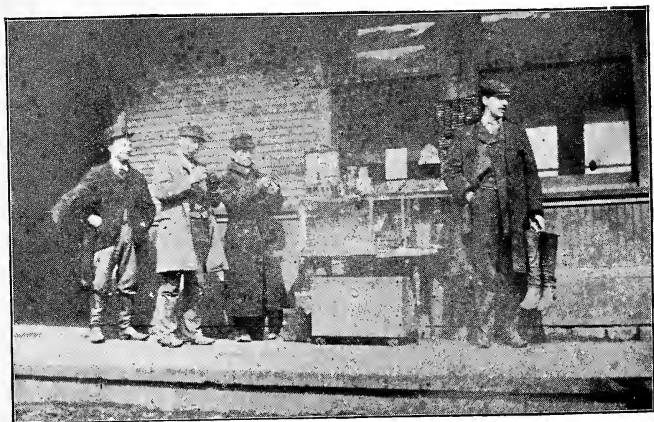
At the gates of the stockyards are stationed other competent veterinarians, whose duty it is to see that no dead or diseased animals pass in the wagons containing crippled stock. These men have authority to condemn the cripples, but cannot order them to be destroyed. The watchers are on the alert, and when a load of disabled beasts comes along they prod them with a sharp pointed pole to ascertain whether they have a healthy squeal. The animals are then tagged and recorded, and are allowed to pass to the private slaughtering houses outside the yards. At these places are stationed inspectors by the city authorities, and it is left to them, principally, to judge whether the meat turned out here is fit for an alderman's table.



HEALTHY CATTLE FOR SLAUGHTER.

"JACK-KNIFE BEN."

EVERY one around the stockyards district knows him. For many years he has been the faithful purveyor-in-ordinary to all who desired to acquire the indispensable jack-knife, and had the equivalent in coin of the realm



"JA! EIN VIERTEL THALER."

to exchange therefor. Like the hand of the dyer, assimilating in color the material wherein it works, the name of this peripatetic merchant has taken on a trænomen identifying and describing the vocation of its owner, and "Jack-knife Ben" is a person of much easier identification by most of his acquaintances than he would be should any one ignorantly or inadvertently speak of him as "Mr. Benjamin Chew." Indeed, it

may be seriously doubted if Jack-knife Ben would know who was addressed should he be apostrophized as Mr. Chew, or spoken to in any other way than as "Jack-knife," or (when the speaker was more than usually confidential) as plain Ben.

Besides being well known he is very popular with those with whom he comes in constant contact, despite the fact that the proverbial wooden nutmeg Yankee at his best is no more than a match for him when it comes down to a deal in knives. But there is such an air of shrewd and cheerful humor in everything that Ben does that one lets himself be persuaded, even against positive knowledge, that in the case of his wares the highly polished blades are equal in temper and cutting capacity to the finest products of the steel works of Damascus.

Ben is a man of resources. For ways that are dark the heathen Chinese has long carried the banner, but when it comes to tricks that are not vain—or void of results, which means the same thing—Ben is entitled to the first seat in the "amen" corner. Like St Paul, he is all things to all men—that he may sell knives. All languages and all systems of philosophy, religion and civilization are made subservient to his calling in life—the distribution of jack-knives among the wayfarers and sojourners of Packingtown. If his customer betrays the sweet German accent, Ben at once assumes the deep, absorbed look of the metaphysician, and his voice takes on a reverberatory, guttural sound like the muttering of distant thunder on a hot midsummer afternoon, and the impressive manner in which he answers "Ja!" to interrogatories, regardless of the relevancy of

the question and answer, would win its way to the soul of the most ultra German who ever trod in leather. And when after this edifying dialogue has continued for some minutes and Ben hears the one all-important word "preis," uttered by his questioner, he brings to his aid his utmost linguistic resources and answers, "Ein viertel Thaler," the sale is always closed then and there. Ben adds another quarter to his already large hoard, while the Teuton goes away with a knife.

But how the scene changes if the prospective purchaser happens to be an Irishman! No sooner is the Milesian seen bearing down toward Ben's coign of vantage than that redoubtable worthy pulls a face in which can plainly be seen unmistakable delineations of the four provinces of Ireland, and to such a fine point has Ben extended the exercise of his acumen that he can, at a great way off, distinguish what manner of countryman it is who approaches, and those who listen may at various times have the inestimable privilege of hearing conversations anent the merits of different grades and makes of cutlery carried on in the respective dialects and brogues of Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught. And as one listens he becomes more than firmly convinced that a great actor has been lost to the boards; or else he goes away with a settled conviction in his mind that there is more than a hearsay knowledge of the Emerald Isle in Ben's mental make-up.

In more cases than one has Ben received warm fraternal hand-clasps from homesick fresh imports from the "ould sod," and the remarkable feature of these affairs is that all of these strangers who were so glad to

see an imagined former near neighbor in the person of Ben came from widely separated portions of the island. The inference is plain: Either Ben was born and has lived in more places than are imputed even to the poet Homer, or else he has almost unlimited power of adaptation and mimicry to meet the exigencies of the hour. But if he should go so far as to claim the gift of ubiquity, there are those among his admirers who would back him ten to one that he could prove his birth at a given time in any number of different places. Indeed, so expansive is his personality that it might upon a pinch be believed that he was born all over the earth, and did not confine the ceremony of his incarnation to any one particular locality.

Now when it comes down to serious business and you desire the real thing, Jack-knife Ben can accommodate you, particularly if you really know a good piece of metal when you see it, and discover at the same time that you have the price. He can fit you out with as good an article as you can get anywhere, but the sucker who makes a play at Ben, and has not the necessary equipment of knowledge with which to back up his bluff, is an abomination to Ben. But put Ben on his honor, pay him a fair price and you will get fair treatment; but don't "play horse" with him, or he will beat you every time.

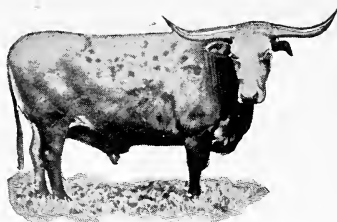
Necessarily, from the constant stream of visitors to the stockyards—some on business errands, others merely gratifying curiosity to see the great shambles of the Northwest—Ben is known by people all over the world. He is a fixture at the yards, being, as it were, a feature

of the ensemble without which the picture would be incomplete, and among all who know him the generally expressed wish is, "May his shadow never grow less, and may the blade of Father Time be as powerless against him as are some of his common blades against a piece of black gum-wood."

CATTLE BUYERS.

MANY of the live stock commission men at the stockyards engage buyers to select stock to fill their orders, either for home or foreign consumption. These buyers are paid salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$15,000 annually. The average salary is about \$3,000, and is earned by men of ability, men who seldom make a mistake in their purchases, in short, "talented buyers." Those who draw \$15,000 annually are men who never make a mistake, who can tell at a glance to within five pounds what a steer will dress and the quality of his beef, can sit on a fence and judge of a penful of cattle, keeps posted on eastern and foreign markets as well as on the hide market, and knows, by some occult intuition, when to get into the market and when to get out. In brief, the difference between such a buyer and the one who earns \$3,000 a year is the difference between genius and talent.

But whatever the salary or the ability, these buyers are important factors in the "altogether" of the life at the stockyards, and it will be a sorry day for the yards when some over-clever inventor invents an automatic cattle buyer.



HEAVIEST STEER IN THE YARDS—WEIGHT 3,000 POUNDS

DISPOSAL OF THE STEER.

THE stockyards is the most economical place on earth. Nothing is lost there except the squeal of the hog—and a patent is pending for bottling that.

Americans have the name of being extravagant, and of prodigally wasting their bounteous resources, but the Union Stockyards is one place where this charge would not hold good, for here no willful waste will ever make woful want while the present system of utilizing every ounce of material is followed. From the tips of the long tossing horns of the Texas steer to the end of his tail nothing is lost; hide, hair, hoofs,—in short, the “altogether” is utilized, each portion finding its destined end and way, and thus parts of the same animal may eventually be scattered to the four quarters of the globe.

If the fashionable ladies whose names figure in the élite Blue Book, and also lesser members of society, could trace backward to their first estate the delicate so-called tortoise shell combs now so popular, perhaps the present high prices would not rule except upon affidavit of an expert that the material was the genuine “stuff.” In life poor old Brindle’s horns were never in the least ornamental, but after she passes under the executioner’s

mallet at the stockyards parts of those same curved weapons of defense become touched to the "fine issues" of a lady's adorning, besides the many baser uses enterprising manufacturers find for them.

The tips of the horns are made into bone ware, combs and various other things. The hollow parts go through a steaming process whereby they are rolled out flat and then made into combs and ornamental bone work, even into a very fine imitation of tortoise shell, the necessary shading and coloring being arrived at by the use of acid. The horns sell for \$225 per ton.

From the head the brain is removed, one man being kept busy splitting the skulls with an axe—and so expert is he that the axe never touches the brain—another man taking out the brain, which then comes to our table as a delicacy; the meat of the cheeks is taken off and used for canning, and the tongue is pickled and sold either fresh or canned, while the bones are then broken up and by a trying-out process become transformed into neat's-foot oil.

The uses of the hides in the common purposes for leather is well known, but they are also used, after being softened, and fancy figures stamped upon them, for the purposes of expensive upholstering and in the making of coats, taking the place of the old-time buffalo coat.

The carcass, of course, is claimed by the local butcher or sent to Europe by cold storage; also to parts of the United States where meat supplies are inadequate—often, strange to say, going back almost to the very ranger who shipped it hither as live stock.

The shank bone, cut above the ankle and below the knee, making a piece seven to eight inches long, is sent to the New England and Massachusetts factories to be made into knife handles for the cheaper grades of cutlery. Out of the ankle and knee bones every particle of fat is taken, and the bones then go to Germany for use in sugar refining. These bones are also used in manufacturing fiber for use in connection with electrical appliances.

The hoofs are simply worked up into glue. Of the tails the number is so large that they cannot all be consumed in Chicago, and they are therefore largely exported for use in the making of ox-tail soup.

The intestines—some of which, the round and middle guts, make a casing 125 feet in length—are made into long cases for large bologna sausages. The stomach goes for headcheese, the livers for free lunch or are made into liver sausages.

A percentage of the blood is used for blood sausage; also for a coloring matter for dark colored headcheese. A portion also goes through a crystallizing process and is used in the manufacture of buttons.

The remainder of the animal, the refuse, bones, scraps, odds and ends, are all put into a common mass, dried, ground and sold as bone dust and fertilizing matter.

All of the undigested contents of the stomach of the animal when killed are dried and burnt as fuel in the furnaces, there being, wonderful to say, enough of this strange sort of fuel furnished to keep the furnaces going.

The hot water with which the benches and floors of the slaughter houses are scrubbed is carried off by sewers into a catch-basin, the surface is then skimmed and the fat thus obtained is converted into axle-grease.

The accumulation of ashes in the smoke houses, left from the wood burnt in preparing smoked meats, is saved for fruit growers and is sold in barrels at a rate of about ten dollars per ton.

The western and lighter native cattle are canned, the bones are put into a vat and all fatty matter extracted, and the clear fat becomes tallow. From the delicate marrow taken from the shank bone is made the commercial pomades and mustache dressings.

It is not so long ago that the problem of how to dispose of the offal resulting from the slaughter of cattle and hogs was one which tried the Chicago packers sorely. The quantity of it was so enormous, the worthlessness of it so seemingly obvious, that merely how to get rid of it at the least expense was a daily recurring question. Offal was the bugbear of the packing business. In those early days the value of offal as a fertilizer was not known to the packers; the blood was allowed to run into the river, the heads, feet, tankage and general refuse was usually hauled out on the prairies and buried in trenches.

But there were some even then who appreciated the value of this waste product, and these few were the ghouls of the refuse burial grounds, digging up and hauling the ill-smelling matter to their small factories and converting it into glue, tallow, oil and fertilizer. Seeing this use of it, the packers willingly offered the

offal to any one who would cart it away without charge. As a result of this liberality a new industry was born, small glue and fertilizer factories springing up like mushrooms in the vicinity of Ashland Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street; the fertilizer being shipped to the East, which alone afforded a market for it. The bone tankage turned out by these factories was a fairly good product of its kind, and was particularly in demand by farmers as a fertilizer for winter wheat. The regular fertilizer, however, was high in moisture and in poor mechanical condition.

However, the cheapness of the material, which cost only the trouble of hauling it from the packing-houses, the inexpensive process of manufacture, a crude wooden trip hammer only being used to crush the bone tankage, and the comparatively high price set upon the finished product, made the manufacture of fertilizer so profitable a business that the manufacturers soon became violent competitors, and began to bid hotly for the offal. Up to this time the manufacturers had accumulated snug fortunes out of the business of getting something for practically nothing, but now a money value was being set upon the packing-house refuse, and the packers even considered seriously the pros and cons of engaging in the manufacture of fertilizer themselves, although they were now turning a pretty penny by the sale of the offal.

About 1877 a home-made direct heat drier was perfected, and with the aid of this device one of the larger and more progressive packers went into the manufacture of fertilizer in earnest. As a result he, and those

who afterward followed his example, were able to sell their beef and pork at closer margins, thus tempting larger purchases. Larger sales meant a more rapid development of his business in advance of his less progressive fellow packers. Indeed, this was one of the moves to which is largely due the greatness of Chicago as a provision and dressed beef market. For economy is one of the first laws of nature, and where economy is practiced in little things there may competition be defied, an axiom which has been proved by the Chicago packers, who, by utilizing the offal which other packers wasted, were enabled to undersell their competitors and still realize larger profits. And this is a fact which should carry a moral to spendthrifts.



LOOKING OVER FEEDERS AT THE STOCKYARDS.

THE MALTESE CROSS.

THE Union Stockyards is, perhaps, about the last place where one with a fancy for romance would expect to find any food for such a taste, or a chapter from a stage melodrama where the long missing brother with the strawberry mark on his arm turns up in the nick of time to defeat the schemes of the grasping uncle who plans to seize upon the inheritance on supposition of the death of the rightful heir. Or, again, the last place where on finding in the stomach of a fish the mysteriously lost other half of the amulet which the parting lovers had divided between them, the wondering swain is convinced that his Lucinda had indeed lost the trinket while boating instead of giving it to his rival, as some perfidious Iago has hinted, and goes home straightway to his duckalinda, and they "live happily ever after."

But though this is the last place to look for romance, and a Texas steer the last medium for its conveyance, yet something quite as strange and out of the common as this actually came to pass at this very prosaic place, and if no faithful swain and sweetheart had their fond hearts reunited it was more because the owners of the amulet were already happily married than from any failure to connect on the part of the strange incident itself. The elements of romance and melodrama were all there, right enough.

The incident is simply that, not many months ago, there was found, embedded in the intestine of a Texas steer, a gold medal engraved "Miss Ida Work, Dallas, Texas." The medal was in the shape of a Maltese cross, and, as discovered when the owner was found, had been given her on graduating from school in a convent in Mexico, and had been missing seven years. When, upon a chance of finding her, the original of the address was written to, it was learned that she had been some years married and is the mother of several children. The medal was sent to her, and no doubt the owner was overjoyed to regain her lost treasure.



HUNTERS AND SADDLE HORSES.

BREEDING.

WITH ADVICE TO FARMERS AND SMALL BREEDERS.

IF there is one thing more than another which is now agitating the farmers and small breeders of the country, it is horse breeding. How and what to breed and whether breeding pays are the questions of the hour, questions which apparently have more than the proverbial nine lives of the cat, and will neither be downed nor answered to popular satisfaction.

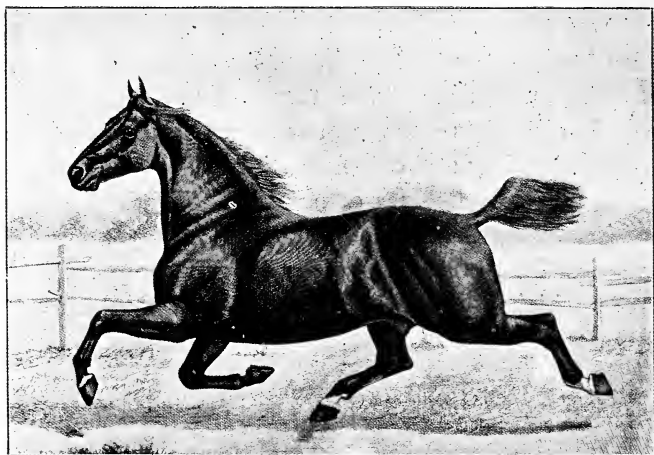
Very recently the opinion prevailed that the horse industry was on the highroad to extinguishment from neglect, but this idea has been abated by the revival of common sense, which proves to us that while human beings inhabit the globe the love of God's noblest animal, the horse, will continue to demonstrate itself in efforts for his improvement. Fashionable horse shows

are frequent all over the country, extraordinary inducements in prizes being offered for fine animals, and I see in this and other facts signs of increasing interest in the horse beautiful, with an attendant interest in breeding.

I have no intention of antagonizing the views of the great majority of those interested in this subject. Any one who will make a study of the question will discover that the theories advanced in opposition to breeding are based on false premises. The only shade of truth in the argument is that the number of horses used in cities has been somewhat lessened by the increase of trolley and cable transit. But the growth of cities, with its attendant demand for heavy draft horses, the increasing number of the rich with expensive partialities for stylish horses, together with a European trade, which I shall mention later, more than compensate for the few horses displaced by mechanical means of transit.

While there may be differences of opinion regarding some phases of the horse industry, all agree that but few colts are being produced. Authentic reports declare that there are almost no suckling colts and very few yearlings in the country. The best mares are also rapidly disappearing, especially the fine, stylish mares of the carriage type and the large draft mares, although both kinds bring prices which will yield the breeder better profits than most of the products of the farm. Buyers are today searching the country for good horses of all kinds, and offering fully thirty per cent better prices than were offered six months ago. Another im-

portant factor to be seriously considered is the foreign demand for American horses, which is increasing at a phenomenal rate, shiploads of American horses being transported weekly. England, Germany, France, Ireland, Scotland, Belgium, and in fact all Europe concedes that America can raise better horses for less money than any other country in the world, and Europe may



AN ALL-ROUND ACTOR.

be depended upon to take all our surplus stock in the future at fair prices.

There is, however, a rational explanation of the breeder's present timidity and the farmer's indifference to breeding. For during the seven years preceding 1892 there was an overproduction of horses, the government report showing an increase of 2,150,000 in the United States for the years 1891-92. The explanation of this

overproduction lies in the increase of the export trade, farmers and breeders fancying that a large demand for horses meant an unlimited demand for any manner of beast, by courtesy called a horse, which they could produce, and as a consequence such horses became a drug on the market. Then the reaction came, and the farmers who had on hand this white elephant of horseflesh, which was in style neither fish, flesh nor fowl and supplied no existing demand, sold for anything they could get; and going to the other extreme of fancying that the horse industry was dead, sold even their brood mares.

So prevalent has this idea become that during the last three years only forty per cent of the mares were bred, resulting in a decrease, according to last year's horse census, of 215,000 head. And now the universal cry of the dealer is, "Where shall we get horses?" Sight has been entirely lost of the fact that it was not the market but the horse which was poor. Among so many bad horses there were, of course, many good ones, and for these there was and is a ready sale.

A visit to the great live stock markets of the world, Chicago in particular, would be of inestimable benefit to breeders and farmers by convincing them that the supply of horses does not equal the demand. In Chicago are twelve large firms which control the sale of 100,000 horses annually. The heads of these firms are unanimous in the conviction that there are only two kinds of horses worth breeding. Of these the stylish coach horse, they will convince the breeder, has never equaled the demand, while of the well formed, heavy-

weight draft horse the supply is also incredibly short.

There is another reaction impending, however, one which will turn in favor of breeding good stock, and we may expect to see gradually established a normal relation between supply and demand. In the meantime, as a horse cannot be created in a minute, there is



THE THOROUGHBRED "ORMOND."

a "horse drought" in sight, which will inevitably increase in aggravation until several crops of yet unfoaled colts shall have grown to maturity. Therefore there can be no better time to begin to breed than now, at the very commencement of the scarcity, when prices are mounting higher and higher. The farmer who takes this hint will do so to his lasting advantage, for it is unlikely in this enterprising age that such a dearth of horses will occur twice in a man's lifetime.

Like an army in battle, which must have recruits or stop fighting, so we must reinforce the stock or get off our pedestal as a fine-horse producing country, and so lose the profits of the industry. All we have now to depend upon to do this is the short crop of colts from a limited number of mares bred the last few seasons.

Like produces like, or the likeness of some ancestor. The scrub horse will produce the scrub horse, and the scrub farmer will have the scrub stock that will lose him money, while the progressive farmer will produce the prize winners which will prove both a source of great pride and of profit. It costs no more to raise a good horse than a poor one; one eats as much as the other. I have no axe to grind and no particular man's stock to advertise. I give an unbiased opinion without fear or favor, and what I advise the farmer to do is this: Cross a big, bony, thoroughbred running horse with straight action with a round, smooth-turned Norman, Percheron or other large mare with good action, which the two former invariably have. The mare will give size and action and the stallion symmetry, activity and staying quality, thus forming a foundation of fine brood mares of which the country is now sadly in need. The produce will be half-bred hunters and saddle horses, which are in great demand, and carriage horses fit for home and export trade. Pairs of such horses as this breed can pull a plow or draw a carriage, and will find a ready sale at a minute's notice at from \$500 to \$1,000. The breed may be still further improved by taking the progeny from this cross and breeding it to carefully selected thoroughbred trotting,

coach horses or hackneys that are bred in the purple. But the stallion must in no event be a half-bred cur.

By following my suggestions the farmer, when he drives to town with a pair of such horses, will have so many offers for them that he will likely exclaim, "Thank



A COACHER (DUNHAM'S "INDRE").

God! at last I've produced something for which the buyers follow me around and ask, 'Smith, what'll you take for them?'" I am talking from experience, and when I say that the thoroughbred is not nearly so much appreciated by the average breeder as he should be,

and that the thoroughbred alone can impart the desirable finish to a coach or other horse, I know whereof I speak.

There is another horse to which we must pay some attention. That is the draft horse proper. The draft horse requires the same forethought to produce him that the coach horse does, for while the latter must be showy the former must be herculean in strength, and neither quality is bred by chance. To get a draft horse, breed a Percheron stallion to a Norman or even a Clydesdale mare. Do not make the irreparable mistake of trying to breed draft horses from nondescript stock, even if it is good, sound and of medium weight, say from 1300 to 1500 pounds, and even if you use a big draft stallion. The stallion cannot counterbalance in the progeny the mare's lack of weight, and the result will be that bugbear of the breeder—a horse which is not what it was purposed to be, and consequently more likely than not is unfitted for any purpose. In breeding for draft horses remember that the weight of the draft horse is increasing, and that while a 1300 to 1500 pound animal would pass for such a few years ago it will do so no longer, 1600 pounds being the very lightest weight desirable.

The general purpose horse is still another animal which may be noticed in passing. No suggestions are necessary for its breeding, the stock takes care of itself, and is constantly replenished by inbreeding.

Haphazard breeding is the order of the day among farmers. Too often they breed without a purpose, not caring what is crossed with what, so that the result is

a colt which can be marketed. The average farmer is, above all others, the man who must market his produce, whether it be stock or grain, at a good price in order to make both ends meet, to say nothing of "making farming pay." And yet he persistently neglects to



THE TROTTER "PATCHEN WILKES."

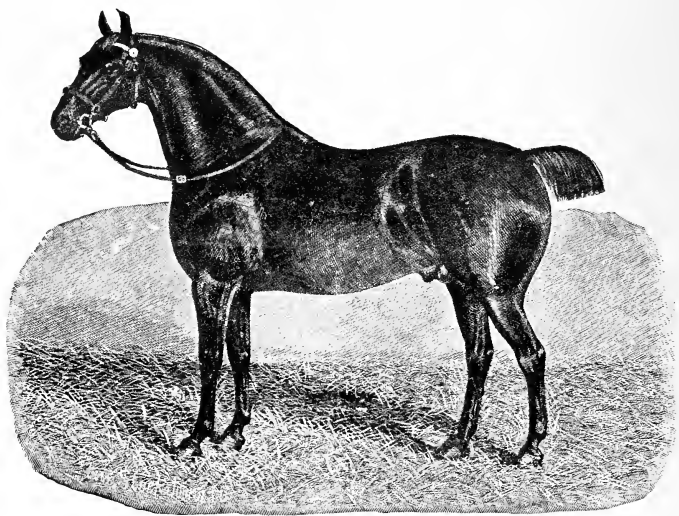
take the one step which will bring him good prices. It is only by repeated admonitions, urging and prodding that he will ever be induced to take forethought enough to control by proper breeding the quality of the stock he markets. And not until he does this will he make breeding pay

A thoroughbred stallion, it may be argued, is an expensive article, and cannot be afforded by the average farmer. The solution of this difficulty is simple. What one farmer cannot afford two, three, or, if necessary, a dozen can afford easily, and would this number of farmers form a syndicate and purchase a thoroughbred running stallion they would soon find themselves reimbursed for the outlay by the higher prices brought by their young stock. Could the national Government be induced to purchase thoroughbred stallions and place them in the different breeding sections of the country, charging the farmers a very nominal price for their services, it would result in a dissemination of good blood, in better prices for stock, and in hitherto unknown prosperity for the breeders and farmers.

I have spent the better part of my life in Canada, where the Government gives a little valuable attention to the breeding of horses, and beside have inherited a love for a drop of blood, and have in much traveling seen its results. Canada has the reputation, and deservedly too, of breeding the hardiest, toughest, best-selling saddle and carriage horses on the American continent. There is where you can see a farmer driving a pair of big sixteen-hand half-bred horses in and out of town forty miles, their heads and tails up all the way, and their big sinews playing like the piston rods of a ten-horse engine. In too many states if the farmer drives to and from town a few miles his common-bred curs loll up against the fence on the way home to keep from falling over.

In conclusion I will say that I am not afraid that

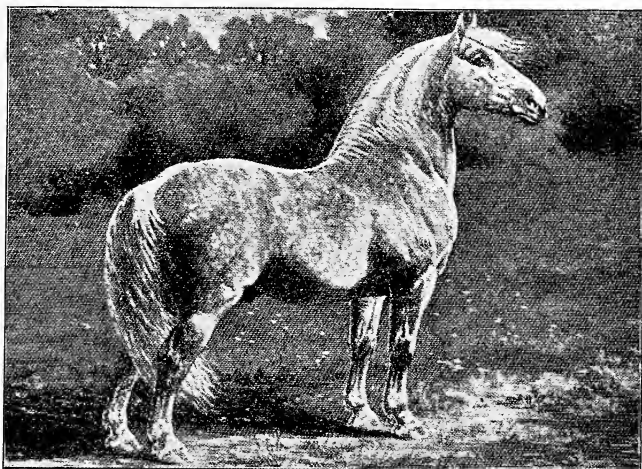
the horseless age is upon us, the bicycle fiend to the contrary notwithstanding. Does the bicycle enjoy a lump of sugar from your hand? Can it toss its head and whinny a joyous greeting as it hears your voice, or carry you like a bird on the wing over a five-bar gate? Do you fancy that inanimate cobweb of rods and wheels



A HACKNEY (HASTING'S "YOUNG NOBLEMAN").

from the machinist's will ever take the place of my feeling, thinking, loving companion from Barbary? Not while the bicycle remains blind to your actions of kindness and dumb to the sound of your voice, nor while the horse is the delightful company he is, whether in the stable, under the saddle or in the harness! Certain it is that as far back into the ages as we can trace

his association with human beings, the horse appears as the friend and intimate companion of man. He steps down the ages decked with the flowers and wreaths of love, poetry, romance and chivalry no less than with the stern trappings of heroism and war. "Man's inhumanity to man" and beast is justly lamented, but so



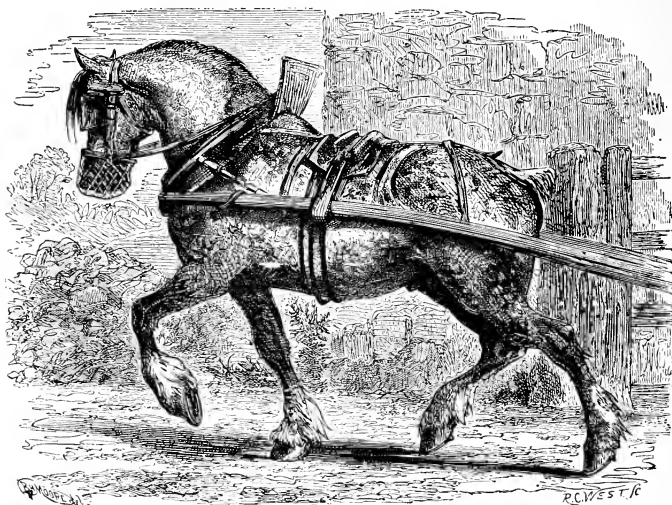
THE PERCHERON "LA FERTE."

associated with the sentiment and necessities of man is the horse that bicycles, tricycles and motorcycles combined will be powerless to displace him. Imagine the gallant General Miles astride a bicycle cheering his troops to victory with a sword in one hand and pumping his tires for dear life with the other!

You may depend upon it, good horses, and especially good coach and saddle horses, will always be in demand.

The dealers say, "It is not a question of money now. It is a question of horses. If we can get what our customers want in the way of carriage horses, they do not want to know the price, and will pay the bill without a question."

If the result of this article is to create even an iota of interest among the breeders, I shall feel amply compensated for having written it. And as the old ranchman said as a warning not to harbor his runaway wife, "A word to the wise is sufficient, and ought to work on fools."



PERCHERONS INVARIABLY HAVE GOOD ACTION.



“BRIDLE BILL ”

HE is one of the familiar figures at the stockyards. Day in and day out, during weeks which grew into months, and months which have grown into years, he has stood near the fire-engine house pursuing his vocation of braiding and plaiting leather lariats, watch chains and bridles. You may think it a small business, but that is a mistake, for many times a single article brings as much as seventy-five dollars to Bill's swelling coffers. Beside being an artist in his line he is also its champion, plaiting in sixty-two different and distinct styles; hence his name. On his last visit to Chicago Sir Henry Irving, no greater an artist in his profession than Bill is in his, purchased one of Bill's famous bridles.

Bridle Bill's real name is W. T. Davidson, and his

birthplace is Upton County, Texas. He is of a romantic and adventurous nature, and many a time has he traveled over the old Chisholm trail during the stormy days of 1869, forming one of the protecting guard usually accompanying emigrants going from Texas to Kansas. A 999 page book would barely hold all Bill's adventures with the then numerous Sioux, Comanches, marauders and horse thieves.

But while Bill's eyes were never closed to the least signs which heralded the coming of a band of savages, or his ears deaf to the stealthy sound of a creeping foe, his eyes and ears were also open to the beautiful colors and forms and sweet sounds of the stream-kissed mountains and sun-burned plains of his wild surroundings. And should you care, one of these bright spring days, to run out to the yards, and chance to catch Bill in an idle moment, he will tell you a blood-curdling story of adventure dressed up with many touches of vivid scenic description which prove him to be a romancist as well as a graphic narrator. For while Bill is now a steady-going citizen of Chicago, you have only to say Indian to him and his eyes blaze at once as when you cry rat to an English fox terrier, and his tongue seconds his memory in recalling the many redskins who sleep in the happy hunting grounds because of his unerring aim, and in relating the experiences of wanderings which carried him from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf. And should his mood be a particularly communicative one his narrations would equal the stories of Jack Shepard and the imaginings of Mark Twain.

HORSE DEALING.

IN Europe, and of late in New York City, the business of horse dealing has become as honorable, reputable and responsible as that of a merchant, grocer, or "coal-baron." It is largely engaged in by gentlemen who have an inbred love of the horse from boyhood, and frequently by those of wealth and leisure.

In other places these dealers have their establishments where orders are received in person or by mail, and are filled as are similar orders for household supplies, etc.

A buyer orders a horse as he would a suit of clothes, trusting to the skill, knowledge and honor of his dealer to supply him with the proper article for a certain use, just as when he orders a dress coat. In the morning mail will be a letter: "Mr. Blank: Please send me a family horse;" or "Mr. Blank: I require a pair of carriage horses (mentioning perhaps some preferred color), at a price not exceeding \$—," etc.

But in the western part of this country this business seems to have been one which all manner of sharpers, sharks and ignorant knaves have considered a peculiarly inviting field for their shady talents. So much has this been the case that the occupation itself has become somewhat out of favor. And this is not wholly to be wondered at, for, truly speaking, a large majority of the so-called horse-dealers whom the writer has seen

round town, know about as much about a horse as a horse knows about them (perhaps less), or as a dog knows about his mother. And they would be better engaged bucking wood, as they only bring contempt upon what is a very respectable and deserving profession if properly practiced, and one which can be conducted on the same business principles as any other calling.

At the Union Stockyards, indeed, there are reputable and responsible dealers, and the very best horses that have been winning ribbons at the horse shows have passed through their hands. But these men are old established dealers in their line and have a place of business. Nor is it a peripatetic one, the dealer going about peddling horses in the streets downtown. No one can properly serve patrons in that way, and those who wish to buy can be better served and save money by giving an order, setting the price they want to pay, as in buying a carriage, set of harness or other merchandise.

It is best to buy direct through the commission men in preference to shippers who come in, as the latter are only anxious to make sales and get home, while the commission men, on the other hand, have their reputation to keep up, and take a much more personal interest. They are all responsible, being under a bond of \$20,000 to the stockyards company, and all disputes, if any, are settled by an arbitration board. There is also a number of bright salesmen attached to every commission house at the yards who keep their eyes open for the "good ones." These facts, considered with the number of horses from which to choose at the yards, make it the best policy to place orders in the way described, for

carriage and saddle horses the same as for draft horses. The draft horse business is all done in this way.

How can you expect a gentleman and genuine business man to peddle his wares up back alleys to show them? Surely a dignified traffic like horse dealing is above the level of peanut vending! A good horse is always worth money and a little extra trouble to get him; and an order placed with a reliable dealer will insure his being furnished with an exactness equal to that of dealings in any other line. Another thing; it is well to place orders in advance, as this gives stock time to acclimate, and in many ways is of advantage to both buyer and dealer.

It is true that in some cities and places the business of horse-dealing is at a rather low ebb, and is carried on by persons not too wise or scrupulous, but the class I have been speaking of are the equals of the same class in any other lines, who have a sense of business honor. If this profession were put, in general, upon the same basis as other kinds of business it would be found that, as a rule, a much better class of men would engage in it. Already, as heretofore stated, a nucleus is formed at the stockyards, composed of as honorable, able and reliable a set of men as can be found in any business anywhere.

Where do you find a horse-dealer failing in business? Yet again, where is there a class of men who have their anxiety and receive so little profit for their trouble? My readers, there are sharks in all businesses, but I have found fewer such in the horse business than in other commercial lines. To illustrate: When travel-

ing commercially I have known representatives of reputable houses selling German silver-plated goods marked "Sterling." I have seen men selling cloth made in this country for imported goods, etc.

Men of the former stamp have a wholesome respect for their reputation and are not dealing in horses today and trading in something else tomorrow, and they have a knowledge of their business which is gratifying. The writer's experience includes some very amusing ones with so-called "dealers," a number of whom would be much better at work on a farm or behind a plow. Any man can tell you with "half an eye" when a horse is nice-looking, but there are few to find or tell you his defects. I have been lugged round by numbers of these wiseacres to see knee-actors! but, my friends and readers, I have bought knee-actors from these same men years back who sold them to me cheap because, they said, they were stone-pounders. I used to buy "stone-pounders" till they got on to the game.

In conclusion: What is an "expert" buyer? The answer to this is, there are few men amongst dealers, farmers and breeders who can thoroughly examine horses. It is a gift. Such men are rare as poets, and, like the latter, are "born and not made." The faculty is one which may be improved by cultivation and experience, but unless it is in a man no amount of effort can bring it out.

Said a mushroom millionaire when told that his daughter at boarding-school lacked "capacity"—"Wal, I got plenty of money; kain't you buy her one?" Alas! for his thick-witted offspring, his wealth could not help

her here. And so it is with the capacity of which we are speaking. It can be neither acquired nor bought—though many dealers bank upon purchasing this rare quality, and find themselves woefully mistaken [when their dubious knowledge is put to the test in a trade. The touchstone of the true horse judge is not and never can be theirs.



A FAMILIAR SCENE AT THE STOCKYARDS.



WILLIE THE TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.

HERETOFORE boys have not figured very largely in "grown-up" literature, though "Gallagher" made something of a reputation for himself when introduced to an admiring public a few years ago. But the boy who is the subject of this necessarily short sketch could give Gallagher cards and spades on enterprise, breeding, intelligence, gentlemanliness, and yet win the game. Everybody knows Willie at the stockyards, and Willie knows everybody; everybody likes Willie and Willie likes everybody.

Willie is the Western Union Telegraph messenger at

the yards. He has been at that post of duty for about five years, and to all who know him it will not seem exaggeration to say that he has scarcely an equal and no superior in his line. He has a wonderful memory—never forgets a face or a name—and has an intuition little short of marvelous which enables him to smell people out whom he wants in a crowd. He dodges in and out among the people till he finds the one he is after; he is always on the run, and one would suppose each message he delivers to be a matter of life and death from the way he presses on till the right person is found. No grass ever grows under those flying feet, and as his bright, handsome face and merry eyes flash past, and his voice chimes out a courteous “Good morning, sir,” he seems to be a sort of typical nineteenth-century Mercury—minus the wings and the caduceus.

Willie is a true-blue, “straight” kind of boy, and you can rely on him. He is a little gentleman, eschews cigarette smoking and such harmful indulgences, and has already considerable money “to windward.” He is also something of a wit in his way and, like all boys, enjoys a roguish prank now and then. He is often left in charge of the office while the manager goes to lunch, and on one such occasion an old man came in to send a telegram. He asked Willie how the messages were sent, and being told they went along the wire, expressed a desire to see them go. For a joke Willie told him to “hurry out and he would see one going.” The old man rushed out in a forthwith manner to see the sight, but alas for his rustic hopes, nothing was to be seen! And the only consolation he got from Willie was that he didn’t go quick enough.

Another time when Willie was upholding the managerial dignity, a would-be "fly" countryman, in town with a carload of stock, larruped into the telegraph office and started in to have some fun with the "kid." Now, if there is anything which affronts Willie's sense of the fitness of things it is to be dubbed "kid" or called "Bub," and both of these offenses did the Jonathan commit till Willie's patience ran low. The fellow had, moreover, an untidy appearance and an unwholesome odor about his clothing which completed the boy's disgust.

After asking twenty "smart Alec" questions about the whole office, he finally settled into, "Wal, Bub, how much 'l 't cost to telegraph a deespatch down to Punktown?" "Oh," says Willie, debonairly, "we charge most folks twenty-five cents for a ten-word message, but being as you're a granger we'll let you down easy. You can send three messages for a dollar." The stranger lost sight of the overcharge in resenting the epithet, and snarled:

"Whut makes ye call me a granger? I ain't got no hayseeds in m' hair."

"Naw," said long-suffering Willie, imitating the rustic's tone, "Naw; but you've got the soil on yuh!"

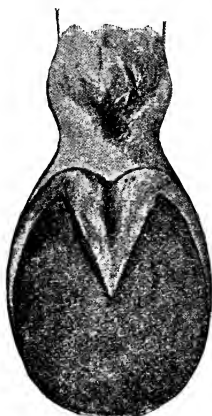
BUYING HORSES.

HINTS TO AMATEURS AND SOMETHING ABOUT COACHMEN.

If you have decided to start out upon a horse-buying expedition on your own responsibility, to combine business with pleasure, remember first the old maxim, that a good horse is never a bad color. It is as difficult to find two horses alike as it is two men; in all my rather wide experience I have seldom seen a matched pair. There is a better chance to get good cross matches, and it is better to have them crossed than to have a pair that do not mate. You cannot buy a horse as you would a bit of silk, and the best matcher of goods who ever haunted a bargain counter would find about a hundred chances to one against success in this line. Therefore don't ask the opinion of your wife, your aunt, or your grandmother and their immediate relations, nor your own friends; if you will select a horse, the soundest and of the best conformation, and show him to a dozen of your friends each and every one would give a different opinion, though they are probably as ignorant as yourself. Perhaps one happens to own a good horse which he picked up by chance, and thinks wisdom on this question will die with him. Now if you are not conversant with the anatomy of a horse, you had better not try to buy him on your own judgment, un-

less you are purchasing from a responsible house or well-known dealer who has a reputation to uphold.

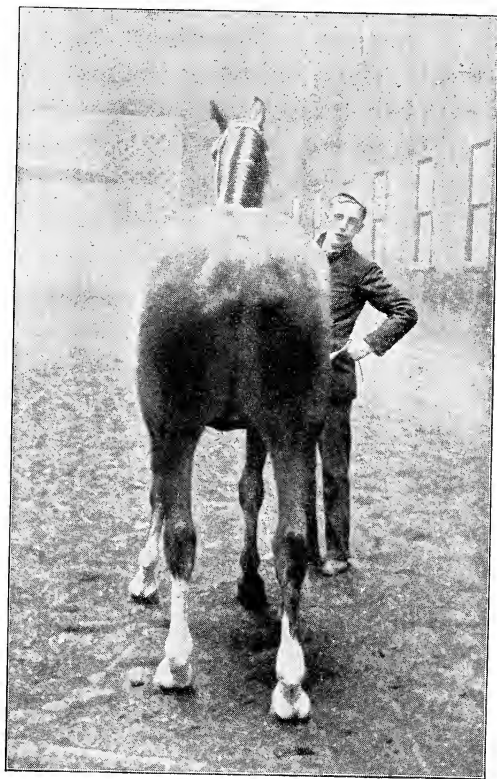
But if you are an enthusiastic buyer on your own account, perhaps the writer can give you some hints. After you select the horse which you think has captured your fancy it might be best to have him brought out for a careful examination. If free from defects he is the most likely to retain your good opinion, if you are anything like the writer, who always buys or leaves on first impressions. But as this might not suit an amateur, some more explicit directions will be in order. To begin, be sure that he is cool, and not in a heated condition; remember that horses are subject to every ailment and disease that human flesh is heir to; that he has temperament, disposition, individuality, and needs to be very carefully bought. The first thing you look at is



A CONCAVE HOOF.

his foot—no foot, no horse; it should be on the concave order, a deep sole and not too narrow; this denotes breeding. Run your hand down his forelegs, examine for splints; if on the bone they will never hurt him, but if on the tendons drop him like a hot potato, no matter how small the splint. To save further time and trouble have him jogged quietly down the floor, on stones if possible, and look for lameness, and see if his style of going suits you. Now examine his coronets for side-bones; take a look at his eyes, and that

very closely. Stand in front of him to see that he has a full chest; glance between his forelegs at his spavin joints; run your hand over his kidneys and press hard as



HE STANDS SQUARE.

you do so; pass behind him and see that he stands square; examine for curbs (a curb will never hurt a horse after he is six years old); feel his hocks for incipient spav-

ins, or bruises on the cap of his hocks, which require a satisfactory explanation from the owner; don't forget to look for thorough-pins and bog spavins; look carefully at his hips that they are both alike; personally I would never buy an interfering horse, or a horse that shows symptoms of it.

In the matter of age four years old is not preferable. I had rather buy a horse at eight than five, as he is then in his prime, and his habits are all developed; if a horse has arrived at that age and maintained his soundness, you can rely upon his being a good one. See that your intended purchase is well ribbed up; long backed, narrow-gutted horses are bad feeders and doers, and cannot stand their work. See also that he has plenty of neck, good, high shoulders and sloping back. Then proceeding, ask the holder of the horse to walk quick into his flank both ways, turning him quickly; then back him while you look carefully for symptoms of springhalt or cramps. If up to this time the horse has borne inspection favorably, put a man on his back and gallop him as fast as he will go to test his wind for a whistling sound. If all right have him put in harness to see if he has any vice. Stable habits such as weaving, wind-sucking, cribbing and halter-pulling must be left to the veracity of the seller's word, as they are only to be detected when the horse is standing quietly in the stable. If he fills the bill, buy him; good horses are scarce.

After you get him home use him kindly for a few weeks. Don't use the whip; make a friend of him. Horses coming fresh from the country require to be

worked by degrees and very gradually. Don't expect a horse that is fresh from the country to play the piano; if he is good tempered he will very soon get accustomed to city sights. Horses should be treated as intelligent beings; they are like men in the amount of courage they can muster up; some are the veriest cowards and others are possessed of a dare-devil spirit.

Horse science has proven that a clipped horse properly cared for is even in the coldest weather, if in constant use, far more comfortable than those which are allowed to retain their full coat of hair. Man requires such work of the horse as to sweat him severely if his coat be long, and indeed it has been found so burdensome to a horse that when driven for any distance he would blow quite seriously, whereas after being clipped he could go without discomfort. If the long coat could be kept dry it would not be objectionable, but as soon as it becomes saturated with sweat it is a menace to health. It is necessary, of course, after the removal of the long coat, to provide a double allowance of clothing, and avoid standing still out of doors without blankets after using, for any length of time. Properly cared for, however, the danger of a clipped horse taking cold is much less than when the hair is long and wet with perspiration.

A man who loves his horse, looking carefully to feeding and watering him, seldom has a sick one; it is the careless feeder whose horses often have colic and like disorders from improper and irregular feeding, which in other stock would give no bad results. Musty hay, oats and corn are not fit for food. Bedding should be

supplied in abundance and not allowed to lie in lumps or in an uneven manner, but kept constantly shaken up. The bed should be raised along the side of the stall, wet parts and droppings removed and replaced with clean straw. This treatment, with disinfectants, will make the stable wholesome. For large establishments that have a number of loose boxes I advise the use of peat moss; it is good for the feet and much cleaner and cheaper than straw, and does not attract flies.

Don't send your new horse to the blacksmith to have his feet cut down to make them look small. In the writer's experience many horses have been ruined by the smith cutting the foot to fit the shoe, rather than making the shoe to fit the foot. Leave him plenty of sole; never let the knife be put into it, the rasp being far preferable. How would you feel if you had been wearing good sized, thick soled shoes and were put suddenly in slippers, and made to run over hard roads?

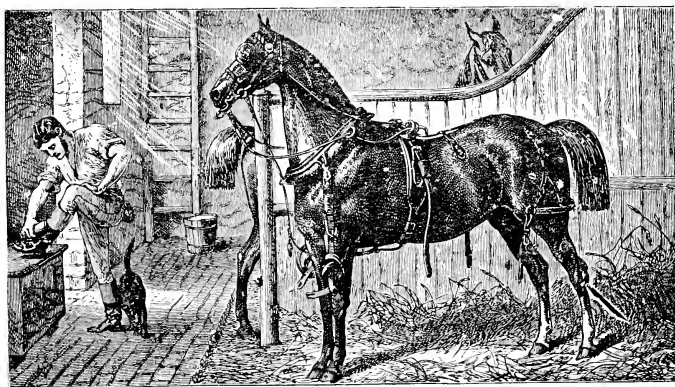
Give your new purchase easy work; he may have come fresh from a feeding stable, and his muscles may not yet be hardened. Should your coachman find a swelling on the horse's tendons after a drive, see that he puts some Ellimen's or other good liniment on the swollen parts, and ties a cold-water bandage around it, with a dry flannel bandage over that. Then lay the horse up for a few days and use your old horse, which, if you are wise, you have not yet sold. If the sick horse goes off his feed he has probably caught a cold, or had the acclimating fever, when a competent veterinary should be called.

Don't use your horses morning, noon and night. Both

horses and coachman will serve you better and last longer if not taken out on stormy nights, as will also your carriage. It will save you money in the long run.

Now a word about coachmen. Don't change your man every three months; his business is really a profession which must be learned and practiced, and in which only an intelligent man becomes duly proficient. Don't ask him to wash windows, clean off the steps or run errands and do odd jobs about the place. To keep his stable (and there are many handsome ones in America) and the equipments, vehicles and horses in order means hard and steady all-day work, and will keep him sufficiently busy—if he takes a proper pride in his berth. There is a good deal of rivalry among members of the fraternity as to who shall turn out the finest looking vehicles and accouterments and best kept horses. If you are going away for three months don't turn him loose; it would be wiser, if he suits you, to keep him on the pay-roll and know that the important work in his charge will not go undone during your absence. This, too, creates a desire on his part to take a deeper and more personal interest in the welfare of your establishment, and there is no question but such a course would do away with certain practices which have unfortunately crept in through introduction by some unprincipled men of this class. There will always be a few such in every trade, and a person of this sort will always try to recoup himself for his loss of time by obtaining commission upon some sale or purchase which will generally be found to be necessary. When he changes his place, something will all at once mysteri-

ously ail the horses, and they too must be changed. But it is only due to the faithful and responsible men who fill these positions to say that the percentage of unreliable ones is singularly small, and doubtless some who have fallen might not have descended if sure of being settled from year's end to year's end on good behavior. A love of conscientious performances and identity with his master's fortunes and interests will do much toward keeping a good man straight, and reclaiming a dishonest one.



HE TAKES A PROPER PRIDE IN HIS BERTH.

GALLAGHER AND BROWN.

GALLAGHER is the stockyards detective. Brown is the stockyards gatekeeper. Gallagher's occupation being peripatetic and Brown's stationary, the two men inev-



"KEEP MUM."

itably meet at least once a day in the course of Gallagher's perambulations. This conversation, or some very like it, occur upon every such occasion:

Gallagher to Brown: "What do you know?"

Brown to Gallagher: "I don't know nuthin'. What do you?"

Gallagher: "Nuthin'; only that I have a soft snap. I want to hold some one up. Haven't done a turn for five years. I went up to make a grab on old Phil, the 'con' steer, an' after walkin' a mile found he'd been dead six months. But I have a tip, Brown, a sixty to one shot. I'll give it to you if you don't give it away."

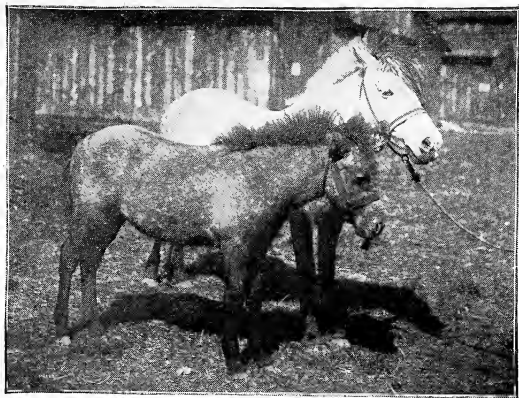
Brown: "I'll go you."

Gallagher: "Brown, up at the yards there's the squarest, straightest, soberest lot o' men anywhere on God's earth. Keep mum. I'm going to make a sneak for awhile. Keep cases on the craft as well as on the gate. Ta-ta!"

Brown: "Ta-ta."



"WILL YOU BUY A CURLING IRON FOR YOUR BEST GIRL, SIR?"



THESE ARE NOT STARVED.

CARE AND CONDITIONING OF HORSES.

DON'T starve your colts! Feed them well in winter months and house them warm. Brood mares that are fed a fair amount of oats a few months before foaling will produce stronger and healthier foals than those that are only fed on hay. Fuss with the colts in your spare winter hours; you will find it pays to get them used to the harness. And if you attend to their feet by rasping there will be fewer splints. As the colts come along you may observe a dead, rough appearance to their coats, which is invariably caused by worms. To cure this give them half a pint of raw linseed oil, and repeat in ten days, feeding on soft feed in the interval.

When you are getting the young stock ready for the buyer, take them up and stable them; blanket them, and have them well groomed; it pays to give them plenty of "elbow grease" to make their coats sleek.

If you have any curs or mongrels on your farm, cut them loose! it costs no more to feed a good colt than a bad one. And remember about feeding—that to stint your horses, especially those for sale, is a “penny wise and pound foolish” policy. It will usually be found necessary once in a while to mix a little ground linseed cake with the feed.

A word to you, too, about the treatment of the stock. Whipping a shying, frightened, or balky horse is senseless and cruel. Pain does not relieve fright, but the assuring voice of a kind master does. Whipping will make a confirmed shyder of the horse, for he will connect the pain with his fear. It would be well if every one owning, using, caring for, or dealing in horses, could be made to realize the essentially human character of most of the horse-traits observable. If this could be accomplished the effect should be to enlist every such person a volunteer member of a world-wide humane society, and extinguish forever the foolish and wicked disposition to abuse and belabor a horse which now possesses many who should know better. It has ever been a dictum of the writer (than whom scarcely any man has had wider horse experience), “Always treat a horse with kindness; never abuse a horse.” And the practice of this virtue is more than its own reward; the animal will reward you. For this he will love, serve and be a faithful friend to you.

Many a fractious or balky horse has been transformed by a little kindness. Speak to such a one gently and soothingly, and, if frightened, reassuringly. He soon learns your voice and knows it as well as a human being does. He will interpret its every tone, and be guided

thereby. When he has driven you well, give him a kindly pat, a hearty word, and an apple to eat, or a bit of sugar, and notice how almost human is his pride and gratification. Remember that this is a love and fealty which can never be bought. You cannot tempt him with gauds or any mercenary reward. The value of these he cannot know, but he will give you love for love, and that in no stinted measure.

The writer once bought for eighty dollars a fine horse which had previously sold for \$1,500, but whose temper had been ruined by injudicious handling. To drive her at first strained the muscles almost beyond endurance, and she jumped at every trifle. In a week's time through kindness and sympathy she was brought to go boldly past the object of her worst fears, and could be driven with the fingers of one hand.

Have your horses nicely shod in front, and when you go to town take along your best horses and your Sunday harness. Neither one will "wear out" very readily if they are the right sort, and appearances go a long way. Take a wholesome pride and pleasure in having your outfit all looking spick and span.

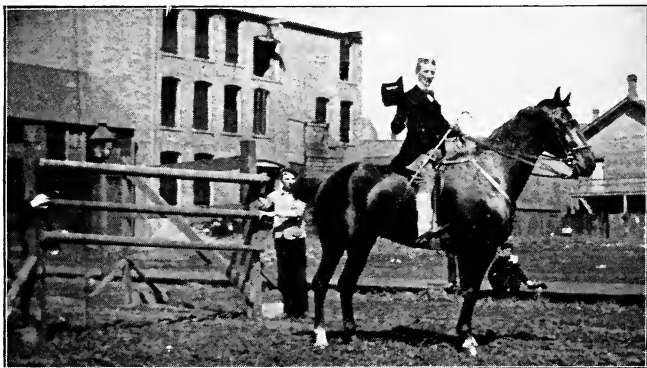
Make it your business—and take pride in doing it—to show your stock to the local liverymen and veterinaries, and if you have something good they are likely to soon send you plenty of buyers.

Don't breed to a cheap stallion merely because it is convenient. Subscribe for *The Horseman*, *Horse Review*, *Drover's Journal*, *Breeder's Gazette*, *The Rider and Driver*, or some other good sporting paper, and know what is going on in the stock world.

“THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.”

A good joke is told on William Potter in connection with the late Madison Square Horse Show, New York.

New York is William's former home, and having been absent from there a number of years he decided



“THE DUKE.”

on this auspicious occasion to make it a visit and astonish the natives. So giving orders to his good wife to have his nether toggeries creased and his Prince Albert packed, he hied him away to the Lake Shore depot, and with a merry smile to the clerk called out, “First class and sleeper to New York!”

Arriving at the metropolis, he attired himself in his new and superciliously correct dress suit, none other being fashionable at that swell horse show.

As he entered the show building he was observed by a bunch of cockney coachmen, one of whom remarked, "Get on to his nibs."

"Who is he?" asked another.

"Hush! Why, that's the Duke of Somerset," answered a third.

The story passed around and William became the cynosure of all eyes. William, who is a true type of an old-country dealer, and is as fond of a joke as any one, kept it up, and that is how he gained the sobriquet of the Duke of Somerset. Either under his own or assumed name he will always be ready to assist you—of course on a commission, which will be money well laid out. Long and prosperous life to William Potter, alias the Duke of Somerset, than whom no man in America is a better judge of fine horses!

SELLING.

ADVICE TO COUNTRY SHIPPERS TO THE HORSE MARKET.

BEFORE leaving home write for the state of the market and, if possible, take advantage of the time when large combination sales are to be held, and you then get the benefit of their extensive advertising. Write to all your acquaintances in advance, giving them a general knowledge of what you are bringing. Don't be afraid of a few stamps to your friends; they can do some advertising for you. Put your horses in nice condition—condition tells, and good grooming goes a long way. Don't ship any rough coated or thin horses, as they are not wanted at auction sales and do not pay to ship.

Another thing. You, my friend, have felt, without doubt, the effects of a draught from an open car window or door on a train running forty miles an hour. Well, how do you suppose your stock get along in the ordinary car in which horses are shipped? If you are a wise man you will order an Arm's palace car, where the animals will be as comfortable as if in their own stable, and can be attended to thoroughly, landing as well and hearty as when they left home.

These cars are fitted up to hold eighteen horses, and the small extra charge will be an investment well made and which will amply repay you, as they arrive without sickness, shrinkage, or car-bruises. How often do you hear the auctioneer cry out, about a valuable horse

that was shipped as sound as a dollar, "Serviceably sound! Car-bruised!" when otherwise the sign "Sound" would have been hung up! This means a matter of \$30 or \$50 difference in his price, and is worth considering.

Don't forget to bring along your warm blankets in winter, and summer clothing in summer. After you arrive at your destination have your horses put away quietly; see that they have a nice, warm bran-mash, and if they have come a long journey, under no condition show them to any one, as they are not up to themselves. Many a good sale is lost because of anxiety to sell the moment of arrival. Be firm in this, and remember that "first impressions to a buyer go a long way." Your first business upon arriving should be to "CAN I SELL YOU SOMETHING, SIR?" have your horses trimmed by an expert trimmer; trimming gives a finish to a horse as much as a clean shave does to a man.



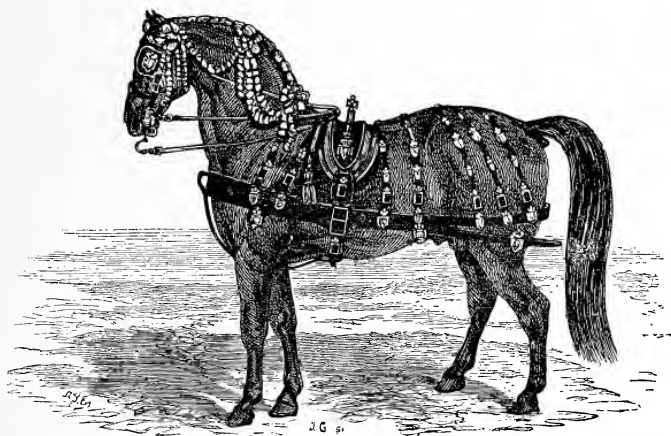
When your horses are fit to show, be up bright and early for business, and don't refuse a profitable offer, remembering always that "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." At the same time it is well to always ask more than you are prepared to accept, as a buyer will almost invariably want to buy cheaper. You can come down gracefully, but you cannot go up.

When you come to town to sell horses, sell horses—don't go downtown to buy your best girl a frock; you can do that when the last "tail-ender" is gone, also "see the elephant" and "fight the tiger." Don't leave your business to a substitute; stay right alongside of your horses, never leaving them except for meals, and making that time as short as possible. Buyers like to run through the stable when it is quiet. Then again you both have more time to talk. Always carry a whip in your hand, and have handy a neat show-bridle and brush to smooth the manes of the horses, and when they are trotted out the whip comes handy, as the animals are apt to be sluggish after a journey, and want waking up.

Keep your horses up in their stalls; buyers sometimes miss a good horse in rushing through the stables through the horse's hanging his head, and thus not taking the passer's eye. Be on hand at all times to answer questions, and don't be afraid to accost people who pass and repass. Don't judge a man by his clothes, and be pleasant to all, even the stable lads; a kind word now and then, and an occasional tip is never thrown away—they can all do you a good turn even if they themselves don't want to buy. Do I see you smiling, sir? No matter; they can do you some good. Civility costs nothing, as the Dutch say of paint.

Have your bridle put on the pick of your lot and trot him out. You cannot do this too often, even though it is a little trouble, for it attracts attention and you do not know who may be around. It often leads to business. So don't wait to be asked to pull him out, but do it often of your own accord, especially if you see likely looking buyers about. Don't misrepresent your horses; tell the honest truth and you will make friends. If you are not a thorough judge of a sound horse you should not be in the business.

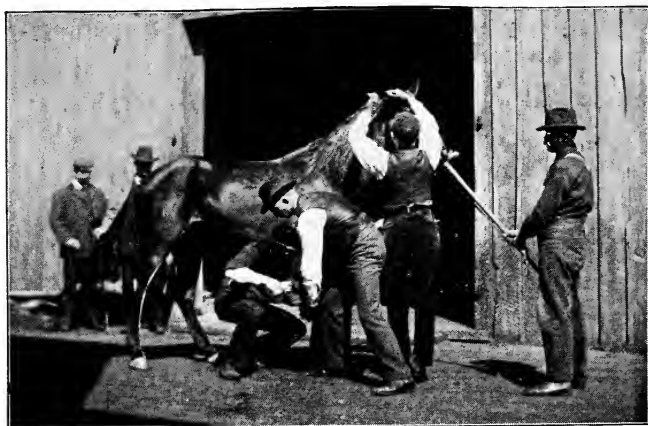
Lastly, an intelligent dealer who attends to this business in a proper spirit will sell his shipment at a price which will well recompense him for his trouble.



A CLEVELAND BAY STATE CARRIAGE HORSE IN THE OLDEN
TIMES.

THE ITINERANT BARBER SHOP.

THERE are eight or nine crews of horse barbers at the yards, and they are important features there. They do the transformation act on the country horses shipped to the yards to be sold.



PUTTING RIBBONS IN HIS MANE.


Country horses usually come in with a ragged forelock, a mane which straggles over both sides of the neck, long hair on their legs, and rough coats. The first thing the bright shipper does is to take his "string" around to the barber and have them trimmed, and the second thing he does is to hie himself to the nearest tonsorial artist and get a clean shave.

When the shipper and his horses meet again they don't know each other. The horses have smooth, shiny coats, their legs are clean and sleek to look at, and they have nice manes falling evenly over one side of the neck—and somehow the neck looks a good deal more arched that way—and there are bows of bright ribbon tied in the rippling locks, and bright ribbons are in the neatly braided tails; while the shipper himself is spick and span from his recent "brush-up."

"Golly," says the shipper, when he sees the horses, "I didn't know them horses could look like that! Ought to bring a good price lookin' so fine."

The horses gaze at their owner and nudge each other as much as to say, "Gosh! Didn't know our boss was as good lookin' as that! But he don't come up to us yet; he ain't got no ribbons in his mane."

THE WIDOW OF THE DECEASED.

 FOR SALE—A widow lady, recently bereaved, will sell her late husband's fast trotting mare, Rosie R; cost in Kentucky \$3,000. Rosie R is sound, does not shy or wear boots; has no record; can be driven at the top of her speed by a timid person in '30. Price to any one who will give her a good home, \$350. Two weeks' trial allowed. Apply at stables, rear 4737 Ketchum Blvd.

It is only an advertisement. A great many people notice it. Some read it casually, as they would the ad. of a strong German girl who wants a situation as general houseworker; others, generally sporting men, laugh when they read it, growing quite hilarious as they tell each other reminiscences which seem in some way to bear upon the advertisement; a third class read it, read it again, and then call on their wives to pack their valises at once, as they must catch a train. The latter class is composed of country people and city merchants who think a good deal about fast horses, but know very little about them.

A well known and prosperous merchant sits at his Sunday morning breakfast in a large city not a hundred miles from Chicago. He is lingering luxuriously over his coffee and Sunday morning paper. He reads the political news first and then the foreign news. The advertisement is a page he never looks at except when he wants something in particular. Just now he wants something in particular. The recently bereaved widow's advertisement catches his eye. He hurriedly gulps down his coffee and hastens to the telephone. "East, 105," he says,

and a minute later: "Hello, Lowell, be at the club at 11:15 sharp, will you? Think I've found the snap we want. All right. Good-bye."

At 11:15 sharp our merchant and Lowell meet at the club. "See that," says the merchant, throwing down the paper. "I think that is about the horse we want."

Lowell looks at it critically, with the air of a man who is called upon to prove his judgment. The merchant thinks Lowell is horse wise. Lowell thinks so too—only more so. "Yes, that looks good. But if you want it you'll have no time to lose. Better run up on the seven train in the morning." That suits our merchant, and by 10:30 Monday morning our two friends are in a hansom driving post haste to 4737 Ketchem Boulevard.



"GO AROUND AND SEE MY MAN JOHN."

Their pasteboards are presented to the recently bereaved widow, who comes to the door in deepest and swellest weeds, with a winning smile lighting up the weepy pallor of her countenance. "I must ask you to go around and see my man John," she says in a gracious voice in which there is a pathetic sound of tears. Our two men almost prostrate themselves in apologizing for their intrusion upon the charming little widow's grief. They feel as they betake themselves to the stables that they must be a born combination of the blockhead and brute to have thought for a moment of seeing the widow in person about the horse. Bad enough that she must part with her husband's pet that she shouldn't be bothered with selling it, too.

"My man John" is a most obliging and well trained coachman. When he puts his heels together and touches his crepe-banded hat respectfully the men from the large city not a hundred miles from Chicago feel that he is the soul of honesty. The stable is magnificent, and there is a display of costly equipages and glittering harness. Rosie R is found in a padded stall, and is a good-looking specimen of the equine race. The two men fancy they see points worth \$3,000 all over her. They call up a picture of Rosie R in a glittering harness, drawing a swell little carriage with the sweet little widow handling the ribbons. And then they feel that it was beastly for her husband to die and leave her without the means to keep Rosie R. They also see in imagination themselves breaking the record of the fastest horse in their city with Rosie R, scooping up the shekels from the boys.

Lowell, remembering his horse wisdom, slips a ten dollar bill into John's hand for points on Rosie R. John knows a great deal about Rosie R, for he was his late dear master's right-hand man in horse matters, but he doesn't know a single, solitary point in Rosie R's disfavor. Our merchant is wonderfully impressed with her, but says he wants to see her trot before taking her. So John has her in a buggy in a jiffy and starts down the boulevard. Our friends are ignorant of the city ordinances regarding fast driving on the Chicago boulevards, so when a policeman shouts at them about half a block from the starting place, "You there, I'll pull you in for furious drivin' on the strate, shure, ef ye don't sthop!" they are nonplussed, but they don't say anything. They wouldn't for the world have John think that the city not a hundred miles from Chicago is not fully as big as Chicago, and possessed of mysterious regulations against "furious drivin' on the strate."



As they drive back to the stable again another buyer is coming around the corner of the house in search of "my man John." He is evidently an expert on horseflesh, for it doesn't take him long to decide that Rosie R is all and more than she is said to be, and he signifies his eagerness to possess her. Our merchant grows anxious. He would like to have seen her trot, but it won't do to let this new buyer get ahead of him and get her. He makes signs to John not to be in a hurry; Lowell makes signs too. But John is in a corner evidently arranging

terms with the new buyer, and is blind to signs. Our merchant becomes more anxious as he sees John taking down Rosie R's silver mounted harness. It's now or not at all, and he says conclusively, "I'll take her." John is all regrets for the new gentleman's disappointment, and expresses them as profusely as his great deference will allow. "But, you see, sir," he concludes, "these gentlemen came first." The gentlemen who came first miss the wink which accompanies this remark as John prepares Rosie R for her departure. A little while later \$350 is in John's pocket, while Rosie R and a receipt for her price are in the possession of the gentlemen from the large city not a hundred miles from Chicago, where they are going to astonish the natives with their trotting snap.

When they are well out of sight John and the new buyer hie themselves to the house, where they find the weepy widow convulsed, not with weeping, but with laughter. John and the new buyer join the chorus; they open a bottle of wine, and the trio drink to the speed of Rosie R and the happiness of the sucker who is born every minute. The bottle disposed of, the widow dons her weepy expression, the "new buyer" disappears around the corner, and John brings forth another horse from another part of the stable and puts her in Rosie R's padded stall.

In a little while around the corner of the house comes a man, evidently from the country, perspiring profusely in his eagerness to get there, who has been referred by the widow to "my man John." The new Rosie R is trotted out. The man from the country likes her, but

is inclined to insist upon the "two weeks' trial allowed." Just at this juncture the "new buyer" swings around the corner of the house. He is delighted with the new Rosie R. He remarks to the man from the country, as John trots her up and down, "That mare will make another Maud S if you put her on the race track." The man from the country is gullible but not guileless, and as his intention is to get a horse to trot at the races, this remark appeals to him mightily. In imagination he already sees himself on a sulky behind Rosie R's flying heels, coming in first on the homestretch amidst the plaudits of the farmers.

Still, he would like to see her trot before paying out his money. The new man, on the contrary, evidently feels quite safe in his knowledge of horses, and begins to close the bargain. The man from the country slides up to John's ear and says, "Five dollars for yourself if you let me have her." John is again very sorry for the new buyer. "But the other gentleman came first, and you know, sir, it's 'first come, first served.'"


And so the game goes on all day. As many as a dozen Rosie R's occupy the padded stall in succession. In the evening the widow, recently bereaved, the "new buyer" and "my man John" vacate the premises. They take with them a hall rug, a hall chair and a hall tree. These constitute the whole furniture of the house. They also take with them two or three thousand dollars, the result of one day's work.

This is the *modus operandi* of one of the many sorts of confidence games played in a great city. This game is so old that there is hardly any excuse for its victims

The fact that it is widely and successfully played with impunity proves how gullible mankind is, and how averse to making its folly known when it is duped. The "widow, recently bereaved," is more often than not the wife of "my man John," and the "new buyer" is a confederate. Even the policeman on the corner gets a bit of the "swag" to be on hand at the right moment to threaten arrest for "furious drivin' on the strate" when "Rosie R" is taken out to be speeded on the boulevard. The swell residence is rented; or maybe only the key has been obtained from the unsuspecting agent. The hall is furnished to allow the prospective purchasers a glimpse of a furnished interior as the "widow" opens the door and refers them to "my man John." The stable is hastily fitted up for the occasion with swagger carriages and harnesses. The Rosie R's sold have very likely never trotted fast enough in their lives to keep themselves warm. They are bought cheap, probably the most any one of them cost being \$75.

Once in a great while the dupes kick. Sometimes they write their grievance to the "widow" and sometimes they come back with the horse. If they write they get no answer, and if they come back they find the swell residence vacated. The police are appealed to, but the police can't help them—at least they never do.

Sometimes, instead of the sale by the recently bereaved widow, it is an administrator's sale. Then the advertisement is long and grandiloquent:

 **FOR SALE**—Administrator's sale, the contents of a private stable, consisting of the following desirable horses: Mambrino Girl, by Red Wilkes, out of Mambrino Patchen mare; is six years old, 15.3½ high. Has shown

private trials better than '30; has no public record. Fearless of any object; does not shy or pull; safe for the most timid person to drive at height of her speed. She wears no boots nor weights. A grand mare in company, single or to the pole. Time shown to purchaser. Also trotting gelding Billy Brown, seven years old, 15½ hands; will trot heat better than '30; he has no public record, but has been driven by his late owner in show time. He wears nothing but quarter boots. No horse jockeys need apply, as the object is not the price these horses will bring, but to get them out of city to good homes where they will not be tracked or campaigned. To be sold at the same time, one Brewster side-bar ¾-seat; top buggy, pole and shafts; one speeding cutter; one set road double harness by Duncan, New York; beside all other articles pertaining to stables. Address C. K. HARRIS, 110-111 Cheetyoo Bldg.

When this long-winded ad. appears there is, instead of the swell residence inhabited by the widow, a sumptuous suite of offices in an expensive downtown office building, occupied by a gentleman of imposing presence. On the outer door is an inscription like this:

<p>C. K. HARRIS Real Estate, Mortgages, Loans, Bonds Burbank Estate</p>

In the anteroom stands a boy in elegant livery. It is the duty of this "Buttons" to impress upon the callers—usually church elders, slick would-be sports from the country, or smart Alecs with the wisdom of Solomon from the city—the busy importance of his master. When the caller makes known his business Buttons refers him to "my man John," who is an indispensable adjunct to this game, no matter what the accessories. John, with many scrapes and bows, ushers the caller into a splendidly furnished inner office, where the gen-

tleman of imposing presence is found busily engaged in filling in checks with no less than four figures. He doesn't deign to look up when John enters; he is apparently quite too occupied with business involving thousands, if not millions, to heed the entrance of his man. John stands respectfully waiting permission to speak. At last the great man tears out a check, and touching his bell imperiously, brings "Buttons" scudding in. "Give this check on the First National to White; tell him to settle Smith & Jones' claim, and bring the other \$2,000 to me; tell him to hurry up. Now, John, what do you want?"

John's head ducks nearly to his toes in a profound bow as he announces: "Here's a gentleman, sir, wants to buy Mambrino Girl, sir."

"Oh, I can't talk horse today, John. I'm too busy—too busy to say a word about it, I tell you. Take the gentleman out and show him the horse. Pardon me, sir," and the gentleman of imposing presence turns his head half way toward his caller, "I am too busy today to talk about this matter, but my man John here will show you the mare." The caller, who may be considerable of a swell himself when he is at home, is so impressed by this sumptuously surrounded great man that he forgets to be offended at the scant courtesy with which he is relegated to the hands of John.

John is equal to the occasion, and conducts the caller to a stylish carriage conveniently waiting, and caller and carriage are whirled over the boulevards behind a pair of high steppers which set the caller speculating as to their value. John is talkative, however, once out-

side his master's presence, and engages the caller with a description of his late master, "Mr. Burbank's," wealth and appreciation of fine horses. According to John, "Mr. Burbank" thought no price too high to pay for a horse that suited him. "There wa'n't no better judge of fine horses in the country than Mr. Burbank," he goes on. "It's different, now, with Mr. Harris; he don't know much about horses; he's a damn fool; he's all for—see that brown stone over there (pointing to P. D. Armour's million dollar residence)? That's part of the Burbank estate. Mr. Harris, he's all for dogs. Paid \$1,300 for a dog yesterday. That's nothing for him; he paid nearly three times that for a pair of mastiffs last winter. There's a house belongs to Mr. Harris, worth about a million and a half. Mr. Burbank had the finest string of trotters I ever see, and I've seen a good many, being with Mr. Burbank about fifteen years last December, just before he died. I guess I know about as much about horses myself as any man in the state. Here we are, sir," and the carriage rolls up before a handsome stable.

As the caller follows John into the stable he is dazzled by the broad view he gets of a carriage room fairly a-glitter with swell equipages and silver-mounted harness. Mambrino Girl is led out for his inspection, and she is so well groomed and so respectfully handled that he is unconsciously convinced that she is indeed a valuable animal, although upon first sight she really does not look much better than his own filly at home, upon whom he has always looked with some contempt for her snail-like pace. But then, he reflects, you can't always

judge by appearances. He says he would like to see Mambrino Girl trot. Somehow, just as John is on the point of gratifying his desire, a very swell looking man appears on the scene. The swell looking man has come to look at Mambrino Girl; he knows Mambrino Girl well; he also knows John well—John touches his hat to him most deferentially—and was an intimate friend of Mr. Burbank. John asks the caller in a whisper if he knows Mr. Potter Palmer, or Mr. Vanderbilt or Montgomery Sears, as the case may be, and if he does not he is at once introduced. The caller has seen pictures of the gentleman named and the swell looking man bears a striking resemblance to the pictures. Of course it never occurs to him that the swell looking man has been made a confederate of the gentleman of imposing presence and of “my man John” just for the money value of his striking resemblance to some prominent millionaire.

Naturally he doesn't doubt Mr. —let us say Vanderbilt—when he talks of having sat behind Mambrino Girl speeding at 2:30. That would be obviously absurd. Mr. Vanderbilt doesn't exactly want Mambrino Girl himself—he already has so many fast horses—but he hates to see his old friend's favorite go into the hands of a man who will campaign her. In fact would rather take her himself than have that happen. The caller hastens to assure him that he has no intention whatever of campaigning her (nine times out of ten that's a lie; he probably wants to start her in a free-for-all in the spring meeting, to skin the town with her if he can). Mr. Vanderbilt assures the caller of his appreciation of his

intentions not to campaign her, and says he would really like to see Mambrino Girl in the caller's possession.

The caller is tickled by this flattery from a great man. He almost decides to take Mambrino Girl, but not quite; he seems to want to see John alone first. Mr. Vanderbilt scents his desire and goes to attend a conference of railroad magnates—around the corner. Shortly thereafter John and the caller re-enter the carriage to return to the office and arrange matters with the gentleman of imposing presence. In the meantime John has been let into the secret of the caller's desire for Mambrino Girl; incidentally he has also received a fifty-dollar bill to give the caller straight tips on Mambrino Girl. The caller wants a horse to put on the track at home that will make the natives green with envy, and he thinks Mambrino Girl will just fill the bill. John helps him to think so.

They reach the sumptuous offices again, and find the gentleman of imposing presence busy, preparatory to going out. John puts his heels together and ducks his body as he announces that "the gentleman has decided to take the horse, sir."

"Are you sure that horse is going into proper hands, John?" asks "C. K. Harris," pompously. The caller hastens to assure him that he can give the best of references.

"As administrator of this estate, sir, I must see that these horses go into proper hands. I'll drive over and look up these references at once. John, brush my clothes, quick now."

"Don't talk that way to me," growls John, under his breath, whisking vigorously at his "master's" coat, "or I'll hit you over the head with the broom."

By this time the caller is perspiring with anxiety, particularly as John keeps nudging him to pay out his money at once. But the administrator seems bent on discharging his duty to his deceased client faithfully, and off he carries his imposing presence. He slips down to a saloon where he looks up a thing or two which aren't references; then he takes a turn at the free lunch to cover up the fragrance of the thing or two, and goes leisurely back to his sumptuous office, his presence becoming more portly with every step he takes in that direction. "I think you will do, sir," he says to the waiting caller. Then after a little more pompous parley the caller gets a chance to plank down his money. He is now happy. There is just one thing more; he wants a pedigree of Mambrino Girl. "Oh, yes, of course," says the administrator, who is taking out his check book again to continue his important occupation of filling in figures, "John, where are those pedigrees?"

"Yes, sir, they're down at the factory, sir."

"Get them as soon as they are ready and mail one to the gentleman."

"Yes, sir; all right, sir."

The caller's happiness is now complete, and he goes off to take his departure with his prize. In his pocket is a receipt for his money which reads so assuringly that he likes to think of it. "Received of John W. Baxter the sum of \$500, being payment in full for one bay mare, Mambrino Girl. Said mare is warranted kind

and true in every respect, and free from all incumbrances. She eats and takes her rest well. The said mare is guaranteed to trot a full mile in 2:30 when in condition and with proper handling. Ten days' trial allowed. If said mare does not prove to be as represented in this instrument money will be refunded. Signed,

"C. K. HARRIS."

Could anything be more fair and reassuring?

Ten to one no sooner are John and the caller beyond the doors of the sumptuous suite in the expensive office building downtown than another sucker calls in regard to the trotter which is to be sold at such a bargain on condition that she be not campaigned. "Buttons" informs the man of imposing presence of the sucker's business. The doors to the splendid inner offices are all open, and the sucker conceives a mighty respect for the dead man whose estate is being administered by the occupant of such a swelldom, for the occupant himself, and for the estate, particularly that portion of it advertised as Mambrino Girl. He also hears the man of imposing presence order Buttons not to admit him (the sucker), that he has a bank directors' meeting to attend, that he can't possibly be bothered by all these people running after Mambrino Girl, and to tell him (the sucker) that he may come later in the day. The sucker departs anxiously. The man of imposing presence takes the trolley to the stockyards, buys a horse for \$50, telephones to John to come and get her "and fix her up," and hurry down to the office. The man of imposing presence then hurries back to the office himself. By and by John comes back also. So does the sucker,

John and the man of imposing presence go through their respective parts again, and with such good effect that the sucker nearly has the buttons pulled off his coat in his anxiety to get out his pocketbook and make a deposit on Mambrino Girl. The second Mambrino Girl is soon sold. That she takes the lung fever over night is no hindrance to the bargain. The sucker wants to see the horse off on the train himself, but the gentleman of imposing presence has thawed out and waves such an idea to the winds. "My men will attend to all that," he says, and carries the sucker off in the swell carriage drawn by the high steppers to show him the postoffice and city hall and other city sights. And when the sucker gets home he fancies that Mambrino Girl's lung fever was contracted on the train.

And so the play goes merrily on. The administrator's sale and the widow, recently bereaved, have many variations. But they all have one trait in common—they are all successful. They are so successful that in many cases the administrator and "my man John" retire, and live in splendor, as well as in respectability, on the profits of innumerable sales of Rosie R's and Mambrino Girls. There is one now living on Prairie Avenue, Chicago, who is married to a society belle. The society belle has not the remotest idea of the nature of her husband's past business, of course.

There was a sucker once who was the chief of police in his own town. He wanted a horse to skin the boys with at the state fair races, and thought he had got a peach from the administrator's sale. He took her to a little town a few miles from home to do a little trim-

ming before showing her. A week after he wrote to the administrator, "She can't trot in 5:30, let alone 2:30. Did you mean thirty minutes when you said she could trot in '30?" He received no reply.

Three months later he was in Chicago. He met the administrator face to face in front of the postoffice.

"Pardon me, isn't your name Harris?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the administrator.

"But didn't you sell me a horse three months ago?"

"No, sir, I never sold a horse in my life."

"Didn't you have an office in the Cheetyoo Building three months ago?"

"No, sir, I never had an office in any building in this city. You're mistaken in your man, sir. Good-day."

"Well, if it wasn't you, you must have a twin brother in the real estate business," persists the chief of police in his own town.

"No, sir, I have no twin brother. The only brother I have is a dwarf and an idiot. He isn't in any business."

"Well then, aren't you a gentleman of imposing presence who sat in a swell office three months ago and helped your man John sell me a horse?"

"No, sir, I'm a small man who wouldn't impose my presence upon such a gentleman as you to help any man's John. Good-day."

"I beg your pardon. Good-day." And the chief of police in his own town sat down on the stone wall, and looked after the vanishing figure of the gentleman of imposing presence with a dazed expression. "I'm a sucker," he whispered to himself, "and if I don't take care some one will find it out."

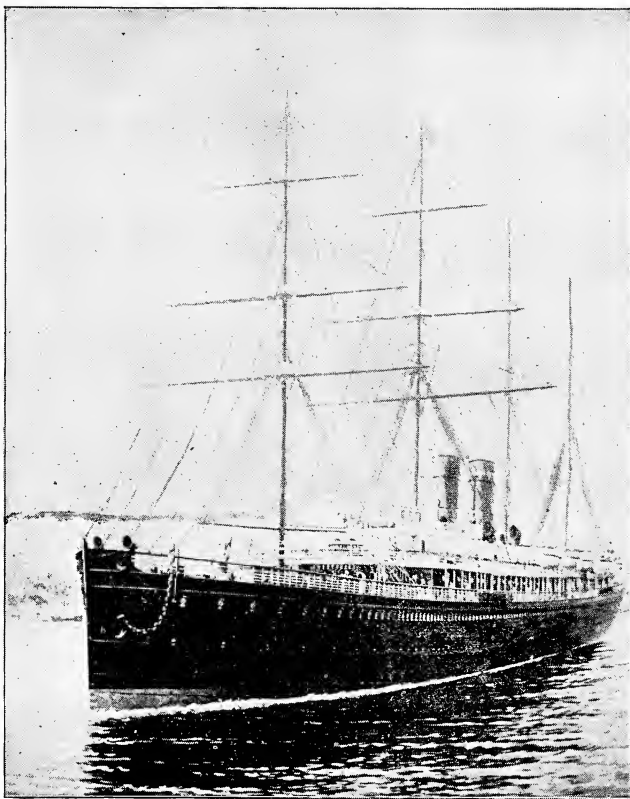
SEA-FARING ON CATTLE BOATS.

IN this day and generation it does not take the public long to find out a good thing, and so the traveling public has discovered that crossing the ocean on a cattle boat is a delight hitherto unknown, and an economy until now despaired of. And that is how it happens that so many cattle boats now carry passengers.

The favorite steamer for this sort of voyage is a cattle boat, belonging to the Wilson Line of steamers, running between New York, London, Liverpool, Gothenburg, Antwerp and Havre.

This cattle boat is a very handsome vessel, and one of the staunchest which ever rode old Neptune's treacherous back. It has elegant accommodations for fifty first class passengers, beside a capacity for 8,000 horses, 1,200 cattle and 3,000 sheep, and also a place for thousands of tons of freight. The freight charges for horses are \$20 per head; cattle, \$8; sheep, \$1. It used to be necessary to hoist these enormous numbers of horses and cattle on board very much as stones are raised by a derrick, but that has been done away with by the Wilson Line, whose cargoes of live stock are now walked up a gang plank just as they would be in being loaded on a train.

The passengers, however, are really the most interesting "live stock" transferred across the water by the up-to-date cattle boats, and James P. Robertson, the



A MODERN CATTLE BOAT, PROPERTY OF THE WILSON LINE.

Chicago agent for the Wilson Line, tells many funny stories of the "innocents abroad" on their vessels. But tales of travel by this mode all have one thing in common—their refrain is the happiness and jolly good-nature of the passengers.

The passengers have all the comforts and many more liberties and resources than the passengers on other steamers. If dancing, music, story-telling, and even lounging grow wearisome, they have a never failing resort in the cattle-hold, and the cry, "Let us call on our fellow-travelers, the steers, in the 'steerage,'" rises when ennui threatens. And, between you and me and the fencepost, the ladies are always ready to visit the "steerage," for the captain always tells them—each lady in confidence, of course—of the celebrated beauty, but rather notorious countess, who had a cow stable built near her palace that she might spend at least an hour a day there, for the countess knew all the secrets of beauty, and therefore knew that the sweet odor of the cow's breath is amongst the best of complexion remedies; and indeed, according to history, this countess did thus preserve her beautiful complexion until her death.

Perhaps it is because of this that the ladies are so sorry when the voyage ends, and as the voyage is made in ten days, of course the gentlemen have not tired of it either, and so there is general lamentation when the cattle boat makes her port. And why shouldn't there be, for who that has ever been "rocked in the cradle of the deep" in such a boat will say that it is not simply "great"?



BILLY THE LETTER-CARRIER.

"BILLY," the letter-carrier who has distributed mail through the stockyards district for the past fifteen years, is one of the best known characters of the neighborhood. Striding along with the even step of a mechanical walking man, Billy's familiar figure, shining face, and cheery smile are ever pleasing to look upon and welcomed by all.

Billy has a wide-spreading reputation as a sprinter, having won in several eight day "go-as-you-please" contests, but what has really made him famous is the knowledge of horseflesh and stock market valuations he has acquired during the years he has been around the yards. In the horse market timid buyers seek his advice before deciding upon the qualities of a horse or filly—Billy knows a lot about fillies—and, so valuable is his opinion considered, though he is always tidy and trim in his dress, as is befitting one of Uncle Sam's representatives, poor Billy has great difficulty in keeping

the buttons on his uniform. He is constantly being submitted to buttonholing by those wishing advice or information.

When a dispute arises which cannot be settled, regarding the weight of a hog or a steer, all discussion is deferred till "Billy comes down the line." He will not stop with the mail in charge, but sticking his thumb into the ribs of a steer, instantly pronounces judgment, which is never questioned, "Nine hundred and ninety," or, giving a crippled hog a dig with his toe, "Four hundred and forty, worth two and one-half."

The story is told that, during the great storm of 1882, Billy turned up missing. After the storm blew over he was discovered up in the weighing division of the hog department, half frozen, and when brought to consciousness, the first words he uttered were "four hundred and forty."

Billy, whose real name is William Torruochlen (he is called Billy by everybody, for, while there are a good many jaws broken at the yards they are mostly steers' jaws, and no human is willing to break his in pronouncing a name, not even Billy's), is the essence of a gentleman, strictly attentive to business, prompt in the performance of duty. He is kindly spoken of by all who know him, probably has more friends than any other man connected with the yards, and what Billy does not know about Texas steers and Poland-China hogs isn't worth trying to find out. Beside that, he is big on politics and carries the Twenty-ninth Ward in his vest pocket. Oh my, you should hear one of his political speeches on what he knows about civil service and postal reform!



TRANSIT HOUSE.

THE entire management of this famous hotel is perfect. The rooms are kept scrupulously clean in every particular, and an abundance of the finest linen delights the patrons.

The manager, L. E. Howard, reveals not only a thorough experience in catering, but a knowledge of the intricacies of conducting a hotel which is seldom found in any one person. He has solved the problem of how to give elegant rooms with the very best of meals for \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day.

There is more wealth housed under the roof of the Transit House every night than under that of any other hotel in Chicago. There are more solid (in pocket and body) bachelors making it their home and taking things easy than in any other hotel in the West. In deed, what the once famous Royal Hotel of New Orleans was to the prosperous planter in the early part

of the century, the Transit House is to the wealthy stockman of the West.

Those who have never visited in the neighborhood of this hotel will be agreeably surprised by making it an evening call, when in its extensive corridors and spacious reading-rooms will be found groups of millionaires from San Francisco, Montana and Wyoming, capitalists, cattle kings, stock raisers and well-to-do business men of the city who are lovers of good cheer, of old wine and juicy beef. There is a popular supposition that the best beef raised in this country goes to Europe, but Manager Howard is a connoisseur in the selection of beef and gets his share of that selected for Europe.

The Transit House is reached from downtown by the electric cars and the "alley L," which connect with lines running to all the depots, theaters, the city hall, postoffice and business houses.



A TERROR SUBDUED.

THE BELLE OF THE STOCKYARDS.

SHE is a daughter of Erin first and the child of a father who died for his country second—just as her father would have liked her to be. Like most of the maidens of the Emerald Isle, she has hair as crisp and blue-black as a blackbird's wing, and big blue-gray eyes of that particular mixture which none but an Irish girl has ever dared to wear—sweet, open eyes like a new-born calf's when she happens to be thinking, but deep, dark ponds of roguishness, not to say deviltry, when the boys come her way. She has a broad fore-

head with a few black tendrils just creeping out where the flesh and hair meet, much more worth the eulogy of a poet than that lady's lock Pope has made immortal, heavy black brows and silken fringes over her eyes. The rest of her face is pretty, like the faces of all Irish-American girls—a marvelous skin with a suggestion of freckles when the wind blows, a nose tilting skyward just enough to prove the owner's aspirations, a full-mouth which tempts a man to kiss it while it defies him on pain of being bitten to do it, and there are two rows of snowy ivory behind the lips to fulfill the threat. When you see Kitty—Kitty Malorey her name is, but she is Kitty to everybody and Miss Malorey to nobody but the frequently occurring young gosling who would give his eyes to have her and hasn't anything but his tongue to support his pretensions—well, when you see Kitty walk into the yards of a morning with a step as light as a maverick's and a face as bright as a pink morning-glory, you would not think that her shoulders bear the burden of supporting a dear old mother. Probably Kitty does not think it either, for if you ask her she will tell you that she "lives with her mother," never having realized that her mother lives with her, and she says it in a way which tells you that she doesn't want your interest.

Kitty is employed in the Exchange Building. She has made all the money she ever had in the stock-yards. She gets \$9 per week, working from eight o'clock until six. When she went to work there five years ago as a little miss of fourteen she earned only \$3, but whatever the amount, it has kept Kitty and her

mother in bread and butter and put a roof over them from the day she first drew her wages until the present. She has grown into womanhood at the stockyards, and the man who has not a place for Kitty in his heart, has not himself a place in many hearts at the yards, for the simple reason that he must be unknown there.

Kitty has the courage of a heroine. If occasion presented she would be a Grace Darling, or even a Joan of Arc, minus the visions. In fact she has demonstrated her courage and presence of mind to such good effect as to save a human life. This is how it came about:

One day at the noon hour Kitty stood in the doorway of the Exchange Building. The sunshine was very enticing, and Kitty's thoughts wandered away to green meadows starred with buttercups and daisies and to purling brooks kissing the lips of over-hanging blue-bells. As her mind dwelt upon this rural picture her eyes noted an old acquaintance, Sergeant Moran, literally an arm of the law at the yards, passing down the avenue on his way from the yards after making his rounds. Kitty nodded to the sergeant and he touched his cap to her, and then passed on out of Kitty's sight. One minute later instead of the sergeant her eyes rested on a bull charging down the avenue, his eyes glaring red and angry, his head lowered threateningly. He was evidently a wild bull escaped from a herd, and maddened by pursuit. Kitty's mind grasped the situation in a flash. A few yards away walked the sergeant, obviously lost in thought; behind him came the infuriated bull, the sound of his hoofs muffled by the soft earth. A tragedy was imminent. Would she have time to

prevent it? She sprang inside to a hat rack and snatching a man's scarlet muffler, ran into the street. Twenty yards to the right walked Sergeant Moran, ten yards to the left came the bull. A cry of warning left Kitty's lips as she reached the street, another cry and still another before the sergeant heard and heeded. She waved the scarlet muffler before the on-coming animal's eyes, those eyes that were so terribly near and glared at her so ferociously as they caught sight of the fluttering bit of scarlet. Nearer! Nearer! There was no time for a prayer, but a murmur, "Holy mother, help me," came from her lips as the girl sprang aside with the nimbleness of a toreador, just as the beast lowered his head hardly two feet away. Turn about came the huge head with the red, glaring eyeballs! Another spring away from the lowered horns! Then a clattering of hoofs, a roar of shouts and of shots filled the girl's ears, and before she knew what had happened the bull staggered and fell in the very act of turning upon her again! Kitty staggered and fell, too. She didn't faint, no indeed, but it had all been so sudden, so quick, so awful, that although it was only one minute since she first saw the brute coming, it seemed to her a whole week of horror, when the danger was past, and nerves and muscles collapsed. Policeman Murphy, they told her, had fired the shot which brought down the bull, and as Kitty turned to thank the valiant "limb of the law" for saving her life, Sergeant Moran poured out his gratitude to brave young Kitty for saving his. Policeman Murphy didn't want thanks for merely doing his duty, he said; Kitty didn't deserve any gratitude for

merely doing what any one would have done under the same circumstances, she said, and so the rescued and the rescuers gazed at each other for a moment in confusion. Evidently, as one of the rescuers was also a rescued, she would have to take her own medicine in taking gratitude, or else refrain from thanking her own rescuer. But the difficulty was gotten over with a hearty laugh and a still heartier handclasp, and everything that wasn't said was understood.

Kind hands helped Kitty into the Exchange Building, and words of praise and admiration were heaped upon her at every step. As she stood in the doorway, her trembling yet smiling lips trying to form the words, "Oh, please, don't! It wasn't anything much. Everybody would do the same!" Sergeant Moran cried, "Let's give three cheers and a tiger for Kitty Malorey!" And thereupon the crowd took up the cry, and "Three cheers and a tiger for Kitty Malorey!" rang out upon the mid-day air from a hundred throats.

An hour later Kitty was at her work as usual, the dead bull had been removed, and no one would have known that anything unusual had occurred. Kitty herself was calmest of all, only a little pallor on the usually rosy cheek showing that she had passed through an ordeal which would have tried the nerve of the strongest man.

Of such stuff are heroines made. Blood will tell, and the girl who could risk her life to save that of a fellow creature is worthy of the best lot which falls to woman-kind—a husband who shall combine all the virtues, not omitting riches, and a place in the hearts of all who know her or hear of her bravery.

THE CAN-RUSH.

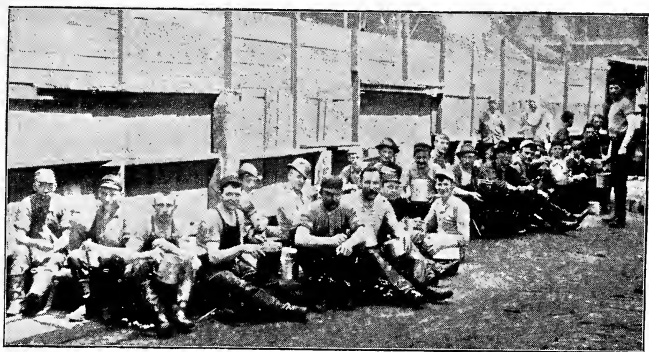
At twelve o'clock that great high noon function, the grand Can-Rush, begins among the packing-house men. Half a minute after the blowing of the whistle an army



THE CAN-RUSHERS COMING.

of men and boys surges through the gates. Every one is on a dead run, every one is breathing hard with the violence of his exertions, every one looks straight ahead with an earnestness which says plainer than words that something more than life or death is at stake. The

problem which confronts each is, how to get his can filled and return to his place in thirty minutes! Having secured the beer, milk, coffee, tea—whatever the “tipple” is each favors most—the men rush out of doors to eat and drink for a few moments. The street, the curb, and the benches, in the sun and in the shade, are lined and filled with men as quickly as they can place themselves. When at last the cans are empty and the food demolished the return march begins, but now at a leisurely walk



THE CAN-RUSHERS "AT WORK."

COMMISSION, FEED CHARGES, DOCKAGE, INSPECTION, ETC.

COMMISSIONS.—Fifty cents per head for cattle of all ages up to \$12 per load. Veal calves in less than car lots not less than 25 cents per head. Double deck cars of calves \$18. Double deck car loads of hogs and sheep \$10. Mixed car loads of stock, 50 cents per head for cattle, 25 cents per head for calves, 10 cents for hogs and sheep up to, but not to exceed, \$12 per car load. Thirty head and over of hogs and sheep arriving at these yards in a single car to constitute a single load, will be charged \$6 per car.

LESS THAN CAR LOAD LOTS.—Fifty cents per head for cattle, 25 cents per head for calves—under thirty head of hogs or sheep 15 cents per head.

INSPECTION.—Hogs are inspected by a hog inspector, for which a charge of 10 cents per car is made; stags are docked 80 pounds per head, piggy sows 40 pounds per head.

FEED CHARGES.—Corn, \$1 per bushel; timothy hay, \$30 per ton; prairie hay, \$20 per ton.

YARDAGE CHARGES.—Cattle, 25 cents per head; calves, 15 cents per head; hogs, 8 cents per head; sheep, 5 cents per head.

DOCKAGE.—Broken-ribbed and bruised cattle are docked \$5 per head, dead hogs, 100 pounds and over, $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per pound, and less than 100 pounds, of no value.

ONE KIND OF STICK-TO-ATIVENESS.

WHILE everybody gets a square deal at the yards, not every man who comes there with something for sale is willing to give one himself.

One excitable man with a faculty for getting the best of his fellow men came to the yards the other day, and may be used as an illustration. This man, beside the failings already noted, was very positive in all his statements, and would stand by every one of them most impartially, whether right or wrong.

He brought with him to the yards a horse, which he thought a remarkable animal, but which he wanted to sell nevertheless. The horse, however, was not nearly so remarkable as his owner. The man expatiated at length upon the physical and mental attributes of the horse, concluding the eulogy by stating that he was seventeen feet high. This statement was, of course, a slip of the tongue, and the commission man to whom the horse was being offered drew his attention to the slip by saying, "You mean seventeen hands high." The correction had to be repeated several times before the man succeeded in comprehending it, and when the difference between feet and hands as applied to measuring horses finally penetrated the ox-like covering of his brain, he had to stop to consider whether he really meant seventeen feet or seventeen hands. At last he asked:

"Did I say seventeen feet?"

"That's what you said."

"Well," he exclaimed conclusively, "then the horse is seventeen feet high!"

DAILY DROVERS' JOURNAL.

UNION STOCKYARDS, CHICAGO, JUNE 11, 1896.

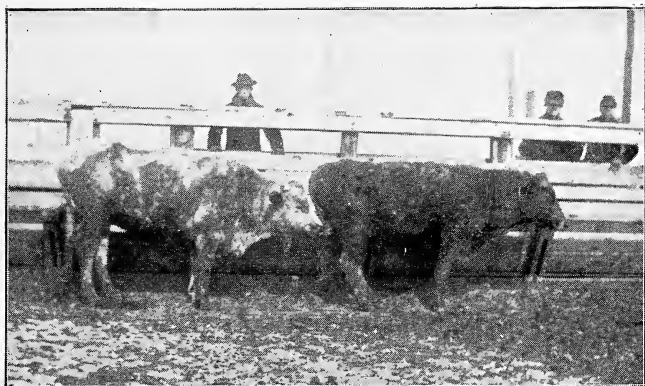
HORSES.

Quotations for horses, Union Stockyards market.

Description.	Poor to Fair.	Good to Choice.
Draft horses.....	\$ 55@ 80	\$110@150
Chunks, 1300@1400 lbs.....	45@ 60	70@100
Streeters	50@ 60	65@ 90
Drivers.....	40@ 70	100@200
General use.....	20@ 40	45@ 60
Carriage teams.....	200@250	300@650
Saddlers.....	30@ 75	125@200
Plugs and rangers.....	4@ 10	15@ 30

HORSE AUCTION.—Although the volume of receipts are light they are practically steady as compared with the run last week, there being 1,289 arrivals and 681 shipments reported up to yesterday's closing, against 1,309 arrivals and 685 shipments for the same period last week. The feature of the trade was the large number of finished heavy drafters on the market that sold around \$150@212.50, the offerings being the choicest reported for some time, numbers considered. The bulk of the drafters were taken by domestic dealers for the eastern markets, and foreign buyers for exportation. The demand for extra quality blocky drafters of 1600 @2000 pounds weight is active, but the receipts are very light of the extra choice kind and individual sales have been made in the auctions during the past three weeks as high as \$225 for the best individual specimens. Plain and medium heavy horses are sluggish at \$75@125. Drivers were in steady request at \$60@185, both on domestic and export orders. The market opened firm with a large attendance of buyers and the general scale of prices was steady on all classes of offerings, a complete clearance being reported.

J. B. JACKSON, Reporter.



THE PEN-HOLDERS.

A CASUAL visitor passing through the yards of an evening would frequently have his attention drawn to the almost deserted pens, occupied only by a few scraggy, long-haired animals, and would wonder greatly if this was the best the great stock market could do in the way of provender. Such at least were the thoughts of one passer-by at sight of these forlorn beasts, which look more like the ghosts of the sleek, fat droves he expected to see than anything else.

"What are these?" was his wondering query of a boy, a denizen of the yards, standing near. "What are they going to do with these?" he added.

"Do?" answered the boy, "why, nothin'. Them's pen-holders."

"Pen-holders," said the wayfarer, still unenlightened, "and pray, what are pen-holders?"

But upon further information it becomes evident that this peculiar name exactly describes the office of these weary-looking creatures. It is an unwritten canon of the

yards, that though the pens are open to all, no dealer shall take any that is not entirely empty; and two animals left over night in a pen suffice to hold it for use on the morrow; hence the mission of the "pen-holders," and the patient beasts who fill that position stay in the pen day and night, winter and summer, exposed to all weathers, cold, warm, dry, wet, still or breezy—and they show it! Shaggy coated, patient eyed, accustomed to "take things as they come," and wearing an air of stoical indifference, their lot in life is laid out for them, and followed without question. They serve their purpose well, and "hold the fort" as effectually as would a loaded cannon planted there.

It would be a breach of business etiquette which no commission man would think of committing to remove the animals or take a pen occupied by them, so the pen-holder "goes on forever," or until death removes him, when his place is promptly filled by a new recruit.

CHAMPION BEEF DRESSER OF THE WORLD.

Time, four minutes and five seconds.

“Challenge: I, the undersigned, challenge any man to a beef dressing contest, for a stake of \$5,000, the contest to be governed by the American rules governing beef dressing contests.

MIKE F. MULLINS.”

THE above is the standing challenge which Mike F. Mullins holds out to any and every professional beef dresser in the world. Mike Mullins, beef dresser for George F. Swift & Co., has been the hero and winner in many a beef dressing contest, in all of which some of the best beef dressers in the United States have been his competitors.

A beef dressing contest is as interesting, and much more unique, than a contest of fists, or any other contest in which the odds are large. Besides this, it is governed by rules as strict as any which ever regulated a fistic meeting of Corbett, John L., or any of their ilk.



MIKE READY FOR A CONTEST.

These rules, called the American rules governing beef dressing contests, read: First—there shall be three judges, who shall be considered fair-minded and honorable men, and thoroughly acquainted with the butcher business. Second—cattle should weigh no less than 1400 pounds. Third—contestants will be allowed twenty-five minutes to dress the bullock; judges to call time when bullock is drawn up, front feet off and right hind leg broken; dresser to call time when finished. After dresser has called time he will not be allowed near the carcass or hide until judges have made their inspection, when, by having everything perfect, dresser will be credited 100 points in time of twenty-five minutes, points to be considered as follows: First—fifteen points for opening, reining and siding bullock; second—five points for legging; third—fifteen points for rumping and backing; fourth—fifteen points for splitting; fifth—ten points for clearing shank and dropping hide; sixth—twenty points for time; seventh—ten points for general neatness; eighth—ten points for the condition of the hide; these constituting the 100 points to credit. The followings points will be deducted for the following defects: twenty points off for every minute over the allotted twenty in his favor for every minute less.

Mr. Mullins' first contest took place in the Exposition Building, Chicago, August 22, 1883, there being eight contestants for prizes. The first prize was a gold medal and was won by Mr. Mullins. At that time the contests were a go-as-you-please competition, a mode which was discontinued shortly afterward, giving place

to the above rules. Since then Mr. Mullins has figured in many contests, always coming out victor, his last being at the World's Fair, where he clinched his reputation as the champion dresser of the world.

To see Mullins dress a beef is a sight which even a layman would enjoy. His right hand with its gleaming knife glances like a streak of white lightning from the animal's head to his tail, performing quick maneuvers which result in the bullock, freshly killed, being transformed into dressed beef in the twinkling of an eye.

This lightning rapidity is the result of natural aptitude, and long years of practice, for Mr. Mullins became a butcher at the age of eighteen. His first "job" was with Swift & Co. of this city, with whom he has been ever since.

Mike Mullins is big in body and in heart, the former measuring six feet one inch, and weighing 195 pounds, and the latter having a place in it for every unfortunate fellow man whom he meets. He is always open to, and in good condition for, a contest. There is probably no man at the yards more popular than genial Mike Mullins.



JACK AND PETY WRESTLING.

JACK, PETY AND PADDY.

PROMINENTLY connected with the Underwriters' Fire Patrol wagon, number four, which has headquarters at the yards, is Jack Campaign. Jack is the proud owner of an enormous brown grizzly bear of mild and serene temper, called Pety, and a very diminutive but cheerful member of the hog family, known as Paddy.

The way Jack came to have Paddy is a pathetic story, but put in a nutshell is simply that Paddy came into the world one cold January night last year with a lit-

ter of little brothers and sisters. Their mother must have been of the most aggravated and extravagant type of the new female, for she deserted her babies as soon as they were born. And so when morning came the white souls of all the little piggies except Paddy's had gone to paradise, where no doubt they are now frisking about with the downiest of angel wings. Jack Campaign happened into the hog pen in the early morning just in time to save Paddy from being trodden to death by a great hog of the masculine gender, but not soon enough to save him from injuries which crippled him for life. In fact, while Paddy is over a year old and quite strong, he weighs only five pounds, and most of that weight comes from his head, which is fully as large as his body.

Pety and Paddy both make their home in the engine house, where Jack spends most of his time. And what glorious times they do have! Pety and Paddy, although belonging to such totally different branches of the animal kingdom, are nevertheless the best of friends, and frolic together like two kittens—or as nearly like kittens as bruin and piggy can come. Upon the whole Jack the man, Pety the bear and Paddy the pig constitute as happy, affectionate and frolicsome a family as can be found. They each have a number of accomplishments which they can exhibit for their own and any chance spectator's edification. Pety can dance, perhaps not with so sylphlike a movement as Loie Fuller, but nevertheless very gracefully—for a bear—he can wrestle like a John L., turn a somersault with the ease of an acrobat, slide down the “post” as well as an ex-

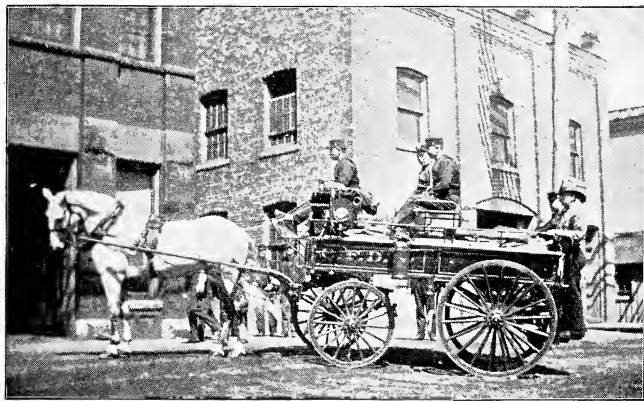
pert fireman, and play soldier as well as Emperor William. Paddy is an important member of the fire brigade, as far as he goes, but alas! he does not go far, for the poor little fellow is so sadly crippled that a run of a few yards with the flying patrol quite exhausts him, and he returns to the engine room. But Paddy, like all philosophical beings, is very cheerful in spite of his deficiency, and occupies himself in greeting visitors with a series of most cordial and pleasant grunts; in fact he is a permanent reception committee, always coming forward to meet callers, his whole little body wiggling, and his brown eyes twinkling a genial welcome. Jack's accomplishments—well, Jack's accomplishments may best be enumerated by those which are not rather than by those which are in the list, for he is an all-round entertainer.

This trio of happy souls came very near being the cause of a frightful tragedy. It happened this way.

One day Pety went over to the slaughter house at noon to dance for the butchers. In the middle of the performance a butcher, all dripping with red gore, came in to join the lunchers. Pety had never seen blood before, and, like Helen's Toddy, it excited him excessively. He looked at the butcher, deliberately stopped in the middle of his most taking figure, and went up to the gory man to sniff. Pety had never before exhibited any of the disagreeable traits of his race, but on this occasion he rose up and clasped the bloody butcher in such an extravagantly close embrace that the man cried out in alarm. For a second the place was in an uproar of excitement. Then Jack appeared, just in the

nick of time to spare the man some broken ribs, for Pety always obeys Jack's voice "instanter," and "came off" at once.

Pety should not be blamed too much for this display of his race's ferocity, for at best a man dripping with blood is an alarming object, and no doubt Pety imagined that the man had come to execute his (Pety's) friends as he had already executed numberless steers. At any rate he should be given the benefit of the doubt, for that is what Jack and Paddy think about it, and they ought to know.



A FALSE ALARM.

THE STOCKYARDS SCRIBES.

THE heart of the live stock industry of the world is the Union Stockyards, and, of course, to transmit its throbs as pulse-beats to the rest of the world requires



J. R. DALEY.



J. B. JACKSON.

the presence of the omnipresent reporter. There are two of these quilldrivers, and through their good offices the world is informed of the doings at the yards. They are John R. Daley and J. B. Jackson, whose respective papers are the Chicago Evening Journal and the Drovers' Journal, beside which they furnish correspondence for outside newspapers.

Both of these men have been at the stockyards in the

capacity of live stock reporters for thirty years, and both are judges par excellence of live stock. In fact, they can give old stock dealers pointers on the business; and what they do not know about the market no one knows. They are now what the new generation calls "old" men, and are both as popular as pencil-pushers usually are—for who ever met a set of more boon companions than the "newsmen"? They know everybody and everybody knows them. They have noses for news sharper than a terrier's for rats, and can smell a deal before the dealers know the terms.

While they are in a sense competitors, they are the best of friends and "scoop" each other good-naturedly. In short, it would be a sad day for the yards should either of them change their "berth," so here's to them both, and long may they live to push the pencil.

GUS THE HAM TESTER.

Not the least important function among the packers, and one which must be in the hands of one who has the "know how," is that of testing the hams to grade them for the market. There are three of these grades, No. 1



GUS TESTING HAMS.

being, of course, the sweetest and choicest and bringing the highest prices; No. 2, somewhat inferior and sold for less money; and No. 3, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and sometimes includes specimens which, as Gus says, should be called 33. When asked what becomes of the 33, he said they are sent to South Chicago, where they are esteemed as a great delicacy in

The meat canning and preserving establishment of Libby, McNeil & Libby is the largest in the country. All kinds of meat are canned and preserved by them and shipped to every part of the world. Their canning factory and tin shop are among the most interesting sights of the stockyards. Some idea of the magnitude of their plant may be gained from the knowledge that two car loads of tin and 4,000 pounds of solder are used daily in the manufacture of the tins used on their canned products. A remarkable machine in the tin shop, and the only one in existence, solders the top and bottom on 35,000 rectangular shaped cans per day, as they pass through it in a continuous stream. It is the invention of Mr. Charles H. Emery, General Superintendent for Libby, McNeil & Libby, to whom he sold the patent rights on the machine.



MIXING BUTTERINE.

MANUFACTURE OF BUTTERINE.

PREJUDICE against butterine exists only in the minds of the uninformed. Butterine is even supposed by squeamish individuals to be somehow nasty, although if questioned as to their reason for this supposition they are put to it for an answer. As a matter of fact, this prejudice is one of those popular superstitions which live on ignorance, the miasma of intellectual swamps.

Analyze butterine by the nicest chemical tests and you find in it only the purest and most nutritious elements; examine its manufacture and the neatest housewife would delight in places and processes so immaculate. There is no secret connected with the manufacture of butterine. Every factory in the Union Stockyards is wide open for public inspection, and indeed, so far above public expectation is the management of the factories that it is entirely to their interest to help

the public to examine into their methods. With that self-interest in view which actuates every one, guides are furnished visitors in their tours of inspection

Government officials superintend the manufacture of the butterine at these factories and thus its purity, wholesomeness and correct weight are assured. Butterine, as turned out by the Chicago factories, is composed



PACKING BUTTERINE.

of butter, butter oil, neutral lard and oleo oil. The butter ingredient is Elgin creamery butter, and butter made at the factory from Jersey cream; the butter oil, which is used in small quantities to soften the texture of the butterine is a pure and nutritious vegetable oil made by pressing the oil from the American cotton seed; neutral lard is a pure, chilled leaf lard, rendered at a low temperature and then left in a cold bath for forty-eight hours to remove all its flavor; while oleo oil is a product of the choicest beef fat, chilled in ice

water and melted, and from this is extracted a soluble oil from which every particle of stearine is removed. Oleo oil is the only beef product used in butterine. All of these ingredients, with the addition of salt, are carefully churned and worked together, the result being one of the most wholesome food products on the market, and sold under its own nomenclature is as legitimate a product as butter.

Butterine is generally spoken of as a substitute for and competitor of butter, but why it should be more so than pumpkin pie is a substitute for and competitor of apple pie is not apparent. It does not appear to have injured the butter market. What it actually has done to a large extent, and, it is to be hoped, will eventually do entirely, is to drive bad butter out of the market. Why should a poor man eat bad butter when he can get good butterine at a lower price, which is also an economy in quantity of one-third when used in cooking.

There was a time in the history of butterine when it was possible to sell it for genuine butter, and because this was frequently done the public conceived the idea that butterine, or oleomargarine as it was then popularly called, would not sell on its own merits. The public was mistaken. No better legislation for the manufacture of butterine could have been enacted than that which prohibited the sale of oleomargarine under the name of butter. The manufacturer had an article of which he had no reason to be ashamed, and the noise of special legislation against his product served to advertise its merits, to his great advantage. Indeed, so far has the prejudice against butterine been overcome since then, that at

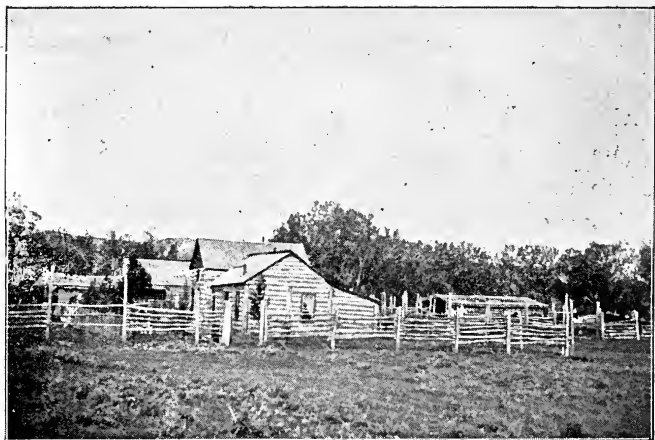
a recent state fair at Mansfield, Ohio, butterine contested with Jersey butter for the blue ribbon, and won.

Although butterine is the name generally used to designate this product, it is possible that in the near future oleomargarine will be the name seen on the packages of butterine, it having been recently urged by the opponents of butterine, and agreed to by the government, that butterine is a name calculated to deceive the public into taking it for a product of the dairy,



WEIGHING BUTTERINE.

especially as a cow is frequently used as a trademark. This will in no wise injure the butterine trade, however, for the words oleomargarine and butterine have long been accepted as synonymous by the general public, thanks to the extensive advertising afforded by adverse legislation. So the only result will be to banish the euphonious word butterine from the language, and give the gentle Jersey a chance to withdraw from lending her countenance to a product for which she is in no wise responsible.



A RANCHMAN'S HOME.

CATTLE RANCHES AND RANGING.

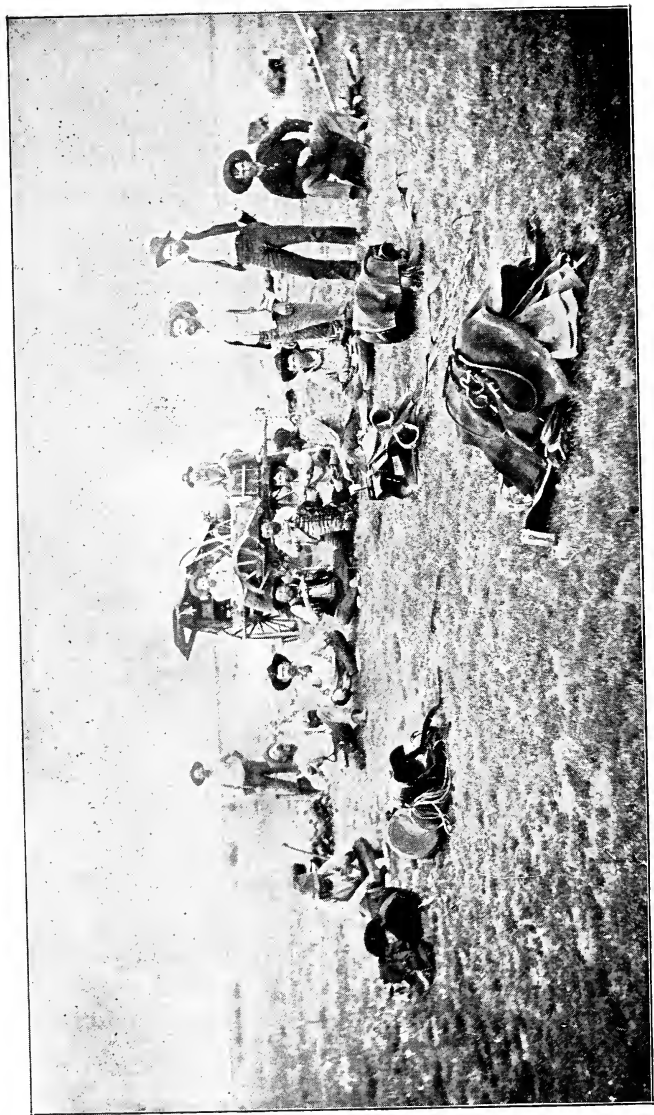
OF all the various businesses with which the Union Stockyards are connected, none are more interesting or picturesque than that of cattle raising on the western plains. The ranch is the cradle for the stockyards, as it were, the nursery where the calf is fattened for slaughter.

The ranch as an institution is practically the same whether found in Texas, Montana, or the intermediate states. Texas is, of course, the birthplace—if the expression may be allowed—of the ranch. From that state the business spread to nearly all the western states, until, during the early eighties, nearly the entire West was simply a great cow pasture. Now, however, there are only a dozen or so of states in which the ranch has a place, prominent among which are Texas, New Mex-

ico, Arizona, Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas, Indian Territory, Washington, Colorado, Idaho and Oregon.

One of the great factors in the cattle trade is the great amount of western cattle, "rangers," as they are called in stockyards phraseology, which come to market during the months of August, September, October and November. During these months the northwestern states furnish the greater amount of beef cattle. These cattle are bred mostly in the southern states and territories—Texas, Indian Territory and Arizona furnishing the bulk of them. The cattle are driven North when they are two-year-olds and allowed to run on government lands for two years. The change of climate and the sweet grass of the North increases their size and quality. Western rangers are now furnishing to the Chicago market during the fall most of the beef and export cattle used here. Seventy-five per cent of all the range cattle come to the Union Stockyards. Some idea of the close relations existing between the stockyards and the ranch may be formed when it is said that nearly \$15,000,000 are advanced in a year by the live stock commissioners at Chicago on the growing crop of fall steers, yearlings, etc., which are running wild and getting fat in unconscious anticipation of bringing good prices and paying off their owners' debt. This is a mild form of the great mortgage evil which enveloped the planters of the South before the war, whose cotton crops were mortgaged to their full value every year before the crop was ripe.

However, the conditions existing at the present time in the cattle business are favorable for a boom.



A HUNGRY LOT. THE "MESS WAGON."

The last government live stock report gives the number of cattle, not including milk cows, in this country in January as 32,085,000. This is the smallest number known since 1880, being 2,279,000 head less than last year.

The following will give an idea of the number of cattle now in some of the principal range and agricultural states of the West: Texas, 5,518,644; Iowa, 2,336,973; Kansas, 1,766,245; Missouri, 1,686,990; Illinois, 1,430,976; Montana, 1,153,537; Nebraska, 162,469; Wyoming, 751,849; Colorado, 926,960; South Dakota, 399,814; North Dakota, 255,509. These numbers do not include dairy cattle.

All those now in the cattle business will remember the sudden rise in the price of cattle in the spring of 1880. During the winter of that year Texas yearlings were contracted for at \$8 and \$9 per head, while the following spring they found a ready sale for \$13 and \$14 at Dodge City. Between that time and 1886 there was an enormous boom in range cattle, English capitalists in particular investing heavily in western interests. The capitalists and country were new to each other, while ranging cattle was as new an experience to the Englishmen as breeding horses would be to the Eskimos. The result was inevitable; many of them returned to their own country little more than paupers in purse, but with a large reserve fund of experience upon which their sons have since drawn to advantage.

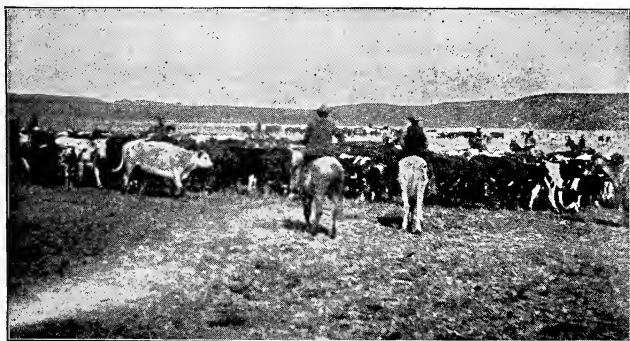
Since then the cattle business has dropped back onto the skillful, experienced American, where it properly be-



A ROUND-UP OF HORSES

longs, and from whom the foreigners purchased it. There is now, as then, plenty of idle capital, particularly in Europe, to invest in the now well understood enterprise of raising cattle, and experience will make the profits sure and lessen the risks.

At that time beef cattle were not bringing any better prices than now, when the average prices for good steers is \$36 per head. The country was then, as now, recovering from a terrible financial panic, and the restoration of confidence ushered in an era of almost reckless in-

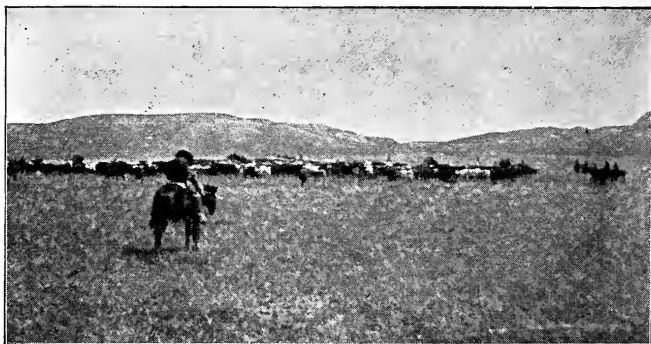


A ROUND-UP.

vestment of money. Many a lesson will the failures of that time furnish the investors of the near future.

One of the sources of loss to the cattlemen of the past and present is being somewhat abated, though by no means as rapidly or effectually as might be expected. This is the loss from the ravages of Indians, wolves and coyotes. These three pests are harder on cattle than the hardest Montana winter. There is actually no

defense against Indians, for they scout almost all over the country, and swooping down on the unprotected cattle, kill the choicest and carry off the loins, leaving the remainder of the carcass for the buzzards. Sometimes eighty or a hundred head of cattle have been found slaughtered at one time in this way. The ranchman has no means of redress, and simply endures what he cannot cure. Against the wolves, however, he may fight and vent his irritation. Not that it does much good,



NIGHT HERDING.

for the wolf seems proof against poison and is not found napping often enough to make it easy to pick him off with bullets. The favorite way now is to put out a carcass and then patiently wait for darkness to bring the wolves to devour it. The gleam of their eyes makes good targets and the cowboys amuse themselves in shooting the hungry beasts. There is also a bounty offered by each state of \$3 for every wolf scalp, and this reward is a better incentive than any other to the range rider to keep a bul-

let always ready for the pestiferous beast. Many of the range riders also keep packs of greyhounds and stag-hounds with which to destroy them. Indeed, riding the range with hounds is as effectual as any method yet tried for the extermination of the wolves, and many a calf and colt that would otherwise meet an early death by coyotes, and cow and horse that might suffer an abbreviated career by timber wolves, will thus be spared to the owner's profit.

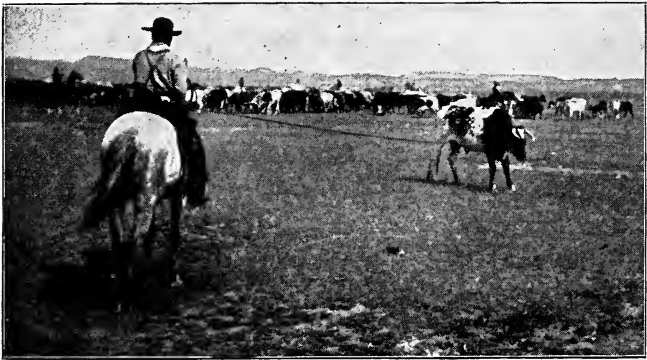


CUTTING OUT.

A point of advantage which the cattlemen of the present have over those of the past is in the breed of cattle raised. The old fashioned, long horned Texas steers are becoming extinct by inbreeding with Shorthorns, Herefords, Durhams and Polled Angus. In fact, as good specimens of these breeds as can be seen anywhere are now being shipped from the southwestern states to Chicago. The quality of the cattle raised throughout the West is being raised, and this is an advantage in

that these well-bred animals dress far more than the old style common ones.

Another point of immunity from loss now enjoyed by cattlemen is found in the inspection of brands at the markets. The time was when the theft, or "rustling," as it was called, of hundreds of heads of cattle, formed a serious loss to the owners, while bringing small fortunes each year to the thieves, who could ship the stolen cattle to any market with impunity. Now



ROPING.

the presence of inspectors appointed by the state boards of stock commissioners at the different markets renders such thefts practically impossible. The inspectors at the Union Stockyards handle the business in a manner which is nearly perfect. Some idea of the magnitude of the business may be gained when it is said that Chief Inspector J. H. Landers for Montana at the Union Stockyards has received and disbursed hun-

dreds of thousands of dollars from the sale of stolen and strayed cattle on the eastern markets. A large proportion of this money has gone to the owners of a few head of cattle whose cattle got mixed up with a big outfit and were sent to market without the owners' knowledge. But the inspectors caught them, and, if the owner had his brand registered, he received his



LOOKING FOR A BRAND.

money almost as soon as if he had shipped the cattle himself. Of the money received for estrays but a small proportion has been turned into the state, and even where it has, if a man can prove by the records that money belonging to him from the sale of one stray steer has gone into the treasury, it is never too late for him to recover it.

Mr. Landers is judge, jury and law on this subject

at the Union Stockyards, Chicago, and the qualifications required to fill the position are such as have not been bestowed upon every one. The work of tracing brands alone will be seen to be no small task when it is known that Montana alone has 15,000 different brands.

Until the present time Texas has had almost a mo-



AN OBSTINATE ONE.

nopoly of the business of furnishing cattlemen of other states with the young steers with which to re-stock their ranches. It is now evident that Texas alone cannot supply this demand in the future, and it is probable that Arizona, Washington and Idaho combined will soon equal Texas, as she now ranks, as a source for this supply.

With this change and with the comparatively recent

introduction of the railroad into the West, one of the most picturesque features of cattle ranging has been abandoned. That was the existence of the "great trail" to the North, over which thousands of cattle might be seen every year slowly grazing their way northward. There was a time, not so long ago, when to bring cattle



BRANDING.

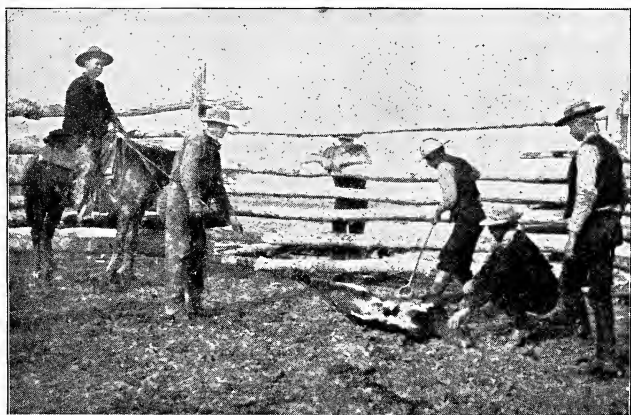
North in this manner was a lucrative business by itself. But that time is past, for the steel trail now answers all the purposes at less cost.

Ogalalla was, for a long time, the delivery station of these herds from the South, and there the attendant cowboys from Texas relinquished their charge, which was at once assumed by the boys of the North and West. But the "van of empire" westward took its

way, and with it came the men of brawn who pre-empted the site of the great highway between North and South and transformed it into fields of golden grain. The trail was moved west, farther west and westward again, the plowshare obliterating it each time, until one day a snorting steam monster sped across the plains, drawing behind it a serpentine line of cars filled with cattle. Thenceforth the "great trail" was only a memory to cattlemen, and, possibly, a regret to the cattle who were transferred in the uncomfortable modern way, so harrowing that the ghosts of their ancestors must have stampeded from the place. The old Chisholm trail and Furkey track are places of the past, and the stormy adventures of early pioneer days associated with them are mere seldom recalled memories.

From those early days date the cowboys. The cowboy has been described as a man attached to a pair of gigantic spurs, a being who is a hybrid of man and horse, a sort of inferior Centaur, in fact. The duty of the cowboys requires them to be nearly always in the saddle. Twice a year occur the great occasions of their most arduous labors, the grand round-up. Then the cowboy is seen in all the glory of complete accouterments and active accomplishments. The round-up is the technical term for the great semi-annual cattle branding. The preliminary step toward the round-up is for all the cowboys of each ranch to round up their loose ponies, of which each cowboy has from six to ten, and get them in order "for the fray." Each having selected the pony which he desires to ride, the remainder are turned over for safe keeping to a gentleman known as

the "horse wrangler." It is the duty of the horse wrangler to keep the ponies together in the vicinity of the mess wagon, ready for the cowboys' use. Mess wagon and wrangler then start for the prospective scene of the round-up, while the cowboys ride out to a circle of fifty miles in diameter. Whatever happens to be within this radius at the time is rounded up—that is, driven to the



BRANDING CALVES.

center. It may be late at night before the cattle are quietly grazing on the plains about the mess wagon, and the hungry cowboys are squatted down about the fire greedily devouring their broiled beef and drinking their hot coffee. The beef, by the way, is obtained by shooting the first fat bullock which captures the cowboys' eyes, a liberty which is accorded them without question by the owners.

During the night the cattle are guarded carefully,

four shifts of cowboys taking turns in this nocturnal watch. At night there is always danger of a stampede, the breaking of a twig, a saddled pony shaking himself, a rabbit running by in the moonlight, or a clap of thunder during a storm being all that is needed to start the cattle to their feet and send them galloping wildly across the prairies. Then there is only one thing to do; the cattle must be "milled" until tired out. Several of the speediest riders head off the leaders of the stampede, turning them until the whole great herd is galloping in a circle, which is constantly narrowed until the cattle are tired out and stop in a bunch. This is the method to which the cowboys have given the expressive name of milling. To prevent a stampede at night the cowboys on guard usually sing and whistle, thus making noise enough to rob a sudden sound of the grewsomeness which darkness always gives it, even to the human ear.

The morning after the round-up the work begins of "cutting out" the calves to be branded. Each cowboy selects a maverick, and riding into the herd "cuts him out," lassos him and turns him over to the brander, who inflicts momentary torture on the animal with his hot iron. It may be explained in passing that maverick was once a proper noun. It was the name of an old Dutch ranchman who had a standing aversion, arising either from negligence or principle, to branding his stock. And so the cowboys came to call all cattle without a brand "mavericks."

This is supposed to be a spring round-up, occurring about the first of March. Six months later a fall, or

"beef round-up," takes place, when the calves missed in the spring are branded. The cattle intended for shipment are then cut out, and put on the trail leading to the nearest shipping point, being driven along at the slow rate of ten miles a day and allowed to graze by the way, thus arriving at the shipping station fat and in good condition. When the cattle are on board the train



COON-CAN—A HORSE APIECE.

the cowboys are paid off. Some of the old hands are kept on the pay roll, while the others must "rustle for themselves" until next spring—that is, "sweat out," work for their board or "go visiting," riding the "chuck line."

Cowboys are not the hard characters they are generally supposed to be. Many of them save their money and

soon have ranches of their own or in partnership. Others, however, make for the nearest town and throw their money away on "rot-gut" whisky, sold at a high price, staying in town until their season's earnings are dissipated in dissipation. Card playing, particularly the game of "coon-can," and stag dances are the principal amusements of the cowboys. There are always



COON-CAN—TWO HORSES.

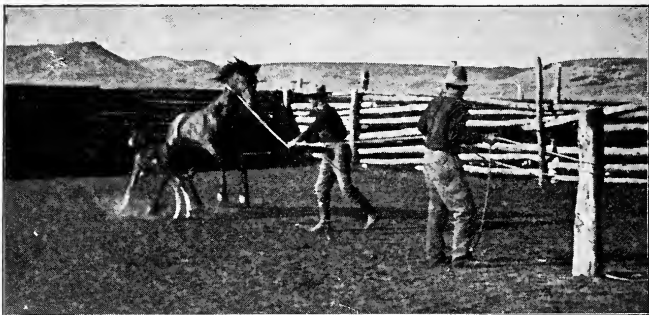
some among them who can sing, or own and thrum on some instrument, and these accomplished individuals are in great demand. Frequently, in the old days, there was a liberal sprinkling of penniless "younger sons" of aristocratic old European families, but, sad to relate, their fast habits counterbalanced any good effects which their higher education might have had

on the rough-and-tumble, quick tempered, big hearted sons of the wild and woolly West.

But the spurred and sombreroed cowboy will soon be only a stirring memory of the past, going the way of the "great trail." For civilization and the granger are moving West, and soon there will be no ranges to ride, the great wild plains becoming pastures enclosed by wire fences, and the daring range riders becoming civilized, heavy footed, bewhiskered farmers, or, to save themselves from such a fate, attaching themselves to the only Wild West which will soon remain—Buffalo Bill's.



A TYPICAL COWBOY.



RANGE HORSES:

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

RAISING horses on the western plains is, if possible, an even more interesting industry than that of raising cattle.

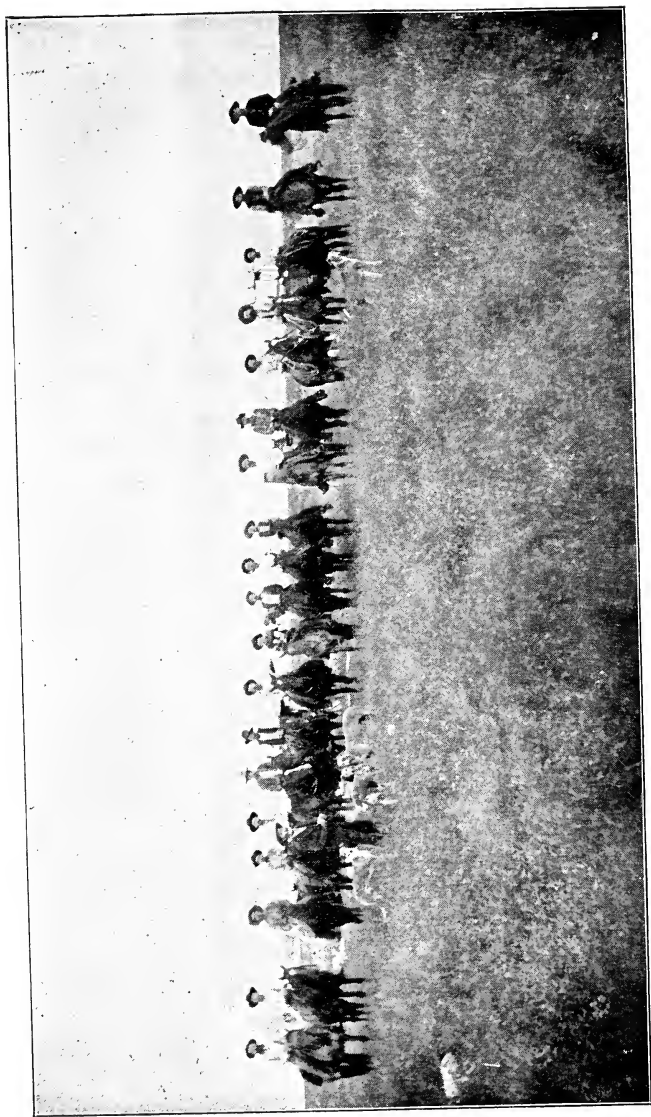
The first range horse was the bronco, as the Mexicans call their little wild horses. The name has become so indissolubly attached, in the American mind, with a fractious untamed horse from the West, that bronco is now to most people merely another name for an equine incorrigible, just as arab is now a synonym for a little vagrant of the streets.

A few years ago these little Mexican and Texan ponies, or broncos, could be had for a mere song, and consequently they were purchased by the thousands and let loose to roam the western ranges. The ranchmen paid no attention to quality in breeding. The one consideration which occupied their minds was that of quantity; if the ponies multiplied rapidly they were satisfied. As a result there were shipped to market, lots of wretched, inbred little brutes called horses, animals

which were unbroken (not to say unbreakable), unruly, fit for neither harness nor saddle, and hardly worth the cost of shipping.

During the last five or six years, however, strenuous efforts have been made to cull out these scrubs and introduce better blood. In fact, the Mexican bronco is following the Texas steer to extinction by inbreeding with better stock.

J. S. Cooper, of the Chicago horse market, who has had as much experience with western horses as any man living, says that the time has come when range horses with a light brand (the brand which is burned in deeply being a disfigurement) will sell to better advantage than ever before. During the last six years the ranches have, generally, become the property of experienced ranchmen, to whom all breeds of horses and the wants of the country in that line are thoroughly familiar, and who by judicious breeding to first-class draft, carriage and hackney stallions, have produced stock which will compare favorably with horses raised anywhere in the middle West. The great trouble in the past was that the ranchmen shipped in such wild horses by the carloads, that they had to be sold in carload lots, unhaltered. A great deal of money was lost in this way. The coming range consignments will be thoroughly worked animals, broken to harness, and fit for any purpose. The common horse of eastern production is now less durable for working purposes than the ranch horse, the latter having better feet and greater endurance than the former, although heretofore the range horses shipped East were so small and nervous that breaking



READY FOR BUSINESS.

them to harness usually broke their hearts. But the revolution—or should we say evolution?—of the range horse is now as complete as the change in range cattle. They have been graded up to such a fine point that the days of the bronco are over forever on most of the great ranches.

Mr. Cooper's advice to ranchmen is to "go on and breed, paying particular attention to the draft horses, which are selling for as much now as five or six years ago; also avoid a large brand, as a glaring brand on a horse is as bad in its way as the brand of Cain on a man." Mr. Cooper is himself a large breeder, and has great faith in the future of the breeding industry, the bicycle to the contrary notwithstanding.

The range horse is a creature of beauty on his native heath, wild, strong and fleet as the prairie winds. Horses do not herd as cattle do, by the hundreds and thousands, but in groups of from twenty-five to forty. At the head of each group is a stallion, the lord of the family, the king of his harem of mares. Standing upon a distant eminence and locking down upon the great plains, it is a pretty sight to see the hundreds of small herds quietly grazing near each other but never by any chance mingling. On the outside of each little herd grazes the great stallion who is the pater familias, his watchful eye and keen scent quick to detect the approach of danger. At the first approach of an enemy every stallion, by some secret communication with his herd, gallops across the plains, followed by his family, which trusts to his guidance and protection with filial confidence. Frequently, when the herds are grazing

quietly, a wily stallion will try to recruit his own herd by "cutting out" a filly or young horse from some other herd. The stallion of the robbed herd never allows such depredations without at least an attempt to recover the stolen member of his family, and pursues the thief and his prey into the very heart of the enemy's camp. Sometimes he is so successful that he not only brings back the victim, but cuts out a filly belonging to the enemy. It is the story of the Sabine women acted over again, with a little just retaliation added. Indeed, any skeptic of equine intelligence has but to spend a day on the plains, and he will not only be convinced but amazed at the horse's sagacity. In fact, to sit on a hill-top and watch the maneuvers of these wild horses of the plains is a far more thrilling sight than to view the tricks of the best string of circus horses that ever danced to music

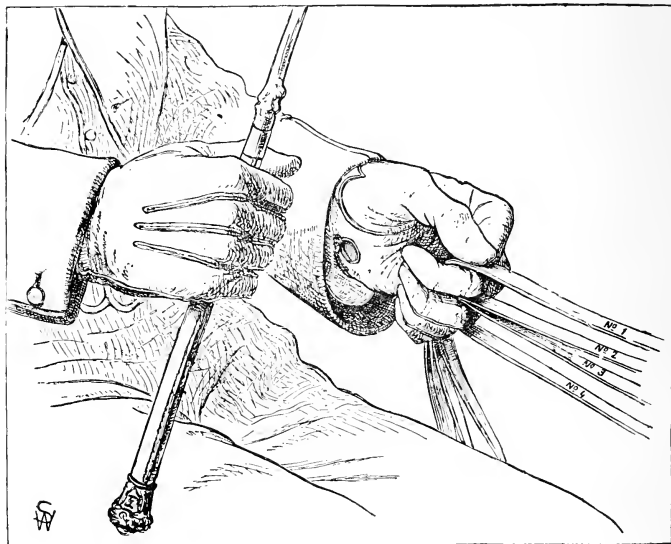


IN COACH AND SADDLE.

ONE of the most rational fashions of the day is expert driving and riding. There are very few ladies or gentlemen of the present generation who do not understand, or at least attempt to understand, the skillful handling of the reins. And there can be no more reasonable and healthful recreation.

It is not every one who understands instinctively how to drive well, nor can every one sit his horse like a centaur. Correct teaching, however, will go far toward accomplishing those results; without it they will be as impossible as astronomy without mathematics. It is the object of this article to provide the amateur driver and rider with a few simple rules by the application and practice of which he may lay the foundation for the much admired skill. First, let us talk about the four-in-hand, the revival of interest in which promises to be a long-lived fad, as popular as it deserves to be.

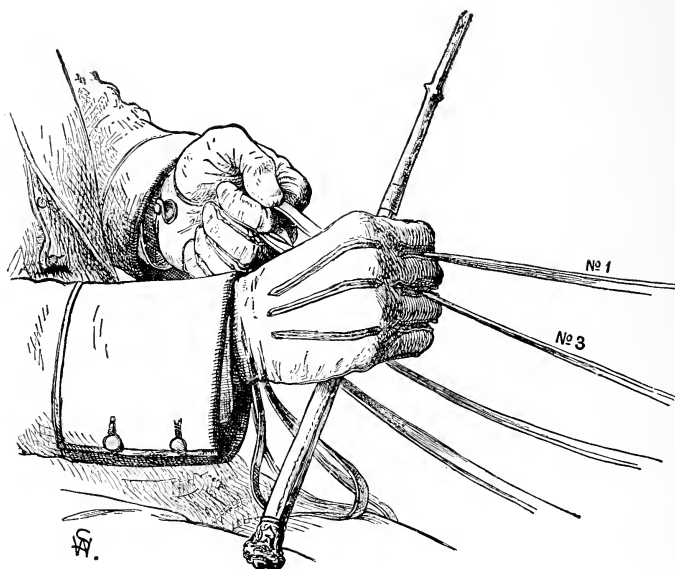
To begin with, do not attempt to drive a four-in-hand if you are not sure of your head. No amount of technical skill in the driver nor training in the horses will compensate, in an emergency, for lack of complete self-possession. The second essential is a thoroughly competent teacher, a coachman who is as much at home on the box as a sailor is on deck. He, if he be conscientious, will soon be able to tell you if you have the courage



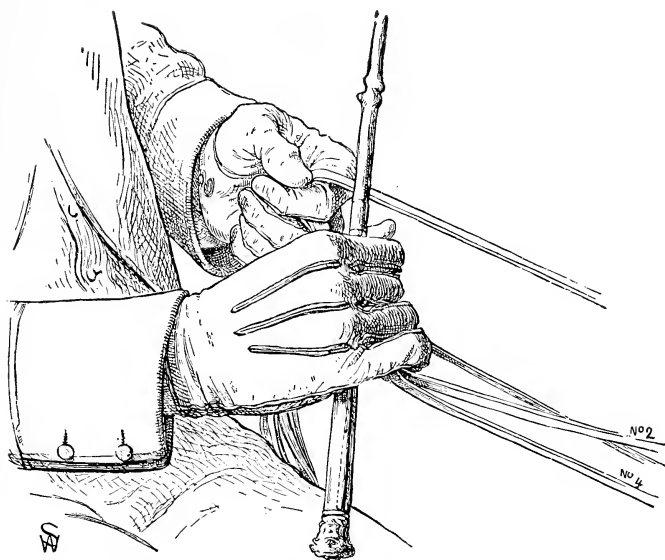
WELL IN HAND.

and coolness, decision and judgment, strength and flexibility of hand and powers of endurance necessary to become a successful four-in-hand driver. Of course, if his verdict is negative, there is yet no law to prevent you from drilling yourself to acquire the necessary qualities, and it is said that nothing is impossible to those who will. You may practice with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, sculls and on the horizontal bars to develop your muscle (indeed, muscle is indispensable to the four-in-hand driver), and by all sorts of athletic exercises develop your strength and courage.

Assuming, however, that the pupil has the necessary physical attributes, and thoroughly understands how to command a coach and pair, the first lesson will consist in learning how to sit on the box. The position of the driver of a four-in-hand is more important than that of the driver of any other sort of carriage. He must not stand almost upright, as was once the fashion, nor must he assume the attitude of a lady driving a pony phaeton, for upon his readiness to exert his utmost strength and weight at a moment's notice, to prevent the horses from bolting, falling or any other mishap, depends the safety of his party, who have a right to expect his utmost care. The best way to learn this is for the pupil to sit quietly by the side of the teacher during the first few lessons, and, without touching the reins, observe how he conducts himself. There is much to be learned in this way, as you will soon see. Notice how he seats himself, handles the reins, holds the whip and commands his horses. It looks so simple, and he does it so easily, that you will probably fancy



TURNING TO THE LEFT.

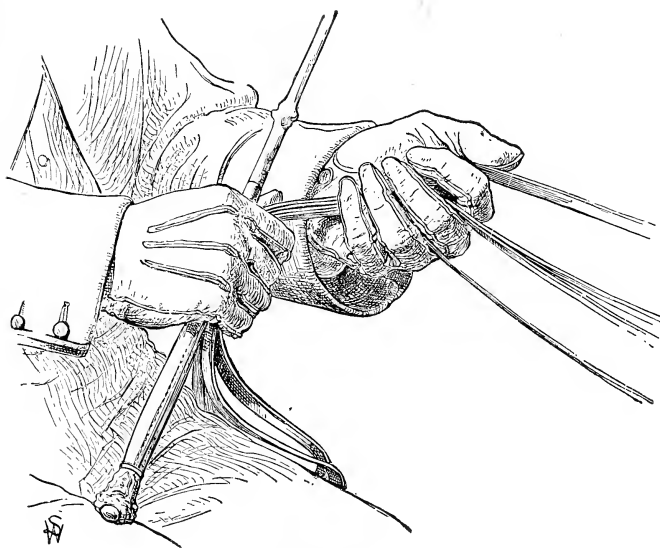


TURNING TO THE RIGHT.

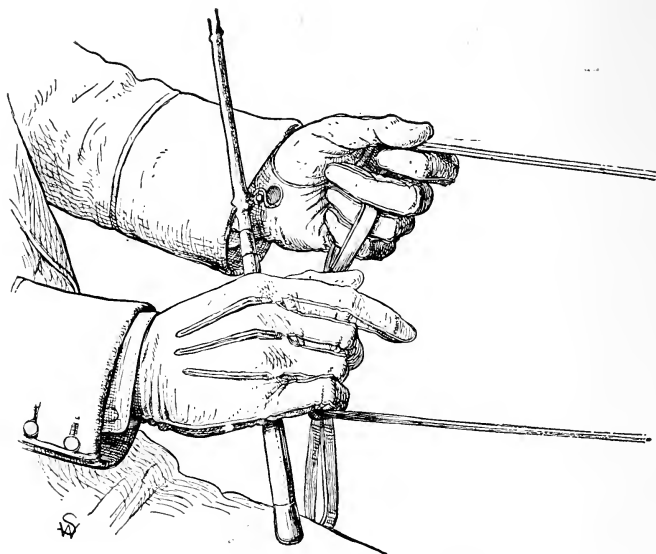
that you know all about it after the first outing. That is the time for you to be humble; if you aren't then you soon will be.

When you fully realize the responsibilities of the driver you may take the reins, placing and retaining them in proper position and at the right length, so that you can pull up your team at any moment. When your arm is tired, do not try to prove your endurance by keeping the reins. You will not learn nearly so much in a painfully long lesson as in a number of short ones. The following lessons should be devoted to learning how to start, stop and turn. Several weeks' daily practice will be required to do this properly. The teacher must, under no circumstances, allow the pupil to attempt more until he can perform these elementary movements mechanically, instantaneously and accurately. It is well enough to begin to practice with an old team which has learned to obey the least indication from the driver, thereby doing his hardest work for him; but a man is not a coachman until he can manage, stop, turn and hold fresh and fiery horses, not all of the same temperament.

When you have mastered starting, turning right and left, going straight on level ground (only level ground is allowable during the first lessons), stopping and, of course, retaining the reins always in proper position, then descending steep hills may be carefully practiced, remembering to drive slowly over the tops of hills, both large and small. During all this time you must be forming the habit of never mounting the box without having fully satisfied yourself that every horse is harnessed



STOPPING.



THE DIFFERENCE—WITH ONE OR A PAIR.

and bitted properly. Then mount the box deliberately, take your seat, adjust the apron and the reins, taking care to have the leaders so in hand that when they move they will be out of the collars and clear of the splinter bars. Be sure that the horses stand still until you give the word to start, never giving the word until you are ready. The sight of a driver hanging on to his reins while trying to seat himself is undignified, not to say ludicrous. Allowing the horses to start before the word is given is one of those slovenly habits against which all drivers must guard unless they wish to acquire a bad style. Mounting on the run is no doubt very proper for the driver of a stage coach making time across the western wilderness, but polite society taboos such exhibitions of skill.

All this probably sounds simple enough, but only continual and diligent practice will enable the pupil to become an expert whip. How the wheelers should start and turn the coach without the leaders feeling their traces, when to put on the drags, how to regulate the pace, how to drive well and yet find time for the pleasures of the coaching party, are all points which require care and long practice to acquire.

And now as to horsemanship. Among other things we have to thank the warriors for introducing horsemanship into Europe. The art by which Alexander the Great was enabled to win his great battles after the conquest of Persia, and the consequent introduction of Persian cavalry into his army, has since become one of the most delightful pastimes known to Europe and America. It is due to the use of horsemanship



A GOOD WALKER.



GOOD HIND QUARTERS.

ship in battle that the custom of mounting and dismounting on the left side was established. And what has always been a necessity to the warrior with his sword has since become a point of equestrian etiquette.

A prescription which is quite as common with fashionable physicians as change of air is horse exercise. It is a famous remedy for liver trouble, derangement of the stomach, and affections arising from exhaustive mental and sedentary pursuits. Many of the latter class, both men and women, have never been on the back of a horse in their lives, and know about as much about it as a fish knows about sailing a ship. For this class, a few principles are laid down here, which will be found particularly useful to beginners who are unable to have a teacher.

That the pupil has a suitable horse, one with a good, placid temper, who does not shy, bolt or stumble, is presupposed. Only such a horse is suitable for a beginner. A course of mild gymnastics is the best preparation possible for the would-be equestrian; it accustoms him to action, develops physical tenacity, and relieves him of timidity, of which he is likely to have a superfluity at first. First of all, let the pupil never forget that his first lessons must be short, or he will grow tired, and, nine times out of ten, thus miss the real delight and exhilaration which riding always gives to the true horseman and horsewoman. The saddle must be placed on the middle of the horse's back, and the rider must sit in the middle of the saddle, or both horse and rider will soon grow tired and sore—and sore



PREPARED TO MOUNT—FIRST POSITION.

means such soreness as he has never experienced before, unless he has fallen from a fourth story window and survived the shock. He must sit neither on his fork nor on the end of the spine, but on the two bones of the pelvis, or sitting bones, which nature gave man for his proper seat. It is, of course, more difficult for a short, fleshy person to find the proper seat than for one more perfectly proportioned. Indeed, in riding the advantage of being an Adonis or Venus consists of something more than the mere ability to attract admiration, for the "form divine" seems to adapt itself far more readily to the saddle than the one which is too broad or too slender. A rule which generally determines the straightness of the rider's seat is that he or she can, if seated in the middle of the horse's back, see straight between the animal's ears. A series of illustrations are given herewith, which show better than words can the correct positions in mounting, for both a lady and a gentleman. The illustrations are of two famous English riders who were noted in their own day for model horsemanship, and since then there has been no change in horsemanship on the points which their figures are here called upon to illustrate.

Having, by continuous practice and close attention to details, obtained a firm seat and proper balance, the pupil may proceed to study the science of guiding his horse. A correct and stylish way for either man or woman to hold double reins in one hand is shown in the illustration on page 292, while holding double reins in both hands is shown in the succeeding cut. A single rein, with a very fresh or pulling horse, may prop-



SECOND POSITION.



THIRD POSITION.



SEATED.



READY TO MOUNT—FIRST POSITION.



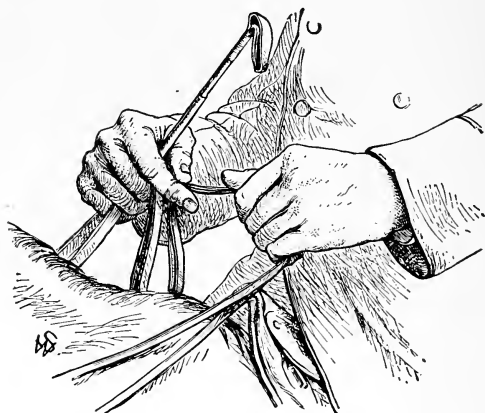
"NOW!"—SECOND POSITION.



UP SAFE—THIRD POSITION.



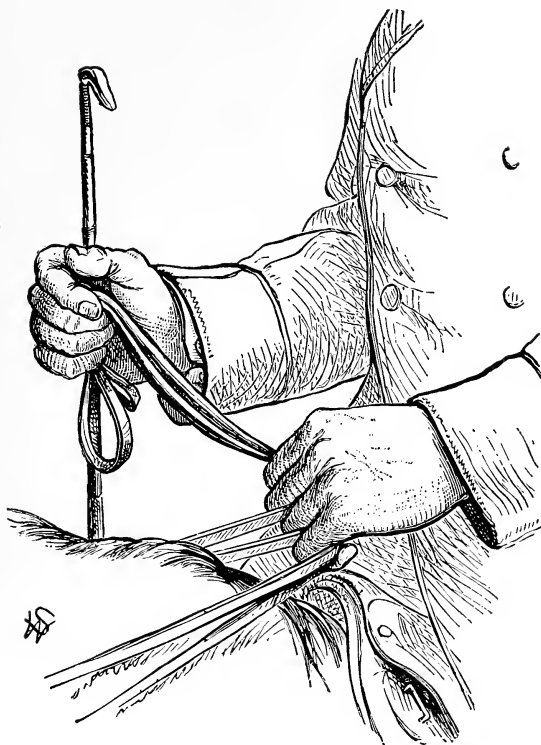
CORRECT POSITION FOR A LADY.



DOUBLE REINS IN BOTH HANDS.

erly be held in the full grasp of both hands. The principal point to be observed in holding the reins is to hold them smoothly and flatly. Remember also to handle the reins as if they were silken threads which a pull would break; under no circumstances pull them (unless with a fractious horse), but give to the horse's head as though the arms were elastic. A heavy handed rider is an affliction to a horse against which he may be pardoned for "fighting," while the light hand yields so readily to his mouth that the bit never hurts him.

The pupil should be able to take and maintain a correct and firm seat—in fact, should feel that he is one with his horse—before he attempts a gait more rapid than a walk. This done to the satisfaction of the critic, a canter may be attempted; when the canter is mastered without losing the seat, correct position, good



DOUBLE REINS IN ONE HAND.



AS IT SHOULD BE DONE.

OF THE UNION STOCKYARDS

management of the reins, and self-possession, the pupil may try the trot. The trot is one of the most difficult of paces, and while practice of trotting develops a good seat, it should be remembered that to trot badly is as much a proof of a poor horseman (or horsewoman) as to trot well is a mark of a good one. Galloping and then the leap follow naturally as the next steps in acquiring the art of riding. In this day of "wild" riding it is as indispensable for a rider to be able to take a leap coolly as it is for a danseuse to pirouette gracefully.

Good riding is an accomplishment of which any man or woman might be proud, nevertheless there are remarkably few perfect riders of either sex. Equestrianism, however, is annually increasing in popularity, and now it is as much a part of a child's education to learn to ride as it is to learn to dance.

VETERINARY RECIPES.

How to Cure Corns—Corns are caused by bad shoeing, or from allowing the shoe to wear too long without reshoeing, and also from having too much of the foot taken off. My remedy, by which I have never yet failed to effect a permanent cure, is as follows:

Send for your blacksmith, have the shoes pulled off, the feet pared and then poulticed until they are as soft as jelly. Call the blacksmith again, have the corns cut down to the quick, extract the cores of the corns by means of a pair of small pinchers, and then apply spirits of salts to eat away any remnants of the cores which may remain.

By this time the foot has been so much reduced that time must be allowed for a new growth of the foot, which may be satisfactorily and quickly attained by placing the foot of the patient in blue clay for three weeks, or more if necessary. If these directions are followed a new foot and a permanent cure will be the results; and although it takes time you should remember that anything worth having is worth waiting for. Rubber pads, and bar shoes will help a horse temporarily only, but will keep him going in a cramped way. But if you are impatient you can take your choice between quickness and thoroughness.

Quarter Cracks—Quarter crack can be cured, or

rather grown out, if properly treated. First apply a bar shoe, rasping away the bearing surface of the detached portion of the heel, so as to bring no pressure upon it. Then secure immobility of the walls of the crack, either with quarter-crack clamps, or, in their absence, by driving two or three small horseshoe nails through the edge of the crack and clinching so as to hold the edges firmly together. Apply an active blister to the coronet to favor a more rapid growth of the horn. Allow the horse to rest with only walking exercise, until an unbroken hoof has grown down from the hair a distance of at least one-half to three-fourths of an inch. This will require four to five weeks. When the hoof has grown down as directed, a V-shaped notch is to be cut to the quick at the upper end of the crack to prevent the crack extending upward. The horse may now be used carefully at a moderate speed if desirable. Continue the use of the bar shoe, with the pressure removed from that heel until the crack has grown off.

Tonic Ball—Ginger, 2 drachms; gentian, 1 drachm; Peruvian bark, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; fenugreek, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce. Mix, and form a ball.

Diuretics—Take of balsam copaiba, 2 ounces; sweet spirits of niter, 3 ounce; spirits of turpentine, 2 ounces; oil of juniper, 2 ounces; tincture of camphor, 2 ounces. Mix; shake the bottle before pouring the medicine. Dose for adult horse: Two tablespoonsful in a pint of milk, repeated every four to six hours, if necessary. This is a reliable preparation for kidney difficulties.

Cough Mixtures—Take of alcohol $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; balsam

of fir, 2 ounces. Mix well, and add all the tar it will cut. Shake well before using. Dose, from one to two teaspoonsful two or three times a day.

Nasal Gleet—No. 1.—Copperas, 2 ounces; pulverized gentian, 3 ounces; elecampane, 1 ounce; linseed meal, 3 ounces. Mix, and give from half to one tablespoonful twice a day. No. 2.—Aloes, 6 ounces; pulverized nux vomica, 3 drachms; flaxseed meal, 4 ounces. Make into eight powders, and give one or two each day.

Cracked Heels—Tar, 8 ounces; beeswax, 1 ounce; rosin, 1 ounce; alum 1 ounce; tallow, 1 ounce; sulphate of iron, 1 ounce; carbolic acid, 1 drachm. Mix, and boil over a slow fire. Skim off the filth, and add 2 ounces of the scrapings of sweet elder.

Thrush—No. 1.—Wash the feet well, with castile soap and water, and sprinkle a small quantity of pulverized blue vitriol in the cleft; then fill up all the cavities with cotton, press it in so as to keep out all dirt, and repeat as often as necessary until the cure is complete. No. 2.—Blue vitriol and copperas, of each 1 ounce; burnt alum, 2 ounces; white vitriol, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce. Mix.

Cordial Balls—No. 1.—Anise, powdered, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; ginger, 1 drachm; gentian, 1 drachm; fenugreek, 2 drachms. Mix. No. 2.—Caraway and ginger, each, 2 drachms; anise, gentian and fenugreek, each, 1 ounce. Mix. No. 3.—Camphor, 1 drachm; anise, 3 drachms; flaxseed meal, 1 ounce; powdered extract of liquorice, 3 drachms; tincture of opium, 1 ounce. Mix.

Astringent and Cordial—No. 1.—Opium, 12 grains; camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; catechu, 1 drachm. Mix. No. 2.—

Opium, 10 grains; camphor, 1 drachm; ginger, 2 drachms; castile soap, 2 drachms; anise, 3 drachms; liquorice, 2 drachms. Mix.

Alterative and Laxative Balls—No. 1.—Linseed meal, 1 ounce; aloes, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; castile soap, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. Mix. No. 2.—Ginger, 1 drachm; castile soap, 2 drachms; Barbadoes aloes, pulverized, 6 drachms; flaxseed meal, 1 ounce. Mix.

Anodyne Drenches—No. 1.—Tincture of opium, 1 ounce; starch gruel, 1 quart. Mix. No. 2.—Sweet spirits of niter, 1 ounce; tincture of opium, 1 ounce; essence of peppermint, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce; water, 1 pint. Mix. No. 3.—Tincture of opium, 1 ounce; spirits of camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; anise, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; sulphuric ether, 1 ounce; water, 1 pint. Mix.

Diabetes—Sugar of lead, 10 grains; alum, 30 grains; catechu, 1 drachm; tincture of opium, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; water, 1 pint. Mix.

Farcy and Glanders—No. 1.—Iodide of potassium, $1\frac{1}{4}$ drachms; copperas, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; ginger, 1 drachm; gentian, 2 drachms; powdered gum arabic and syrup to form a ball. No. 2.—Calomel, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; turpentine, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; blue vitriol, 1 drachm; gum arabic and syrup to form a ball. No. 3.—One-half ounce sulphite of soda, 5 grains Spanish flies, powdered. Mix, and give at night in cut feed for several weeks; give at the same time, every morning and noon, 3 drachms powdered gentian, 2 drachms powdered blue vitriol; give the medicines for a long time; feed well. This is the best treatment that can be given for this disease.

Fever Balls—No. 1.—Saltpetre, $2\frac{1}{2}$ drachms; tartar emetic, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; flaxseed meal, 1 ounce; camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; ginger, 2 drachms. Mix, and form into a ball. Repeat three or four times a day if necessary. No. 2.—Tincture aconite, ten drops; tartar emetic, $\frac{1}{4}$ drachm; saltpetre, 1 drachm; ginger, 2 drachms; linseed meal, 1 ounce. Mix, and form into a ball. Repeat three or four times a day if necessary.

Diuretic and Tonic Balls—Copperas, $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachms; ginger, 1 drachm; gentian, 1 drachm; saltpetre, 3 drachms; rosin, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; flaxseed meal, 1 ounce. Mix, and form into a ball.

Diuretic Balls—No. 1.—Saltpetre, 3 drachms; rosin, 4 drachms; castile soap, 2 drachms; fenugreek, 3 drachms; flaxseed meal, 1 ounce. Mix, and form into a ball. No. 2.—Oil of juniper, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; rosin and saltpetre, each, 2 drachms; camphor, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; castile soap, 1 ounce; flaxseed meal, 1 ounce. Mix, and form into a ball.

Saddle and Harness Galls, Bruises, etc—No. 1.—Tincture of opium, 2 ounces; tannin, 2 drachms. Mix, and apply twice a day. No. 2.—Take white lead and linseed oil, and mix as for paint, and apply two or three times a day. This is good for scratches, or any wounds on a horse.

Founder—No. 1.—Vinegar, 3 pints; cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; tincture of aconite root, 15 drops. Mix, and boil down to one quart; when cool, give it as a drench. Blanket the horse well; after the horse has perspired for an hour or more, give one quart

of raw linseed oil. This treatment will be found good for horses foundered by eating too much grain.

No. 2.—Some recommend for horses foundered on grain, to bleed about one gallon, then to drench the horse with one quart of raw linseed oil; after this to rub the forelegs well, and for a long time, with very warm water, having a little tincture of opium mixed with it. As the horse will not recover from loss of blood for a long time, it is usually better to adopt the treatment given in No. 1.

For Flesh Wounds—To prevent inflammation or tendency to sloughing or mortification, take 1 pound saltpetre, 2 gallons water, 3 pints proof spirits. Mix, and inject into the wound with a syringe three times a day until it heals. In treating deep wounds or those of a dangerous character, especially if the animal is inclined to be fat, give a dose of physic, feed bran, carrots, etc. No grain should be fed, and grass is more desirable than hay. If grass is fed freely, physic is not necessary.

For Removing Enlargements, etc.—Oil spike, 1 ounce; camphor, 1 ounce; oil origanum, 2 ounces; oil amber, 1 ounce; spirits turpentine, 2 ounces. Rub on the mixture thoroughly, two or three times a week.

For Bruises, Cuts, etc., on Horse or Man—Tincture arnica, 1 ounce; sassafras oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; laudanum, 1 ounce. Mix. Shake well before using. Bandage lightly, and keep wet with the mixture.

Quarter Crack—The best way to cure quarter crack is to open the heel on that side between bar and frog,

cutting down pretty well (not sufficient to cause bleeding), until the quarter will give freely; then put on a shoe that will expand the heel. It is also necessary in this case that the inner heel should be opened or spread, as the hoof is simply too small for the foot; if this is properly done, the point is directly reached. Some recommend, in addition to this, burning, with a hot iron, a crease across at the upper edge of hoof. If this is done properly, the hoof will not split any more. The hoof may now be more rapidly grown if desired. Opening the foot and the shoe is the point of success.

Quittor—Corrosive sublimate, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce; muriatic acid, 20 drops; soft water, 2 ounces. Mix the last two and shake well, then add the first. Inject a little with a glass syringe once or twice, being careful to inject to the bottom. Warm poultices, used for several days, generally work well.

To Grow Hair—Mix sweet oil, 1 pint; sulphur, 3 ounces. Shake well, and rub into the dock twice a week.

For Worms—Calomel, 1 drachm; tartar emetic, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; linseed meal, 1 ounce; fenugreek, 1 ounce. Mix, and give in feed at night; repeat the dose two or three times, and follow with one and a half pints of raw linseed oil, about six hours after the last powder has been given.

For Distemper—Hops, 2 ounces; carbolic acid, 30 drops; boiling water, 2 gallons. Mix the hops and carbolic acid with the boiling water, and compel the ani-

mal to inhale the steam for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time; repeat three times a day. Apply a strong mustard paste to the throat, and place a warm poultice over the paste. Feed warm mash and boiled vegetables; keep the stable comfortably warm and the air pure. Give the following powders once a day: Powdered Peruvian bark, 2 ounces; powdered gentian, 1 ounce; powdered copperas, 1 ounce. Mix, and divide into eight powders.

For Ringworm—Apply mercurial ointment three or four times a week.

For Brittle and Contracted Hoofs—Take of castor oil, Barbadoes tar and soft soap, equal parts of each; melt all together and stir while cooling, and apply a little to the hoof three or four times a week.

Horse Liniments—No. 1.—Oil spike, oil origanum, oil hemlock, oil wormwood, aqua ammonia, camphor gum, of each 2 ounces; olive oil, 4 ounces; alcohol, 1 quart. Mix. This is an excellent liniment for man or beast. No. 2.—Oil origanum, oil amber, sweet oil, of each 1 ounce; oil spike, aqua ammonia and oil of turpentine, of each 2 ounces. Mix. No. 3.—Linseed oil, 8 ounces; turpentine, 8 ounces; oil origanum, 4 ounces. Mix well. This is excellent for sprains and bruises, and is good as a general liniment. No. 4.—Oil spike, 1 ounce; oil origanum, 2 ounces; alcohol, 16 ounces. Good for lameness resulting from almost any cause. No. 5.—Take equal parts of alcohol, chloroform, aqua ammonia, Jamaica rum and water, and mix.

For Scratches and Grease Heel—No. 1.—Balsam fir, 4 ounces; lard, 4 ounces. Stir, with a gentle heat, until thoroughly mixed. Wash the sores well with castile soap, and apply. No. 2.—Sugar of lead, 2 ounces; borax, 1 ounce; sweet oil, 6 ounces. Mix, and apply twice daily, after washing with castile soap, and drying. No. 3.—Tincture of myrrh, 2 ounces; glycerine, 4 ounces; tincture of arnica, 2 ounces. Mix thoroughly, and apply two or three times a day, after cleansing, as above, with castile soap. No. 4.—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of powdered verdigris and 1 pint of rum or proof spirits. Mix, and apply once or twice a day. This works nicely for grease heel or mud fever. No. 5.—Take of oxide of zinc, 1 drachm; lard, 1 ounce; powdered gum benzoin, 10 grains; camphorated spirits, 1 drachm. Mix thoroughly, and rub on twice a week. Do not wash after the first application.

Cuts, Wounds and Sores—No. 1.—Take of lard, 4 ounces; beeswax, 4 ounces; rosin, 2 ounces; carbolic acid, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce. Mix the first three, and melt, then add the carbolic acid, stirring until cool. This is excellent for man as well as beast. No. 2.—Tincture aloes, 1 ounce; tincture myrrh, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; tincture opium, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; water, 4 ounces. Mix and apply night and morning. No. 3.—Tincture opium, 2 ounces; tannin, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce. Mix. No. 4.—Carbolic acid, 1 ounce; soft water, 1 quart. Mix.

Sweeney—No. 1.—Spanish flies, camphor gum and cayenne, of each 1 ounce; alcohol, 10 ounces; spirits turpentine, 6 ounces; oil origanum, 2 ounces. Mix. No.

2.—Alcohol, 16 ounces; spirits turpentine, 10 ounces; muriate of ammonia, 1 ounce. Mix. No. 3.—Alcohol, water, spirits turpentine and soft soap, 1 pint of each; salt, 6 ounces. Mix.

Poll Evil and Fistula—No. 1.—Copperas, 1 drachm; blue vitriol, 2 drachms; common salt, 2 drachms; white vitriol, 1 drachm. Mix, and powder fine. Fill a goose quill with the powder, and push it to the bottom of the pipe, having a stick in the top of the quill, so that you can push the powder out of the quill, leaving it at the bottom of the pipe; repeat again in about four days, and two or three days from that time you can take hold of the pipe and remove it without trouble. No. 2.—Tincture of opium, 1 drachm; potash, 2 drachms; water, 1 ounce. Mix, and, when dissolved, inject into the pipes with a small syringe, having cleansed the sore with soap-suds; repeat every two days until the pipes are completely destroyed. No. 3.—Take a small piece of lunar caustic; place in the pipe, after being cleansed with soap-suds; then fill the hole with sweet oil.

Bots—Take new milk, 2 quarts; syrup, 1 quart. Mix, and give the whole, and, in fifteen or twenty minutes after, give two quarts of warm strong sage tea; half an hour after the tea, give one quart of raw linseed oil, or, if the oil cannot be had, give lard instead.

Ointment for Horses—Beeswax, 2 ounces; rosin, 3 ounces; lard, 4 ounces; carbolic acid, 1 drachm; honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; melt all together and bring slowly to a boil; then remove from the fire, and add, slowly, 1 gill

of spirits of turpentine, stirring all the time until cool. Used, with good success, for galls, cracked heels, flesh wounds or bruises.

Condition Powders—No. 1.—Gentian, fenugreek, sulphur, saltpetre, cream of tartar, of each 2 ounces; rosin, black antimony, of each 1 ounce; ginger, liquorice, 3 ounces each; cayenne, 1 ounce; pulverized and mixed thoroughly. Dose, 1 tablespoonful, once or twice a day, mixed with the food. Used, with good success, for coughs, colds, distemper, hide-bound, and nearly all diseases for which condition powders are given. No. 2.—Fenugreek, 4 ounces; ginger, 6 ounces; anise, pulverized, 4 ounces; gentian, 2 ounces; black antimony, 2 ounces; hard wood ashes, 4 ounces. Mix all together. Excellent to give a horse an appetite.

Water Farcy—No. 1.—Saltpetre, 2 ounces; copperas, 2 ounces; ginger, 1 ounce; fenugreek, 2 ounces; anise, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; gentian, 1 ounce. Mix, and divide into eight powders; give two or three each day. No. 2.—Gentian, 1 ounce; ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; anise, 1 ounce; elecampane, 2 ounces; blue vitriol, 1 ounce; flaxseed meal, 2 ounces; saltpetre, 2 ounces. Mix, and divide into eight powders. Moderate daily exercise and rubbing the limbs are useful.

Healing Preparations—No. 1.—Carbolic acid, 1 ounce; soft water, 2 pints. Mix. No. 2.—White vitriol, 1 ounce; soft water, 2 pints. Mix. No. 3.—Pulverized camphor, 1 drachm; prepared chalk, 6 drachms; burnt alum, 4 drachms. Mix. Sprinkle over the sore.

No. 4.—Tincture of opium, 1 ounce; tannin, 1 drachm. Mix, and shake well before using. Excellent for galls of collar, saddle, or in fact for any purpose requiring a healing astringent.

For Galled Back or Shoulders—Tincture of arnica, 1 ounce; vinegar, 6 ounces; brandy, 4 ounces; sal ammoniac, 2 ounces; soft water, 1 pint. Mix, and bathe with it often.

For Unhealthy Ulcers—Nitric acid, 1 ounce; blue vitriol, 3 ounces; soft water, 15 ounces. Mix.

For Fresh Wounds—Copperas, 2 drachms; white vitriol, 3 drachms; gunpowder, 2 drachms; boiling soft water, 2 quarts. Mix. When cool it is ready for use.

Healing Mixture—Cosmoline, 5 ounces; carbolic acid, 1 drachm. Mix. This is one of the very best of mixtures for any sore, especially for such cases as are inclined not to heal readily.

To Cure Mange—Oil tar, 1 ounce; lac sulphur, 1½ ounces; whale oil, 2 ounces. Mix. Rub a little on the skin wherever the disease appears, and continue, daily, for a week, and then wash off with castile soap and warm water.

Healing Mixture for Cuts—Balsam copaiba, 2 ounces; tincture of myrrh, 3 ounces. Mix. This is a good healing mixture.

Sore Lips—The lips become sore frequently at the angles of the mouth, from bruising with the bit. They can be cured by applying the following mixture: Tincture of myrrh, 2 ounces; tincture of aloes, 1 ounce;

tincture of opium, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce. Mix, and apply three or four times a day.

For Sore Mouth and Lips—Borax, 1 ounce; tannin, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce; glycerine, 8 ounces. Mix, and apply two or three times a day, with a swab.

For Sprains, etc —Hog's lard and spirits of turpentine. Mix and place in the hot sunshine for four or five days. Apply four or five times a week.

Eye Water—White vitriol and saltpetre, of each 1 scruple; pure soft water, 8 ounces. Mix. This should be applied to the inflamed lids three or four times a day, and if the inflammation does not lessen in one or two days, it may be injected directly into the eye. It does nicely, many times, to just close the eye and bathe the outside freely.

For Colic—Take of gum myrrh, 1 ounce; gum camphor, 1 ounce; powdered gum guaiac, 1 ounce; cayenne, 1 ounce; powdered sassafras bark, 1 ounce; spirits turpentine, 1 ounce; oil origanum, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce; oil hemlock, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; pulverized opium, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; strongest alcohol, 2 quarts. Mix all together, shake often for eight or ten days, and filter or strain through flannel. Dose, from one to three tablespoonsful, according to the severity of the case; give in a pint of milk.

Lice—A good old remedy for lice on horses or cattle is to boil a pint of lard, or any kind of grease, with a quart of water, and when partly cooled add a pint of kerosene. This will do it every time.

For Heaves—No 1.—One teaspoonful of lobelia, given in the feed, once a day for a week, and then once or twice a week, will stop them for a time. No. 2 — Balsam copaiba, 1 ounce; spirits of turpentine, 2 ounces; balsam fir, 1 ounce; cider vinegar, 16 ounces. Mix, and give a tablespoonful once a day. No. 3.— Saltpetre, 1 ounce; indigo, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; rain water, four pints. Mix, and give a pint twice a day. No. 4.— Liquorice, elecampane, wild turnip, fenugreek, skunk-cabbage, lobelia, cayenne and ginger, equal parts of each. Mix, and give a tablespoonful once or twice a day; if the horse refuses to eat it in feed, make it into a ball and give.

Contracted Hoof or Sore Feet—No. 1.—Take equal parts of soft, fat, yellow wax, linseed oil, Venice turpentine and Norway tar; first melt the wax, then add the others, mixing thoroughly. Apply to the edge of the hair once a day. No. 2.—Benzine, 1 ounce; salts of niter, 1 ounce; alcohol, 3 ounces; aqua ammonia, 2 ounces; Venice turpentine, 8 ounces. Mix. Apply to the edge of the hair and all over the hoof once a day for ten days, then twice a week for a short time. No. 3.—Rosin, 4 ounces; lard, 8 ounces; heat them over a slow fire, then take off and add powdered verdigris, 1 ounce, and stir well to prevent its running over; when partly cool add 2 ounces spirits of turpentine. Apply to the hoof about one inch down from the hair.



"MY FIRST DOWN."

THE MAN OF UPS AND DOWNS.

"Have you thought, in your moments of triumph,
O, you that are high in the tree,
Of the days and the nights that are bitter—
So bitter to others and me?
When the efforts to do what is clever
Result in a failure so sad,
And the clouds of despondency gather
And dim all the hopes that we had?"

I MADE my debut on the stage of life at Stratford-on-Avon. For the edification of those little children who are told they came from heaven, I suppose I ought to call this my first down.

My mother died when I was two years old, and my old nurse, Eliza, became my foster mother, taking my mother's place as well as she could. Some men's mothers do die when they are young, and I have always wanted to shake hands in sympathy with them, individually, for nothing that ever happens to them afterward will be as bad as that. Not that I mean to decry Eliza, she couldn't do any better than she did, seeing that she was not my mother.

I remember I used to cry for the moon nights, about the time my mother died, and at last to quiet me Eliza carried me up into the turret of the house to look at it. The turret was reached by a ladder, and when nurse started to go down she slipped, and I went to the bottom goflop. I've been there a good many times since. It is usually the way, I notice, when a man wants the sun or moon or hitches his wagon to a star, he loses his hold on things, and down he goes; while some other fellow, who only wants the earth to be happy, gets it—or all he can take.

After awhile I was sent to school. Most that I learned at school was that it was right to do the things I didn't like and wrong to do those I liked, and if I didn't look at it that way the fellow with the ferule did, and so I might as well too—as long as he held the ferule.

The diet in that school was as strange and wonderful as the discipline. Individual taste and appetite were not considered. It was a case of "so much served, so much eaten." Every boy's portion was alike, and every boy was enjoined, on pain of a flogging, to leave no morsel uneaten. Cabbage was a favorite vegetable

there. We had it fried for breakfast, boiled for dinner and chopped for supper. I have never been greedy, and as I ate my share of the cabbage produce of the world while there, I haven't eaten any since.

Many things happened at school which should have prepared me for what to expect from mankind in general. They didn't, however. This is one of them: One of my school companions, Charlie Marsh, used to play a trick on me and on the other fellows smaller than himself. I suppose he chose the little ones because they couldn't lick him afterward. The boys were not allowed to leave the school grounds without permission, but nearly every Saturday, Marsh, making a great show of secrecy, would tell about half a dozen little fellows that he was going on a foraging expedition to a distant orchard, and ask our coöperation. Of course we coöperated every time. Marsh, making a great display of solicitude for our littleness, helped us over the wall, and then we all started at full speed across the fields, Marsh leading. There was a bog to be crossed, he never allowing us time to go around it, and just about the time we were in the middle of it we would hear the voice of the master calling on us to come back, and Marsh calling on us to come on. We understood how volunteers feel, with disgrace behind and death in front, and went on, the bog getting deeper and deeper until we went down to our arms. And there we staid till the master reached us and pulled us out, giving each boy a whaling as he came up from the mud. That was an "up" which left a painful impression upon me. Marsh, meanwhile, being longer of leg,

had reached the other side and made for the school, out of the master's sight in the tall reeds. Not being there, he didn't get whaled.

It never occurred to us then that Marsh only wanted to see us licked. We hadn't learned in those days that some people would get under the wheels themselves just to see some one else ground up; and I have noticed since then that men as well as boys will try the same bog a good many times if there is a promise of apples on the other side.

My next step in life was a stepmother. My father had gone to Canada then, and my stepmother came to take me to him, so my next experience was of a ship I had learned a good deal by that time—a boy can learn quite a little at school if he tries real hard—and so I rather liked leaving school and going to Canada, especially as we had to cross the ocean to get there.



READY FOR CANADA.

Nothing happened on the sea. I had always planned that when I went to sea I would be cast away upon a desert island, with a lot of hair-breadth things in between, but my stepmother being with me I decided to postpone that. A fellow can't do much of that sort with women around, especially stepmothers; they don't take to it. On the same steamer with us was a French boy with a mother. He always nagged me, and it made me mad. I wanted to squash him at once, but I considered my stepmother. At last, however, I couldn't stand him

any longer, and one day I pitched into him before a whole deckful of people. The fine ladies screamed, "Part them, part them! They'll hurt each other!" But the men said, "Go it, England!" "At him, France!" according to which side they were on, while Frenchy's mother stood by, ruffling herself like a fat hen when you are after her chickens. But her boy was the bigger, so she controlled her emotions. I licked him, mopped the deck with him, and then set my foot on him like the show fencer does when he has broken the other fellow's foil. That was one of the times when I was up.

Then Frenchy's mother showed her blood; she treated me as her country treated Napoleon when he came back from Egypt. She took me to her cabin and filled me up with jam, figs, cakes and all the other good things they raise in France. "You coward cur!" she cried to her son, when he came sneaking in. "You let zat leettle Anglais boy wheep you! You disgrace your countree. A good Anglais man is better zan a bad Frenchman. I geef him zee zham." It's a truth I have proved since then that the fellow who gets the licking never gets the jam, though it has always seemed to me that he ought to have it for consolation.

When we reached Canada I was sent to school again. School there was different from school in England. I lived at home, the school being just a public one. When I had been there awhile I found that the difference between public and private schools is that at the private school you pay a good deal and get very little, and in the public school you pay very little and get a good

deal. I have observed since then that that is the difference between most public and private institutions.

Going to this school gave me a good deal of superfluous confidence in mankind; nothing does that so quickly as an appearance of disinterestedness. I had yet to learn that disinterestedness is usually a snake in a dove's nest. Not that I am finding fault with my school; I am only reflecting upon the grief which confidence in human nature brings.

In the intervals of school days I found much to amuse me at the telegraph office. I had struck up a friendship with the head telegraph operator, and in his idle moments he instructed me in the mysteries of telegraphy, until I became quite expert with the keys. I never thought then in what good stead this knowledge would stand me in after years.

About this time father bought me a nag from a traveling gypsy. He was a black cur, as we thought, fit only for a mild scamper across the fields. We didn't know Neb—Nebuchadnezzar, Neb for short—and, like a good many people whom we underrate on first acquaintance, he surprised everybody when it came his time to shine.

The Mason and Slidell trouble between England and the States occurred about this time, and our town had a regiment of British troops encamped in her vicinity. Races and steeplechases were frequent occurrences, and in one of these I entered Neb among a mixed lot of other horses, scrubs, curs and imported thoroughbreds. Of course no one with a scrub expected to win, but he would have the exhilaration of trying. There is a deal

of satisfaction in trying to do a thing even if you don't do it. Everybody tried. I tried. So did Neb.

Our race was a three mile across-country go-as-you-please-but-get-there contest over a stretch of fields and meadows. I suppose the ground had been selected because of the number of fences, hedges and ditches to be taken. Anyway all I know is that Neb seemed to want to graze on stars one minute and to bite the dust the next. At first the race was a mixed up scamper, all sorts and conditions of horses clearing hedges in a bunch, like hounds let loose, and then as soon as I got my breath after the first few evolutions in mid-air I found Neb and me neck and neck with the imported thoroughbred ridden by the colonel of the regiment. I forgot that Neb wasn't a thoroughbred too, trained in steeplechases all his life; I forgot that I wasn't the colonel of a regiment, drilled in racing tactics from the day I put on little blue shoes. I forgot everything except that Neb and I must pass the wire before that other horse which skimmed the ground like a black-bird by my side. Steady, Neb, another fence! Ah, well done, old boy! You took that like a hunter! Off we go over another level stretch! I woke up to the fact that Neb acted like an old turf horse. I almost felt his muscles play under me, I felt his effort to keep nose and nose with the thoroughbred, and I felt, too, that he was keeping a bit of reserve force for the home stretch, while the thoroughbred, starting with contempt for the scrubs, had set out to distance them at once. He had—all except Neb. Dear old Neb, you go like a carrier pigeon! Another ditch! Another fence! Another level!

Good boy, you're half a length ahead of him now! Steady for the last hedge now and we win! That's it—never even touched the twigs! Steady! Stead—ah—waugh—whiz-z-z—thump—stars!!! Where are we? What happened? No, no bones brok—scratched a bit. Oh, it was only a posthole just over the hedge. Neb's foot went into it, and—we lost the race! Don't feel so bad, Neb. We aren't thoroughbreds, you know, and our pride not being up very high it couldn't come down very far either. That's the advantage of being lowly. *You* mustn't feel bad, Neb; it's only the dirt in my eyes makes *my* eyes red; and some must have got into my throat, a big lump of it. Maybe there's a lump of dirt in your throat, too, Neb. Feels ba-ba-bad, doesn't it, Ne-Ne-Neb?

My boyhood seems to have ended just about that time. The first ink dawning dignity was local papers the day "young Blank's mar good horse nearly one of the best race an untoward accident coming in half a neck



THE COLONEL.

ling I had of that the panegyrics in the after that race, when velous handling of a won the race against horses from England, only preventing his ahead," etc., etc., etc., all of which brought home to me a realization of the fact that I was no longer a boy. I was old enough to be fleeced, and the world lost no time in initiating me into her methods of skinning.

The world is a wonderful place. From the time you wear long curls until you reach young manhood it makes much of you, teaches you to think it a good,

motherly old world, whose particular business it is to raise up friends for you—good hail-fellows-well-met who have so much affection for you and such unbounded confidence in your great-heartedness that they come to you with their troubles, demonstrate their friendship by borrowing your money, drinking your wine and riding your horses. Then some fine day you open your purse and find it empty, you go to your stable and find it vacant. It's a shock, but the recollection of your hosts of friends helps you to recover. You go to your friends. They must be busy today, they are all in such a hurry. They are always busy after that. And gradually it dawns upon you that the wind blows from the north wherever you go. It's a puzzler at first; you don't understand it. The very last thing people do understand is that their friends have left them—those dear friends who were all graciousness, candidness and affection a little while ago. It's wonderful how quickly the channel of love can be dammed by adversity.

My father died soon after my first realization of dawning manhood, my stepmother getting his whole property. I had my first experience then of being broke. Broke is a good word. It was probably invented by some man who hadn't a cent nor a friend; who hadn't a place to sleep nor anything to eat; a man who would like to have pillowed his head on the sands of the lake, with the water above him for bedclothing, but who had too much stamina to lay down the gun to a world composed largely of ingrates, and having no other occupation he coined a word to describe his condition. The result was "broke." It's a good word, I say.

Well, I was broke, I was down in cash, down in friends, down in spirits—I was down, in fact, below the bottom of the ladder. And I had about as correct a view of mankind from that point as I have ever had in my life. It's an awful thing to see your fellow men from below. You can't see their heads nor the region of their hearts; all you can see is their feet, and that part of a man's anatomy which he turns toward you when you ask him for a loan, and you are not inspired thereby with confidence. I learned then that men are attractive or repulsive according to the direction from which you see them.

A man who is broke seldom cares to stay in a place where he has seen better days. At least so it was with me. So I gathered up my belongings, including two handsome mastiffs and a little fox terrier, Flirt, who was my particular pet, and left for the States. Finally I drifted to Kansas City to exhibit my dogs at a dog show being held there. For a while I lived well there on the profits of a streak of good luck, putting up at the best hotel and enjoying my temporary prosperity. After that for a while I lived part of the time in leisure and all the time in anxiety. Then I did something of which I have been ashamed ever since. I sacrificed my little friend Flirt, whose devotion to me had for so long been a source of great pleasure to me. Poor Flirt! I would rather have a wag of your tail today than the shake of most men's hands. But a man will sacrifice even his friends to his necessities, and I sacrificed Flirt.

Sitting in my hotel one evening with Flirt at my side I was engaged in conversation by a young Englishman.

Flirt's presence having turned the talk on dogs, he remarked, "I would like to get a pair of mastiffs, something extra fine." "You have not far to go," I answered, "I know a man who has the best pair in America." "Who and where is he?" demanded the Englishman, eagerly. "Here. I am the man." By nine o'clock next morning he had my dogs, Flirt included, and I had \$900 in my inside pocket.

That day a letter came to me, a yellow, typewritten letter. I have always felt shy of yellow typewritten letters since then. It was apparently a kindly intentioned letter and read:

DAILY MARKET LETTER.

NOTICE: WE WILL RECEIVE NO ORDERS FOR PURCHASES OR SALE OF ANY ARTICLE, EXCEPT WITH THE DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING THAT ACTUAL DELIVERY IS CONTEMPLATED, AND THAT PARTY GIVING ORDERS SO UNDERSTANDS AND AGREES

MEMBERS OF THE
BOARD OF TRADE

NOTICE

ON ALL ORDERS, WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE TO CLOSE TRANSACTIONS WHEN ORDERS ARE NOT FULLY SUBMITTED, WITHOUT GIVING FURTHER NOTICE, AND TO SETTLE CONTRACTS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE RULES AND CUSTOMS OF THE EXCHANGE WHEN AN ORDER IS EXECUTED.

DENMAN BROWNE & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
IN
GRAIN, PROVISIONS, SEEDS, ETC.
43 BOARD OF TRADE
KANSAS CITY

WE WILL USE OUR DISCRETION IN FILLING ORDERS FOR PARTIES SO SITUATED THAT THEY CANNOT FOLLOW MARKET FLUCTUATIONS

TRANSACTIONS MADE FOR CASH
ON DELIVERY OF GOODS
OR 1 TO 5 DAYS' DELIVERY

TRADES MADE IN GRAIN
ANY DESIRED QUANTITIES

Dear Sir:

Wednesday, May 21, 1890.

To-day's markets cables spot wheat 1-2 d. higher.

Wheat fluctuations quick and violent, open firmer with heavy rains in the northwest. There is not a bushel of wheat at the seaboard, and when all the Duluth and Chicago wheat reaches tide water, it will rapidly disappear and give us an immense decrease in the visible.

Anybody knows that we shall not have half a crop and there is great danger of that being destroyed by chinch bugs, which have made their appearance in vast numbers in the wheat belts. There is a black war cloud hanging over Europe. The German Emperor has telegraphed he will not attend the yacht races, and so many chances yet for damages to the growing poor crop, and when one stops to think that,

winter wheat only shows half a crop, and with bug reports, we believe purchases of wheat should be made at once.

Good people are buying. Cudahue took on two millions on the reaction; values will certainly be twenty to twenty-five cts. higher. All that holds it down is the present low demand and May liquidations by parties who got it delivered to them and did not want it, and also due largely to lack of demand, but the bears have had their day.

Corn and oats firm and much higher, provisions closed on the top.

Hoping to be favored with a share of your orders, I remain

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Lemuel Brown". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "Lemuel Brown".

I at once perceived millions in that letter, large, powerful, reassuring millions, and I rolled the word under my tongue like a sugar plum. Only it was much more exquisitely delicious than any sugar plum I had ever had, even when a very little boy. Following the directions, I hurried to see my new friend. I call him friend, for I was sure that he must be some one specially raised up by Providence, if not indeed specially created, to help me set on my newly acquired dollars and hatch them into geese which should each and individually be the goose that laid the golden egg. I felt myself to be up, distinctly and distinguishedly up. I might be a Vanderbilt before the week's end, and trod the street as a prospective Rockefeller. I found my friend in. That was no surprise. It seemed only natural that people, specially-raised-up friends in particular, should be waiting for the soon-to-be millionaire.

I believe people usually do wait in for millionaires. He was a bucket shop steerer. I didn't understand from his letter that he was a bucket shop steerer. But I reflected that great ends are sometimes wrought by small means. We had dinner together. It was a simple dinner for a man who might sup that very night from a banquet. Then we went to the board of trade. He conducted me to a dim corner where even a wink would be invisible to others. There was to be a sudden raise in that staple commodity, wheat. Wheat had a nice, rich sound to my ears. It was a word one could associate with pride with the making of a sudden fortune. It was a substantial sounding name, and there's a good deal in a name, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding. I thought that I would really rather make my fortune in wheat than in anything else. I associated this agreeable development with the good offices of my friend, a special manipulation of minor details, in fact, for my sole gratification, and felt that I could never be sufficiently grateful to him.

I willingly gave up \$300—\$100 for 10,000 bushels and \$200 for margins, and sat still waiting for the \$300 to develop into thousands. They didn't develop. My steerer came to reassure me. Such things often happened, he said; I must buy another 10,000 bushels on the drop. Of course, I now reflected, there must necessarily be intermediate steps attended with anxiety in the acquisition of millions. Otherwise everybody would be reaping millions from a few dollars. I hadn't thought of that before and it completely restored my cheerfulness. I bought another 10,000 bushels on the drop.

Buying wheat on the drop sounded well to my ears then. I felt that I should appreciate much more a fortune so narrowly won, snatched from the turning of a hair, as it were. The only drawback to my appreciation or my fortune either was that the hair didn't turn. The wheat dropped. So did my expectations. Both have been dropping ever since. I dropped out of the bidding with \$2 in my pocket. My confidence in my fellow men dropped also, dropped far below zero. It hasn't come up yet.

Two dollars is a small sum on which to begin life, particularly if you have to live on it too, until you begin. Instead of investing \$300 in wheat I now invested five cents in a copy of the Times. I then retired to the park, and seated on the grass looked over the "want" columns of the paper. There was nothing there to arouse my expectations greatly after my recent disappointment. I was not familiar with "want" columns, and at any other time some of the ads. might have inspired sanguinary hopes. They invited me to organize secret societies for a high commission per head, to sell a useful household article and thereby earn \$50 daily, to become a painter, printer, coachman or auctioneer. None of these occupations appealed to me as my vocation in life. Painting and printing were not in my list of accomplishments. I doubted my ability to sell a household article, however useful. To be an auctioneer, then, was all that remained to me. It was not exactly in my line, but I reflected that in my new way of life, without the prop of a full purse, I should probably sometimes have to stoop to conquer, and I might as well begin at once.

Calling at the address given, I surprised myself by securing the position. The next morning I rode to the scene of the auction. I found it a picturesque vacant acre in the suburbs, called the Elms. The name was no doubt derived from a solitary scrub elm standing in the center of the ground, which the imagination of the sponsor magnified into a number of fine old trees. At least I surmised that must have been the way, to account for the name being in the plural number. Imagination goes a good way toward making life pleasant. The genius who owned the acre had fenced it in and rented it to my employer for a horse market—I almost said a horsemeat market, for I found that dead horses were also sold there, their price being uniformly \$2, regardless of whether they were fat, juicy and tender or lean and tough as some men's souls. A live horse, I learned, was worth the price of a dead horse plus the value of the life that remained in him. Some of the horses there had fifty cents' worth of life, and others had as much as \$50 worth. Those who did not buy a horse for his steak were speculators on the life that was in him. But most of the horses sold were "pelters" "plugs," "skinners" or "skates," words which are all abbreviations of the sentence "fit only for slaughter."

When the moment came for the sale I sat in my buggy (my employer's, I mean), and announced the conditions of the sale to the assembled speculators, peddlers and junkmen, a ragged crowd of mongrel humans who came with four or five dollars in their pockets to buy a poor beast to draw their ramshackle carts. Increasing my voice to a stentorian depth, I said: "All

we guarantee is that the horse is alive when the hammer falls." My employer had given me strict injunctions on this point, for should a horse breathe his last two minutes after the bang of the hammer the loss would be the buyer's, and he couldn't even complain.

"Here comes a pelter," yelled the crowd as the stable man led out an unhappy beast which trotted weakly up and down behind the man.

"Start it," I cried "What'll it be? Two dollars! two dollars! Half'll make it three," etc., etc., etc., until all but one animal had been sold. The last horse led out was blind; he also had the mange, and spring-halt, and was windbroke. These complications were aggravated by a degree of weakness which in a human would be called locomotor ataxy. He was alive. That fact was made apparent by his ability to follow the groom by force of the halter. Had the halter broken he would have fallen on his haunches. I am possessed of a certain amount of humanity, and to sell this poor beast seemed an act of brutality of which I should never have thought myself capable. But I reflected that I was there to sell anything, and that the choice lay between selling the horse and losing my position. I did the former, and, as it developed, the latter also. This was the forty-third horse sold that morning, and closed the auction. It also closed my career as a knight of the hammer. The man who bought the object of my pity paid \$2.50 for him, and led him proudly from the market. Just outside the enclosure the horse fell down and died. The peculiarity about that horse was that he hadn't fallen down and died before. I have

not the stomach of an ostrich, and this sight settled me in the conviction that while I might be an auctioneer of horses I could never be an auctioneer of live horse-meat, and that evening I handed in my "chips."

My next step in life was to become a telegraph operator. I took that step by accident. Some accidents are fortunate. This was one of them. My knowledge of telegraphy picked up for amusement at the little telegraph office in my little Canadian city stood me in good stead. When a man is on his feet he goes up the ladder quickly. Promotions followed rapidly, and within six months I was successively all-round man, city chief, weather reporter, associated press reporter, worked a New York quod, and did the C. and D.'s. I went up rapidly and came down even more so. In fact, I came down so rapidly that within twenty-four hours after leaving the telegraph office as usual in the evening, on the best of terms with my superiors in office, and with every prospect of being manager within a week's time, I was again a man of "infinite leisure," though not of "expensive amusements." The memorable great strike had come and, like all good members of the union, I "walked out" with the boys.

The following week I was engaged by the opposition telegraph company to take charge of their office at Boom Creek, Colorado. I liked Boom Creek. I shall always remember it with pleasure. A man usually does remember a place with pleasure where he has raised the rhino. That predisposes him in its favor for all time. I did the C. and D.'s there also—that is, I took the board of trade quotations—and with the inside information

thus gained I speculated in wheat. As a result I cleared \$15,000, beside incidentally clearing out two bucket shops.

With this little "pile" I resigned my position and went to Omaha. I was now a full-fledged "plunger," and my own steerer. That fact had brought back to me my one-hour vision of millions, and I watched my chance to make them. One day I thought it had come, and I plunged. I plunged, but I didn't bring up the goblet. I was broke again! Completely broke! Dead broke! A week after leaving Boom Creek I sat in the park and meditated on the gloominess of my prospects. The park is a sort of "friendly arms" for men who are broke. But I don't complain. The wheels of the world roll rapidly, and if a man does not get out of the way quick enough he'll get under.

So I sat in the park and meditated. Meditation, the philosophers tell us, is good for the soul, and I won't presume to doubt them. But it isn't profitable. I have had plenty of opportunities to meditate, but I never grew fat on it. I noticed a number of other men who came to the park to meditate. They didn't grow fat either. I tried to fraternize with the other men. I felt that we all had one thing in common; we were all broke. That fact was the one conspicuous, unmistakable thing about us—when we were in the park. Elsewhere we put on cheerful faces. And I thought as we were mutually unfortunate—and misfortune is said to make all the world akin—we might exchange advice. Advice was the only thing within our means. We would have liked cigars better, but we yielded gracefully to the

inevitable. But I found that being broke was the only attribute, as it were, which was common to us. They were lovers of nature in the nude; in fact, they were quite artistically particular on that point. They lived out of doors so they could see nature in their favorite garb. They preferred a stump to sit on to the softest chair, and the grass to walk on rather than the richest carpet; the trees and flowers were their interior decorations, the clouds their hangings and the sky their roof. In short, the whole land was their dwelling, and houses were only necessary blemishes on the landscape, the kitchens of their chefs, as it were. They were like the lilies of the field, they toiled not, neither did they spin, and yet they were clothed—and presumably in their right minds. They confided to me that they lived on the fat of the land, and yet were I to believe the tales of great distances traveled by them I calculated they must eat it as they walked—maybe with the forks of the road.

One afternoon, a few days after my fatal plunge, I strolled downtown. In my pocket were three cold, solitary nickels, the last of my \$15,000. With one of these I bought some buns and an apple. With my paper bag in hand I started to stroll back again. I should say that I was strolling at the rate of twenty miles an hour. There is no better inducement to stroll at a brisk pace than a paper bag. There is something about a paper bag which tempts a man to get to his destination in the shortest time possible. A man can't feel proud when in company with a paper bag. Suddenly I halted. I didn't halt of my own free will, but because I couldn't

go any farther. The reason I couldn't go any farther was that there was a man in front of me and I was in front of him, and we were so close in front of each other that for a moment it was painful. In fact, there was a shock, in which we got generally mixed up, and the paper bag burst with excitement. The man commenced to apologize to me and I commenced to apologize to him, and finally we apologized to each other and were going on again, when he caught sight of the bag and the buns on the pavement and called: "Oh, I say, isn't this yours?"

"No," I answered, "isn't it yours?" We looked back suspiciously at each other, and then it dawned upon us both that we had seen each other before.

"I beg your pardon, but are you not Mr. Blank of Hamilton, Canada?"

"Yes," I answered, "and you are Lord Dasham of Dorsetshire, England." Then we fraternized. We talked over old times, old England and New America. In the former Lord Dasham had an ancestral home and a bank account, in the latter a ranch and paying investments. He was very enthusiastic over his ranch and paying investments. He even tried to interest me in his ranch, and I was willing to be interested. I let him know that I was willing to be interested. When he had talked himself out on that subject it occurred to him to ask what I was doing. I told him. That is, I did not give him a minute account of my daily occupation, but I intimated that I was looking around for an opening in some paying business. He said that he wished I would manage his ranch for him. I said I

might consider that. He said he would let me hear from him about it, and then we both said good-day and shook hands. He went to his hotel to keep an engagement and I went to the park to wait for one. The next morning I saw by the paper that he had left town. My hopes left me.

That afternoon, as usual, I sauntered downtown, stopping at my old hotel for mail, where I still had it addressed. Among other things there was a telegram waiting for me. I ripped it open and read:

"Start at once for my ranch. I send you fifty pounds for expenses."

Fifty pounds—two hundred and fifty dollars! And a position which would be a paying one! Surely my ups were as sudden as my downs!

Lord Dasham's ranch was in Montana, a state at that time inhabited principally by deer and a wilderness. There were no railroads penetrating to it, and my means of transit would be a pony and a revolver. I paid a debt or two and a few other things. Then I took the train to Sydney, Nebraska, the farthest point reached by the steel steed. At Sydney I set about laying in my traveling outfit. I had not much money left after paying my debts and the few other things, so I was obliged to be economical. I laid in a pony for \$20, a blanket for \$2 50, a cricket cap for seventy-five cents, an umbrella to keep the sun off, for \$2, and a pearl handled pistol for \$3. The pearl handled pistol, which was about four inches long, was to keep off Indians. I had never seen any Indians except stolidly peaceful ones, but I felt a great deal of con-



THE TENDERFOOT READY TO START FOR THE RANCH.

fidence in myself and my pearl handled pistol. I thought that together we could keep them off.

The next morning I started for the ranch, which I was told was 220 miles from Sydney. About forty miles from the city I came up with an old buffalo hunter. We fraternized. His name was McNeal and he was on his way to his own ranch, which was 100 miles this side of Lord Dasham's, so journeying with him would start me well on my way to my destination. That night we camped out. My pony was tired, for McNeal's horse was a long-limbed, fresh animal, and neither the rider nor the horse was inclined to lag on his way to accommodate my pony. So it was a case

of company if we kept pace, or travel alone if we didn't. We both preferred company, so we kept pace. In the afternoon of the next day we reached the Big Powder River. As we rode along the bank my companion remarked that we must cross it.

"Where's the bridge?" I asked, glancing up and down the wide, rapidly flowing stream. "I'll show you," he answered, and before I could say another word he turned his horse's head toward the river, and in he plunged. I had a vague feeling that it was an accident, and that I ought to rush to his rescue, but McNeal didn't look as though he was the victim of an accident.

"Are you going to cross here? ' I called after him. He called back that that was what he was doing, and seeing me linger on the bank with an expression of, to say the least, unwillingness on my face, he added, "The longer you look at it the less you'll like it. I'm going on and you can go back if you want to; it's forty miles. But if you can't cross this river you had better go back to Omaha right away; you won't do in this country."

My pony ended the discussion. He had been whinnying after the other horse and now, with one bound over the bank, took the water after him. I remembered that in rowing across a river the boat is turned up stream. I tried to turn my pony up stream also, when my companion shouted, "Swim down stream; let your pony have his head!" I let my pony have his head and swam down stream. I thought I was going to swim under the stream. My pony was light of weight, while

I was no feather, and as a consequence we sank deeper and deeper until only the poor beast's nozzle remained above water. When he reached this depth I felt some anxiety. Most people would. I offered up a prayer. Some people do pray. Just as I murmured "amen" the beast's foot caught in a snag under the water, and—well, the reader will have to imagine what happened during the next minute. I have always had to imagine it myself. My recollection of the occurrence begins where the pony floundered up the opposite bank with me on his back. At least I was somewhere on him. It might have been on his neck. I don't just remember. On the bank stood McNeal. McNeal had a look of mingled anxiety and amazement on his face. I didn't blame him, but when he asked if I had never crossed a river before I felt that there are moments when a man shouldn't express his thoughts even if he can't help looking them.

We rode on again. In my heart was a feeling of sincere thankfulness to Providence. It didn't last long. When we had ridden about three miles, there was the river before us again. It was before us again three times after that. We crossed it each time. There is nothing like getting used to a thing, and I suppose the windings of the Big Powder River are an invention of Old Nick to make people used to it.

That afternoon about nightfall we had a scare. I say we, because I know I was scared and I suppose my companion was. He didn't look scared, but I attributed his calmness to the probable fact of his having greater control over his facial muscles than I had. Just as the

sun sank down behind the outer rim of the plains there rose between us and the blush in the western sky a cloud of dust. It came nearer and nearer. McNeal looked at it keenly. "Indians," was all he said. I remembered my pearl handled pistol and felt reassured. I saw McNeal put his hand to his belt, and I surmised that he was after his revolver. I didn't want to seem slow in making defensive preparations, so I whipped out mine, and held it in my hand, resting my hand on the pommel. I was startled to hear my companion exclaim, "Thunder and lightning!" and turning to see what was the matter, found his eyes fixed on my pearl handled pistol, with a stare of such complete and utter amazement as one sees only once in a lifetime. He struggled to find his voice, and having found it demanded, "What are you going to do with that?"

I thought he was unstrung by the presence of danger, and answered calmly, not to say cheerfully, "Do with it? Why, defend myself, of course!"

McNeal looked at me. I have heard people laugh before, but I never have heard any one laugh as he did when he threw his head back after that look. His laugh was so sudden and loud, so deep and hilarious, that the horses jumped. He laughed so long I feared he couldn't stop, and was getting hysterical. At last he did stop, however, and exclaimed, "*You are a tenderfoot!* You couldn't kill a prairie dog with that!"

My spunk rose in a minute. I was opening my mouth to say something back, when my eye happened to light on his revolver. It was a 42 caliber Remington, and about eighteen inches long I saw the point. The house

had tumbled on me. I forgave McNeal. I did more than that—I laughed. I did not laugh quite so long nor so loud as he did, but I laughed. We had consumed about four minutes in this occupation, and now looked again for the distant cloud of dust. It was still far away, but was coming nearer and nearer. At the same time the sky was getting darker and darker, for which we were duly thankful. We turned our horses toward a clump of scrub oak, behind which we halted. Ten minutes later a band of twenty or thirty Indians swept by us about fifty yards to the right, passing out of sight in the growing gloom. It was a little incident. But it might have been a tragedy.

We reached McNeal's ranch late that night, and upon his invitation I remained there several days. It was a welcome interruption of the journey. Both I and my pony needed rest. The journey thus far had been anything but pleasant. I had discovered that cricket caps were not exactly adapted to crossing the plains in mid-summer. My eyes had grown bloodshot and were nearly blinded by the glare of the sun on the sands, while the dry heat had swelled my face to double its size. I was no beauty in that condition. And it was worse afterward, when my skin peeled off in strips. The few days spent at McNeal's ranch did much to heal my face and eyes, and when I started on my journey again I was not such a bad looking object. We bid each other good-bye cordially, for we had grown quite friendly, and I didn't mind it when, as I rode away, McNeal called after me, "Oh, by the way, Blank, take good care of that pearl handled pistol of yours."

I rode all that day without any unusual incident, and at night camped near a great boulder. I tethered my pony and laid me down behind the shelter of the rock. I slept well and woke with the pleasant expectation of reaching my destination by nightfall. I have noticed that one usually does have pleasant expectations just before disappointments. When I was well awake I looked over the rock to see whether my pony looked as pleasantly expectant as I felt. My curiosity was not satisfied. Simply because the pony was not there. I sprang up in a hurry, and looked all around. He couldn't be playing hide-and-seek with me, because there was nothing behind which to hide. And on all the great expanse of plain there was no pony in sight. Coming out of the eastern horizon, however, was a great herd of cattle. They were so far away that I could not distinguish one animal from another, and I fancied that maybe my pony had grown lonesome and sought their company. I didn't fancy seeking their company in search of him myself. These wild cattle of the plains are dangerous to men on foot. They evidently regard him as of a different species from a man on horseback, and do not hesitate to attack him. There was nothing else to do, however. The herds would shortly spread all over the plain to graze, and I should be no safer to stay where I was than to go where they were. So I started. As the morning advanced herds seemed to come from every point of the horizon, scattering out until the whole plain was mottled with the formidably horned beasts.

I was beginning to congratulate myself on the fact

that they did not seem to observe me, and was making straight for what appeared at that distance to be the dried up bed of a shallow river. On the bank stood a solitary scrub oak tree, and a short distance away lay a huge pile of *débris* and underbrush, probably thrown up by the river during a century of springs when the water was high. I began to hope my pony might be there. A second later I was sure of it, and espied him grazing peacefully far down the bed of the stream. Just at that moment I heard an angry bellow behind me. I turned. There stood a great black bull, pawing the earth and tossing his long horns vindictively at me. I did not wait to offer an explanation of my own inoffensive intentions, but made straight for that scrub oak. The bull made straight for me. I was up the tree in a twinkling. The bull stood down below glaring at me. When he tired of that he pawed the earth and dug up the sand with his horns, roaring ferociously the while.

We kept up this performance for three hours. At the end of that time he wandered off to the pile of *débris* and began goring his horns into that. Then a queer thing happened. Queer things do happen sometimes even in Montana. A great cinnamon bear sprang from beneath the underbrush, and before I could believe my eyes the bull and bear charged each other fiercely. They fought well. It was as pretty a battle between a bull and a bear as I have seen outside a board of trade. They were both fine specimens of their kinds, and were well matched. At the end of half an hour both animals lay on the ground, kicking their last feeble kicks. The rest of the herd had watched the battle with interest.

I daresay they even speculated on the result. At least the bulls at the board of trade speculate on results. At the end of the battle they sniffed the corpses suspiciously, and then, throwing their tails in the air, turned and galloped over the plain with a unanimous bellow. I got off my perch and went in search of my pony, who was again out of sight. I found him, however, without difficulty, and resumed my journey.

I encountered no other adventures, and reached my destination next morning. The ranch which was to be my kingdom I found to consist of several thousand acres of plains, with a shed-like cabin in the way of "improvements." Thousands of heads of cattle grazed on the plains, beside 1,200 mares. My duties were not difficult and my remuneration was to be \$2,000 annually, beside half of the colts from the mares.

I fancied it would be profitable if not pleasant, and I also fancied I could stand it for a while at least. I was mistaken in both conjectures. The mode of life on a Montana ranch is trying. Among its evils are isolation and a diet of dried apples and rice. Of course, we had company and meat once in a while, but neither was very frequent. We had company from the far-away civilized world only once while I was there, that is, when Lord Dasham paid us a visit. And we had meat whenever we could get it. We got it whenever we could. Several times a week three hunters would be sent out to get it. One went to catch fish, a second to shoot geese and the third to kill any edible animal he could find. Generally they returned with full cartridge belts and empty game bags. As I and the cowboys on

the ranch were all carnivorous, this enforced vegetarianism was anything but agreeable. While I am on the diet question, I may as well add that our cooking utensils were limited in number, and that on special occasions our tin washbasin served as a pudding dish. And that reminds me that I have never eaten a more delicious plum pudding than we baked in that tin washbasin the following Christmas.

Our manner of sleeping was also novel. Down the sides of the one long room of the cabin were placed the slender trunks of pine trees. At night we threw our buffalo robes on the floor, one end over the tree trunks, which served us for pillows. During the day the logs were used for seats.

The object of Lord Dasham's visit that fall was to instruct me to breed mules instead of horses. I protested. Lord Dasham insisted. He said that the mule colts from his 1,200 mares would be infinitely more profitable than the thoroughbreds I wished to breed. I yielded, and throughout the long winter I waited anxiously and he hopefully for the spring foaling of mules. Spring came at last, the snow breaking up and making traveling into the mountains, where the mares were in the habit of wintering, possible. So with a posse of cowboys I started out to round up the long looked for crop of mules. After a day's search we found our mares but not our mules. At last, however, late in the afternoon, we happened into a gully. The first things our eyes rested upon were three little black objects which we at first took for jack rabbits. But when we espied three mares near them I realized

that this was our crop of mules, the colts from the 1,200 mares of which I was to have half.

Even such a result of his venture did not convince Lord Dasham that mules would not pay, and this confirmed my suspicion that in this case at least two heads were not better than one. A week later I strapped my buffalo robes across my pony—the same pony on which I had traveled to the ranch—and bidding adieu to the cowboys and the career of a ranchman, I turned my face again toward the East.

My journey eastward was not attended with such adventures as marked my coming West. That is, I should say, that I suffered no accidents, although I caused one. I had my buffalo robes strapped to my pony behind and in front of me, the pile reaching almost to my chin in front. I daresay I was a formidable looking object to any one seeing me from the front, with my round head protruding from this massive mound of shaggy hide, which gave my pony the appearance of a monstrous long-legged turtle. As the sun was setting on the afternoon of my first day's journey I climbed up the western slope of a steep hill. On the eastern slope was a squatter plowing with a pair of mules, and as I approached the summit from the west he approached it from the east. We saw each other. The mules stopped stock still as if suddenly petrified, and then throwing their tails into the air, turned and fled across the plains. The squatter stood with his eyes glued to my advancing monstrousness—I can't say form, for I had none—with an expression which said that escape from such an antediluvian monster was clearly impossible. As I passed

on he turned as if moving on a pivot and continued gazing after me, horror fixed on his face. As far as I could see him he still gazed, and is probably gazing yet; and judging by the velocity with which his mules shot across the plains they must be running yet.

On my way back I passed through Rapid City, now a place of 60,000 people, but then a ranch and a blacksmith shop. I was keeping company with the stage which then ran between Buffalo and Miles City, and the stage driver said to me as we passed the blacksmith shop, "If you want to get rich hop off and squat here; the Northwestern road will be here inside of two years, and you can own a million in no time." That seemed so absurd that I laughed. I am laughing with the other side of my mouth now. Suburban lots there are now worth \$500 apiece

At Miles City I had a big, juicy steak, the first I had tasted since leaving Omaha. Afterward I took the train for St. Paul.

At St. Paul I fell in with two old acquaintances, Major Roe and Captain Gray. They were talking of taking a ranch. I suggested that they go to Cincinnati and start a horse exchange instead, backing up the suggestion with an intimation that there was a fortune in that business. The idea of a fortune pleased them, Gray in particular. Gray was a highflyer, and whenever he had a fortune he kept a tiger and drove four thoroughbreds. Naturally he would like to have a fortune. There are a few people who don't care much for a fortune, but he was not one of them. Neither am I.

So we all came to Cincinnati and started a horse ex-

change. Soon we were all on the highroad to riches. Gray was beginning to look around for four thoroughbreds and a tiger. It was not to be, however. We were going up the road too fast, and were dooming ourselves to come down faster. One unlucky day I went over to Michigan to buy horses. I bought 100, making a deposit of \$10 on each horse. Two hours after paying the last deposit I sat in my hotel waiting for a draft from Gray to pay the balance and take the horses back with me, when a telegram was handed me. It was from Gray and read. "Cannot send you any money. Everything lost."

I didn't understand, so I took the next train to Cincinnati to find out. On the way I occupied myself conjecturing whether Gray had been burglarized, been burned out or gone crazy. I hoped it was the latter. There is some hope for a man who has gone crazy, but none for one who has been burglarized or burned out to such an extent that "everything is lost." Conjecturing was neither profitable nor pleasant. So I was naturally glad when I saw an old man sitting opposite me who looked as though he might be grateful for a little attention. He was sick, unused to traveling and a dear old soul beside. I brought him some coffee from a way-side station, and made him as comfortable as I knew how. I have never seen any one so grateful for small favors. When we reached his station I put him into a cab, while he pressed my hand and begged me to come and see him should I ever pass through his town. I promised and hurried back to the train.

When I reached Cincinnati I discovered that Gray

had neither been burglarized, burned out nor gone crazy. He had been speculating. He told the truth when he said that "everything was lost." Everything *was* lost, completely, irretrievably lost. I also lost the deposit on the 100 horses, not having the money to pay the balance on them. I don't blame Gray. He had a tiger and four on the brain, and I daresay he felt that he couldn't wait much longer for them. A man is hardly responsible when he has something on the brain, especially a tiger and four.

I stayed in Cincinnati about two months. Nearly every week of that time I had a letter from the old gentleman whom I had met on the train. Every letter was an invitation, each one more urgent than the last, to me to come and pay his wife and him a visit. I was feeling rather sore against the world at that time. I didn't care much to visit anybody. But at last the invitation became so urgent that I yielded, and one afternoon found myself strolling up Euclid Avenue, Dupeton, to my new friend's residence. The residence in question was an old-fashioned mansion standing in a large garden. On the steps sat an old lady of about seventy-five years.

"Is Mr. Blanchard in?" I asked her.

"No," she answered, "but he will be soon. Won't you sit down?"

I sat down.

"Shall you go to the races tomorrow, Mrs. Blanchard," I asked, for I surmised that the old lady was Mrs. Blanchard.

"No," she answered, laughing, "who would take an old woman like me?"

"I will," I said, but before I could say more Mr. Blanchard appeared before us. He greeted me with the greatest cordiality and introduced me formally to his wife. We spent an unusually pleasant evening together, and before we parted for the night they had a fair knowledge of the ups and downs of my life, while I knew that they were a childless old couple pining for a pair of strong young hands to do for them.

Next morning after breakfast I went downtown to see some friends who had brought horses to the races which were coming off that day. "Don't forget to be ready to go with me to the races, Mrs. Blanchard," I said as I left the house.

"You wouldn't take an old woman to the races, would you?" she asked.

"Of course, I am going to take you," and off I went. Two hours later I was back with a carriage. Mrs. Blanchard was just as I had left her, clothed in a wrapper.

"Why, Mrs. Blanchard," I cried, "I'm afraid you'll have to hurry, or we'll be late."

"Good Lord, my boy," she gasped, catching sight of the carriage outside, "I didn't believe you were in earnest! I thought you were joking!"

"Not joking at all. Get ready at once."

"My lands, my dear boy, I haven't had anything on but a wrapper for twenty years," and the dear old soul dropped into a chair, overwhelmed with the idea of "dressing up." I told her that that was all the more reason why she should put on something else now, and with that I hurried her into her room and shut the door

on her. Then I sat down on the stairs awaiting the transformation. I waited half an hour. Then I rapped on the door and an excited voice bade me "Come in." I went in. There stood Mrs. Blanchard before an open trunk full of dresses of a past age. She had on a silk dress which must have been handsome twenty years ago. It was slightly out of date now. More than that, it only went half way around her, and she was tugging for dear life to get it the rest of the way.

"It's no use, my boy, it's no use," she gasped, all in a flutter, "I can't get this on."

"Oh, yes, you can," I answered, and with that I took hold of the gown and pulled it together. She was greatly relieved and laughed heartily, her old eyes twinkling merrily.

"I must wear my diamonds today, that I haven't had on for twenty-five years," and with that she hobbled to an old-fashioned marble top table, swung the top aside and revealed to my astonished eyes a glittering bed of the finest diamonds I have ever seen. They covered the entire bottom of the receptacle, the cover of which was the marble top. There were brooches as big as saucers, earrings, rings, pins, tiaras, locketts and necklaces, all of the goodly size fashionable fifty years ago. From this mass she took out a massive brooch, a pair of earrings, half a dozen rings and a jeweled watch. These she put on and announced proudly that she was ready.

I don't believe I have ever created such a sensation in my life as I did that day. I had gotten the best carriage the local livery boasted of, and with this old lady

by my side, her old-fashioned gown sparkling with diamonds, trailing old-fashioned earrings almost touching her shoulders and her wrinkled old face beaming brighter than her brightest gem, I felt prouder than the proverbial peacock. She was the cynosure of all eyes, as the books say, and all my friends—and I knew every horseman there—were flustrated to know who she was.

That evening I was aware that Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard were having a private consultation. The next day I was let into the secret. They wished me to stay with them, to be "their boy," as they called it, to take charge of their property while they lived and to inherit it when they died. I demurred. They insisted. Insistence is as good a quality as perseverance, and after several days of indecision I yielded. The property, valued at \$50,000, was made over to me at once. We celebrated the event with a dinner, at which I was introduced to their friends as their adopted son.

The papers got hold of the story and chronicled the occurrence in the largest type as a rise "From a Cowboy to the Owner of a Euclid Avenue Mansion." Had I been fond of notoriety I should have been in my element. Before I knew it I had more friends than I could count. I was bowed to and smiled upon and scraped before until I was tired.

This lasted about three months. Three months is a long time for good fortune to last. Then I went to New York on business. While there I thought the old people ought to have an outing after so many years of seclusion. So I sent back several trunks full of material and sent an order to the best dressmaker and tailor

of the town to make it up in a hurry and in the latest style. Then I rented a cottage at Coney Island. That done, I hurried back to bring on the old folks.

I reached home about three o'clock one gloomy afternoon, and hurried up Euclid Avenue to the place I now called "home." The word had a sweet sound to my ears, and there was a warm, tender place in my heart for the dear old folks who had been so good to me, and as I hurried along I found myself humming softly the tune of "The Old Folks at Home." To my surprise the front of the house had a shut-up look. I thought "mother" and "father" might be out—very likely were down at the dressmaker's and tailor's trying on their new clothes. Going around to a little side door which led directly into "mother's" own little sitting room, I was still more surprised by the appearance of neglect about the garden. There was no sign anywhere of the gardener or housemaids I had left in charge. I had only been gone two weeks, and my indignation began to rise at the advantage taken of my absence to shirk. Pushing the sitting room door open, I stepped in. I had been surprised before, but I was dumfounded now. In one corner sat Mrs. Blanchard, her head drooping sadly, and opposite her sat two strange men with hawk-like faces.

As the door opened Mrs. Blanchard looked up quickly, crying out joyfully when she saw me, "My boy!"

I hurried to her and kissed her. "What is the matter? What has happened?" I asked

"Father—" she sobbed, "father is dead!"

"Why did no one write to me?"

"They told me you would never come back—that it wouldn't do any good to write," and she indicated with her feeble hand the two men. I turned upon them, and remembered them as two of the "distinguished" lawyers of the town

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "How dare you come here and frighten this poor old lady? What business have you here? Get out this minute! Get out, I tell you, or I'll pitch you both into the street." They did get out. They got out quickly. And as they vanished through the door they muttered threats and curses.

Once alone with her, I got the whole story from Mrs. Blanchard. No sooner was I out of town than these lawyers came to whisper to the old couple that I would never return. The old man fretted day and night, and being very feeble it only required a few days for the worry to kill him. Then the lawyers brought forth a claim to the property in behalf of a so-called relative. The relative, they said, must not be deprived of his rightful inheritance by Mrs. Blanchard bestowing her fortune on me. The relationship of the relative in question began and ended in his being the widower of an adopted daughter of Mrs. Blanchard who had died long ago. The lawyers smelled fat fees, and egged the "relative" on to claim his "rights." Of course, it could not be denied that the Blanchards had a right to dispose of their own property. That was a small obstacle to a lawyer, however. A person or two to say that Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard were insane. And of course if they were insane they could not be expected to dispose of their property properly. I was pictured as a

designing villain who had inveigled the irresponsible old people into giving me their fortune. Under such circumstances there was only one thing to do. A guardian must be placed over them. Mr. Blanchard's death afforded an excellent opportunity to carry out this plan. Mrs. Blanchard was ill. I was away. Everything would be working smoothly by the time I returned. It worked very smoothly. My return was merely an interruption. Interruptions, however, are sometimes troublesome. This one was so to the full extent of my power.

But what is the use of going into the details of all that followed? It is sufficient to say that I had little money at the time to fight the case, and that there were pitted against me a gang of unscrupulous lawyers, who used the "relative" as a figurehead. The best people of the town took up my case, but once in, such lawyers never let go as long as there is "booty" in sight. I was advised to leave the city. I did so. A week later I received a telegram that Mrs. Blanchard was dead. The property is still recorded in my name, but probably the greater part has been frittered away by the lawyers for costs, and what remains is guarded by them with hawks' eyes.

It is not every day in a man's life, nor every man who has a fortune bestowed upon him from mere good will. That, nevertheless, is what nearly happened to me twice in my life. The first time I have just described. The second happened shortly after that. After leaving Mrs. Blanchard I finally landed in New York. I was working out some inventions at the time, and

rented an office in a large office building on Broadway. The head janitor, old Pierre, was a Frenchman who had fled from his country during the stormy days of the Commune. He was an intelligent, not to say intellectual man, and he and I became great friends. He had no other friends and no relatives in this country. Age and ill health were creeping upon him, and as he weighed nearly 300 pounds I found many opportunities of helping him in little things.

Our friendship lasted for two years. By that time I had my inventions completed, and one morning packed my valise to go to Washington to secure patents. With my railroad ticket in my hand I ran down to bid Pierre good-bye. I found him sick in bed, to my surprise and grief.

"Don't go, my boy, don't go," he said. "I don't believe I shall ever get up again."

I laughed at his fears, telling him he had many years of life before him yet, and that he must not give way to a little rheumatism like that. After a few words more I bade him good-bye, saying as I passed through the door, "Cheer up, Pierre, I'll be back soon."

At Washington a telegram awaited me. It was from Pierre's lawyer: "Pierre Lambert died this morning. You were in his will for \$30,000. He died with pen in hand trying to sign the will. Not being signed, the fortune goes to his relatives in France."

I had never known before that Pierre had a fortune. But I now understood the meaning of his habit of almost miserly economy, which was the one fault I had ever found with him.

By the skin of my teeth, so to speak, I had lost two fortunes. After reading that telegram I had a fit of the blues. Men do have the blues when things go radically wrong with them, and I felt now that fate was against me. I was more than ever convinced of that when I fell sick the day I reached Washington. I was sick for three months. I recovered, however. People always do recover if they don't care whether they do or not. After recovering I was involved in a tangle of red tape concerning the patents. I suppose red tape is an invention of the gentleman with the cloven hoof to test the endurance of unfortunate mankind. At any rate it took so long to unwind this red tape that before it was done with my means were exhausted, and I was ordered out of Washington by my physician if I valued my health. And so ended my hopes of making a fortune out of my inventions, at least for the time being. I have noticed since then that it is only the man with money who does not get involved in red tape. Money is the best axle grease I know of.

As a matter of fact, all my downs have been caused by a lack of capital. I suppose I might have had plenty of other people's money had I wanted it, but while I have many disagreeable memories of "downs" I have the satisfaction of a conscience which is, upon the whole, very much up. And, if I have anything to say about it, it's up to stay. I have only wronged two beings in my life, and both of these were true friends. One was Flirt, whose devotion I repaid by selling her; the other was a man for whom I was handling about \$500. I was down at the time. The board of trade seemed

to offer a fortune in D. and L. The temptation to rise at a bound was great, and I plunged, and—lost. I have never repaid that money nor has my friend ever asked for it. Those are the only instances of moral turpitude of which I am guilty.

A month later I found myself in St. Louis. My next venture to make that inspirer of friendship—money—was to deal in horses. My pet scheme for a month or so was to hold a big combination sale of fine horses, my commission on which would be enough to set me up in business. The first thing necessary was to get a place large enough, convenient enough and well enough known to attract and accommodate a large crowd. There was only one such place in St. Louis, a large horse pavilion at the race tracks. I went to the manager of it and secured it for three days. After the dates were fixed he asked me what I wanted it for. The wisdom of the serpent has never been one of my virtues, and I told him, with all the guilelessness of the dove. Perhaps I even expected him to rejoice in my anticipated success. He said he thought it a good scheme, and I left him with a cordial handshake. Probably I was even pleased that he should have corroborated my opinion and said it was a good scheme.

A day or so later I went out to complete the arrangements for the use of the pavilion. Imagine my astonishment to see posters on every fence within a mile of the place announcing a "Grand Combination Sale of Fine Horses!" The place named was the pavilion I had secured and the date given was just one week earlier than my sale! I concluded then and there that the

nearest relative of the born fool is the man born guileless.

I was not to be cast down, however. I went home and schemed a scheme. It was a good scheme. My particular forte is good schemes. I wanted to tell it to somebody. That is a way I have when I have a good scheme. But I put my tongue under lock and key, and therefore came very near succeeding. The scheme was to establish a grand horse bazaar which should be the center of the horse interest of the state. It would be the scene not only of one combination sale of fine horses, but of monthly combination sales. There should be annual horse shows to which the élite of both East and West should come, and there should be monthly shows to which the "400" of the city should come en masse. Best of all, money would be coined there for all concerned.

This may sound very utopian, but I will show you that there never was a more practicable scheme in the world. Within six weeks I had secured a pledge of \$100,000 capital; I had a plan made of the bazaar building and the site for it selected. Within four months the St. Louis Horse Bazaar was a reality, and a grand electric show opened it to the public. In the show ring were some of the finest horses ever sold in the city, and in the galleries was the local "400" in evening attire.

The Bazaar prospered, and my hopes mounted high. I ought to have known by this time that rising hopes are only the shadows that disappointment casts before. I soon found that harmony was not to accompany prosperity. Select twelve men from an average citiful, and

nine times out of ten you will have all the elements necessary to stir up broils. I found it so in this case. Jealousy was the Nemesis of the place. This vice was the principal ingredient in the character of one of the persons connected with the Bazaar. This one, a mere counter-jumper and pill-maker, who had made a small fortune in wielding the mortar and pestle, played the part of the flea in the dog's ear. I daresay he couldn't help himself. He was probably born with the instincts of the flea. And a man born that way can no more help backbiting than a hornet can help stinging when it is sat upon. A flea is not nearly so noble a pest as the hornet, however, for it bites just for the sake of kicking up a row, and I humbly ask the hornet's pardon for using him as a comparison. The person in question proved the evil genius of the Bazaar. The backbiting he couldn't do wasn't worth doing. In fact he had quite a reputation in that direction. I suppose a flea, if it is particularly active, will get a reputation, and a reputation must be upheld. I shall never say of this person that he did not uphold his reputation. It doesn't make much difference to the flea what sort of a dog he bites. It's just the same to him whether it's a thoroughbred or a cur. So it was with this person. Whether it was the largest stockholder or the smallest stable boy, he always had time to bite him. Personally fleas are obnoxious to me. I don't like their company. I can't help hating fleas any more than fleas can help biting. So I resigned. I was sorry to resign. But when it comes to a question of resigning or of associating with fleas, I'll resign every time.

It is my opinion that if ill luck follows a man in any line of business or walk of life, he should change his line of campaign entirely. And as I also believe that



GOING IN FOR SUCCESS.

a man should practice what he preaches, that is what I have done. My last departure was to become a journalist. I have become quite a success as a journalist. It is said by my confreres that the scoops I can't make don't exist. I can't truthfully say that journalism is the

royal road to riches, but there is a certain amount of glory in it. And glory is the best salve I know of for the absence of wealth. In fact there is a good deal of picturesque effect in the combination of glory and an empty pocket.

But when I have finished getting glory I shall begin to get riches. I have schemed another scheme for that purpose. I have learned to combine the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, and therefore I shall not say what the scheme is. In carrying out my scheme, however, I shall specially avoid fools, fleas and "distinguished" lawyers, and with this precaution I don't doubt that I shall go up the ladder three rounds at a time. It is a truthful saying that experience is a good teacher, and having been whaled a good many times by that teacher I shall always remember, no matter how safe my footing on the ladder of success may be, to look forward and backward for the man who is always ready to trip up his fellow men when success attends their footsteps.

I have always thought it a man's duty to give advice. Giving advice is like giving alms, the man who gets it is less grateful to you than to the fellow who tells him to hustle for himself. At the same time advice is the quintessence of a man's experience, and I have always held that if a man has any incense to burn he should do it where the largest number of people could get the aroma of it. If there is any one who doesn't like the smell he can get out of the way. There is room

enough in this world for everybody, and the man who does not like the ways of other people can get away from them; he doesn't need to wait for them to change their ways. They won't do it. Religion has not made men change their ways, and it's not likely that they'll do it to suit some fellow like themselves. So if any man doesn't want my advice he needn't read it. A book of psalms or a dime novel is just as cheap. For the benefit of those sensible men who can take some one's else word for it that fire burns, I give this

GOOD ADVICE TO FELLOW MEN.

It takes all kinds of folks to make people, and of course they have various notions about things; if they are only honest in them it's all right so far as I am concerned, but I can't bear hypocrisy.

I have seen the world and its people in all their phases and stages; they are nearly all alike, and my conclusion is that a man's best friends are his pocket-book and his dog. I would rather have a wag of my dog's tail than the shake of most men's hands.

There is a pile of selfishness abroad, so don't expect your friends to be free from it.

Don't find fault, it will do no good; it is every man for himself and the Lord for us all, so get into the trench with your shovel and start in with a will. There is no salve for discontent so good as keeping busy.

Don't go round whining; people will despise you, and you won't have the consolation of knowing that you don't deserve it.

Respect yourself; it is the best way to make other people respect you.

Don't call upon your friends during business hours; it annoys them, and many small annoyances make cold friends. Friendship is friendship; business is business.

Don't stick your nose into other people's business; they know all about it and can take care of it without your help.

Don't go to church and pose as a saint when you know that you are an unmitigated hypocrite. Instead, employ that amount of effort to be honest; it's a virtue you can acquire, and it goes a good way.

Don't give way to every temptation to be irritable; it only makes matters worse.

Be courteous; courtesy is cheap. Take nothing from your friends except civility and you will never be in debt.

Don't tell your troubles to your friends, they have enough of their own.

“Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own.”

Keep a still tongue; it's a wise head that has one. Don't tell your secrets to your friends; you can't expect your friends to keep them if you can't. At the same time, don't violate your friend's confidence if he is foolish enough to confide in you.

Keep up appearances; appearances go a long way, even if confined to a clean collar and a pair of polished boots.

Don't break appointments; if you make one keep it if

you have to crawl on your hands and knees to do it. Your word should be as good as your bond.

Clothes and money won't make a gentleman; honesty and politeness may. Both are cheap; get all you can of them.

Don't wear your heart on your sleeve; the world is unsympathetic and will feed its vultures on it if you do.

If you have money you will have friends, but when poverty comes in at the door, friends, like love, will fly out of the window.

You will often be told to "get money honestly if you can, but get it by hook or by crook," but I tell you that if you get it by crook it will do you no good, and will vanish like magic.

Rely upon your own individual exertions; if you won't exert yourself for yourself nobody else will do it for you.

Go to bed early, get up early; think, think, think, all the time; plan, plan, plan, all the time; but don't let your left hand know what is in your right hand—it will borrow it if it can.

Don't get discouraged; if you meet with repulse at the first breastworks, gather your strength and go at it again. That is the way great battles are won.

Some men are born afraid. To such I would say, "Whatever you are afraid of, don't be afraid of a man; take the flesh off him and he will only be a grinning skeleton like yourself."

Don't give up your trust in God. At the same time "keep your guns ready and your powder dry." Take plenty of sleep, but keep one eye open.

Get in out of the wet; the rain falls on good and bad alike, but it's generally the bad fellow who has the umbrella.

Don't mistake honesty for stupidity, and don't be stupid if you are honest; you will surely get fleeced if you are.

I was taught to live up to the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," but the silver rule seems to be preferred by the present generation and reads, "Do up others before they get a chance to do up you."

It would be very pleasant to live in an atmosphere where you could take a man's hand as his bond, and his word equally as well as his note, but don't be persuaded into thinking you can find it on this earth. Here it is a case of dog eat dog, every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

But even while you know that men are unworthy, don't be afraid to do a kind act sometimes; set the world an example once in a while. A helping hand to the man in the ditch may go a good way toward helping him to help himself.

What I don't know about the ways of the world isn't worth knowing, but I still meet some men that I would go across the street for.

If I have any flowers to give away, I want to give them to my friend before he dies, and not wait to strew them on his grave.

Toot your own horn, and keep on tooting it. Nobody else will toot it for you; everybody is too busy tooting his own.

But remember that all blowing and no work is a good deal less effective than all work and no blowing. You can't work too much, but there is a limit to blowing.

Don't wear broadcloth when you can only afford jean. You may not cut as good a figure, maybe, but it's better to stoop to jeans in order to conquer broadcloth.

Don't do anything else that you can't afford. Extravagance leads to debt, and debt is the highroad to dishonesty.

Learn to love labor; you won't succeed without it, and liking it will prevent discontent. Besides, it is a good physic as well as a builder of muscle and stamina of character.

“If in this world you wish to win
And rise above the common chump,
Take off your coat and pitch right in,
Don't wait, lay hold, hang on and hump.

“Don't wait until the iron's hot,
But make it hot by muscle;
Don't wait for wealth your father's got,
Take off your coat and hustle.”

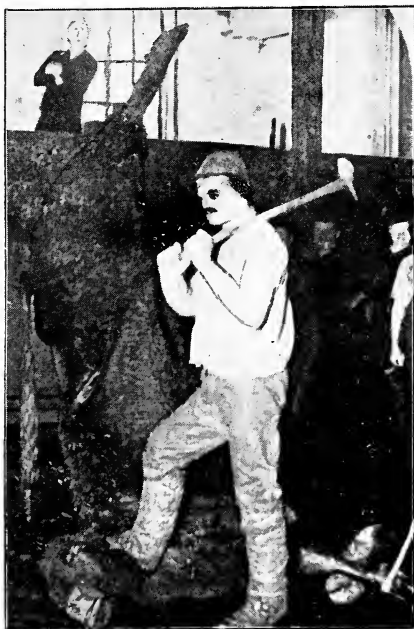
Don't get married until you can support your wife, yourself and one or two other people, beside laying something by for your family to live on after you are dead. That is only just to your family.

Justice properly comes before generosity, but don't spend so much time in doing justice that you won't have a little time to spare for generosity.

"Time will set all things right and justice will light in the right place, though it may seem to be a long time in lighting."

Lastly,

"Don't you fret!
Everywhere the country glows,
Every garden has its rose;
Weather's fine and mostly sunny—
Every hive is full o' honey.
Don't you fret!
Some day we'll get
Every pocket full o' money!"



"A STILL TONGUE"



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 469 107 3